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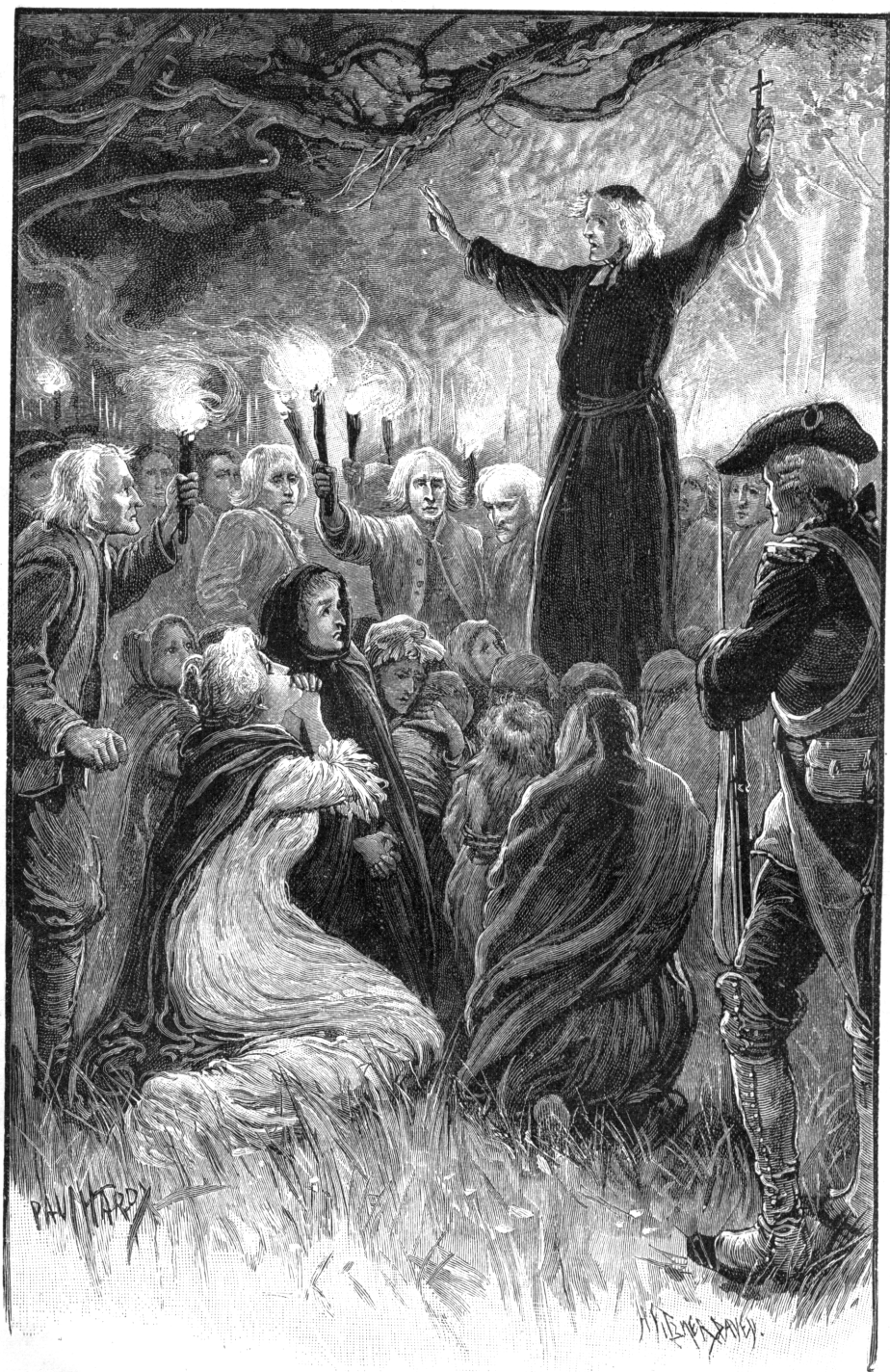
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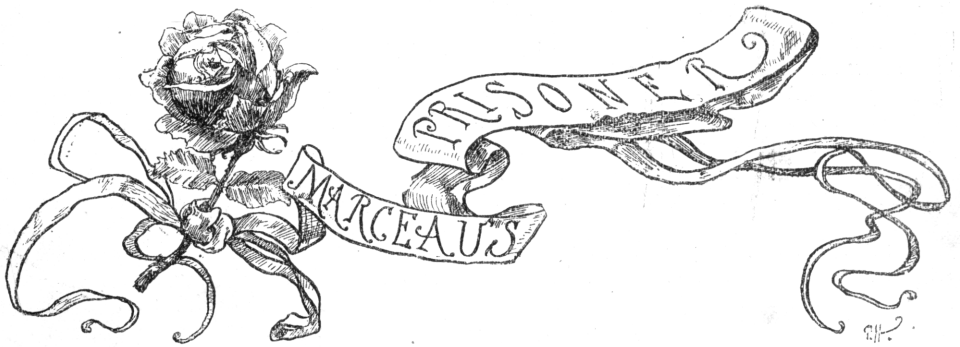
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1892



THE MASS IN THE WOOD.

(*Marceau's Prisoner.*)



FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER I.



ON the evening of the 15th of December, 1793, a traveller, pausing on the summit of the mountain at the foot of which rolls the river Moine, near the village of Saint-Crépin, would have looked down upon a strange spectacle.

He would have perceived thick volumes of smoke rising from the roofs and windows of cottages, succeeded by fierce tongues of flame, and in the crimson glare of the increasing conflagration the glitter of arms. A Republican brigade of twelve or fifteen hundred men had found the village of Saint-Crépin abandoned, and had set it in a blaze. Apart from the rest stood a cottage, which had been left untouched by the flames. At the door were stationed two sentinels. Inside, sitting at a table, was a young man, who appeared to be from twenty to twenty-two years old. His long, fair hair waved round his clear-cut features, and his blue mantle, but half concealing his figure, left revealed the epaulettes of a general. He was tracing on a map by the light of a lamp the route his soldiers must follow. This man was General Marceau.

"Alexandre," he said, turning to his sleeping companion, "wake up; an order has arrived from General Westermann," and he handed the despatch to his colleague.

"Who brought the order."

"Delmar, the people's representative."

"Very good. Where do these poor devils assemble?"

"In a wood a league and a half from this place. It is here upon the map."

Then orders, given in a low voice, broke up the group of soldiers extended round

the ashes which had once been a village. The line of soldiers descended the roadway which separates Saint-Crépin from Mont-faucon, and when, some seconds after, the moon shone forth between two clouds upon the long lines of bayonets, they seemed to resemble a great black serpent with scales of steel gliding away into the darkness.

They marched thus for half an hour, Marceau at their head. The study he had made of the localities prevented him from missing the route, and after a quarter of an hour's further march they perceived before them the black mass of the forest. According to their instructions, it was there that the inhabitants of some villages and the remnants of several armies were to assemble to hear mass; altogether about eighteen hundred Royalists.

The two generals separated their little troop into several parties, with orders to surround the forest. As they advanced thus in a circle, it seemed that the glade which formed the centre of the forest was lighted up. Still approaching, they could distinguish the glare of torches, and soon, as objects became more distinct, a strange scene burst upon their sight.

Upon an altar, roughly represented by some piles of stones, stood the *curé* of the village of Sainte-Marie-de-Rhé, chanting the mass; grouped round him was a circle of old men grasping torches, and, upon their knees, women and children were praying. Between the Republicans and this group a wall of soldiers was placed. It was evident that the Royalists had been warned.

They did not wait to be attacked, but opened fire at once upon their assailants, who advanced without firing a single shot. The priest still continued chanting the mass. When the Republicans were thirty paces from their enemies the first rank

knelt down; three lines of barrels were lowered like corn before the wind; the volley burst forth. The light gleamed upon the lines of the Royalists, and some shots struck the women and children kneeling at the foot of the altar. For an instant wails of distress arose. Then the priest held up his crucifix, and all was silent again.

The Republicans, still advancing, fired their second discharge, and now neither side had time to load; it was a hand-to-hand fight with bayonets, and all advantage was on the side of the well-armed Republicans. The Royalists gave way; entire ranks fell. The priest, perceiving this, made a sign. The torches were extinguished, and all was darkness. Then followed a scene of disorder and carnage, where each man struck with blind fury, and died without asking for pity.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried a heartrending voice, suddenly, at Marceau's feet, as he was about to strike. It was a young boy without weapons. "Save me, in the name of Heaven!" he cried.

The general stooped and dragged him some paces from the affray, but as he did so the youth fainted. Such excess of terror in a soldier astonished Marceau; but, notwithstanding, he loosened his collar to give him air. His captive was a girl!

There was not an instant to lose. The Convention's orders were imperative; all Royalists taken with or without weapons, whatever their age or sex, must perish upon the scaffold. He placed the young girl at the foot of a tree, and ran towards the skirmish. Amongst the dead he perceived a young Republican officer, whose figure appeared to him about the same as that of his prisoner. He stripped him quickly of his coat and hat, and returned with them to the girl. The freshness of the night had revived her.

"My father! my father!" were her first words. "I have abandoned him; he will be killed!"

"Mademoiselle Blanche!" suddenly whispered a voice behind the tree, "the Marquis de Beaulieu lives; he is saved." And he who had said these words disappeared like a shadow.

"Tinguy, Tinguy!" cried the girl, extending her arms towards the spot where he had stood.

"Silence! a word will denounce you," said Marceau; "and I wish to save you. Put on this coat and hat and wait here."

He returned to his soldiers, gave orders

for them to retire upon Chollet, left his companion in command, and came back to his prisoner. Finding her ready to follow him, he directed their steps to the road where his servant waited with horses. The young girl sprang into the saddle with all the grace of a practised rider. Three-quarters of an hour after they galloped into Chollet. Marceau, with his little escort, took his way to the Hôtel Sans Culotte. He engaged two rooms, and conducted the young girl to one of them, advising her, at the same time, to take some rest after the fearful night she had endured. Whilst she slept, Marceau determined on the course he would take to save her. He would take her himself to Nantes, where his mother lived. He had not seen her for three years, and it would be natural enough for him to ask permission for leave of absence. As dawn began to break he entered General Westermann's house. His demand was accorded at once, but it was necessary that his permission should be signed by Delmar. The General promised to send him with the certificate, and Marceau returned to the hotel to snatch a few moments of repose.

Marceau and Blanche were about to sit down to breakfast when Delmar appeared in the doorway. He was one of Robespierre's agents, in whose hands the guillotine was more active than intelligent.

"Ah!" he said to Marceau, "you wish to leave us already, citizen, but you have done this night's work so well I can refuse you nothing. My only regret is that the Marquis de Beaulieu escaped. I had promised the Convention to send them his head."

Blanche stood erect and pale like a statue of terror. Marceau placed himself before her.

"But we will follow his track. Here is your permission," he added; "you can start when you choose. But I cannot quit you without drinking to the health of the Republic." And he sat down at the table by the side of Blanche.

They were beginning to feel more at ease, when a discharge of musketry burst upon their ears. The General leapt to his feet and rushed to his arms, but Delmar stopped him.

"What noise is that?" asked Marceau.

"Oh, nothing!" replied Delmar. "Last night's prisoners being shot." Blanche uttered a cry of terror. Delmar turned slowly and looked at her,

"Here is a fine thing," he said. "If soldiers tremble like women, we shall have to dress up our women as soldiers. It is

"Let us start, in the name of Heaven!" she cried; "there is blood in the air we breathe here."

"Yes, let us go," replied Marceau, and they descended together.

CHAPTER II.

MARCEAU found at the door a troop of thirty men whom the General-in-Chief had ordered to escort them to Nantes.

As they galloped along the high-road, Blanche told him her history; how, her mother being dead, she had been brought up by her father; how her education, given by a man, had accustomed her to exercises which, on the insurrection breaking out, had become so useful to her in following her father.

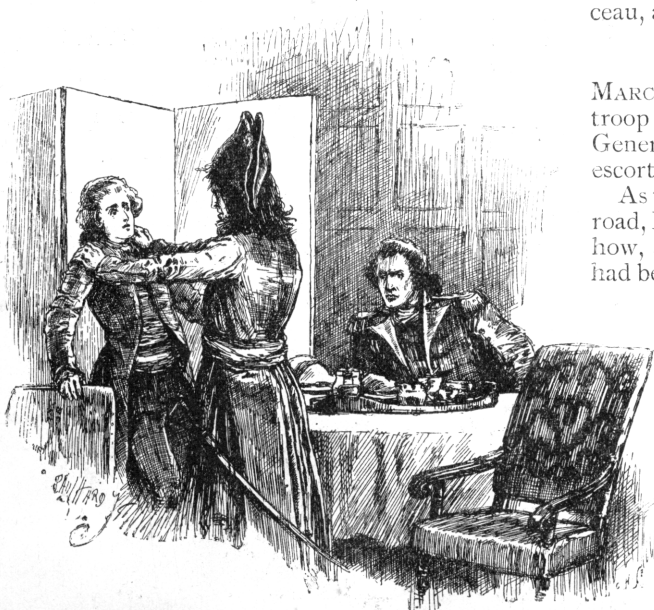
As she finished her story, they saw twinkling before them in the mist the lights of Nantes. The little troop crossed the Loire, and some seconds after Marceau

was in the arms of his mother. A few words sufficed to interest his mother and sisters in his young companion. No sooner had Blanche manifested a desire to change her dress than the two young girls led her away, each disputing which should have the pleasure of serving her as lady's-maid. When Blanche re-entered, Marceau stared in astonishment. In her first costume he had hardly noticed her extreme beauty and gracefulness, which she had now resumed with her woman's dress. It is true, she had taken the greatest pains to make herself as pretty as possible; for one instant before her glass she had forgotten war, insurrection, and carnage. The most innocent soul has its coquetry when it first begins to love.

Marceau could not utter a word, and Blanche smiled joyously, for she saw that she appeared as beautiful to him as she had desired.

In the evening the young *fiancé* of Marceau's sister came, and there was one house in Nantes—one only, perhaps—where all was happiness and love, surrounded, as it was, by tears and sorrow.

And now, from this time forth, a new life began for Marceau and Blanche. Marceau saw a happier future before him, and it was not strange that Blanche should



"HE SCANNED HER CLOSELY."

true you are very young," he continued, catching hold of her and scanning her closely, "you will get used to it in time."

"Never, never!" cried Blanche, without dreaming how dangerous it was for her to manifest her feelings before such a witness. "I could never get used to such horrors."

"Boy," he replied, loosing her, "do you think a nation can be regenerated without spilling blood? Listen to my advice; keep your reflections to yourself. If ever you fall into the hands of the Royalists they will give you no more mercy than I have done to their soldiers." And saying these words he went out.

"Blanche," said Marceau, "do you know, if that man had given one gesture, one sign, that he recognised you, I would have blown his brains out?"

"My God!" she said, hiding her face in her hands, "when I think that my father might fall into the hands of this tiger, that if he had been made a prisoner, this night, before my eyes—it is atrocious. Is there no longer pity in this world? Oh! pardon, pardon," she said, turning to Marceau, "who should know that better than I?"

At this instant a servant entered and announced that the horses were ready.

desire the presence of the man who had saved her life. Only from time to time as she thought of her father tears would pour from her eyes, and Marceau would reassure her, and to distract her thoughts would tell her of his first campaign; how the school-boy had become a soldier at fifteen, an officer at seventeen, a colonel at nineteen, and a general at twenty-one.

Nantes at this time writhed under the yoke of Carrier. Its streets ran with blood, and Carrier, who was to Robespierre what the hyæna is to the tiger, and the jackal to the lion, gorged himself with the purest of this blood. No one bore a reputation more blameless than that of the young general, Marceau, and no suspicion had as yet attacked his mother or sisters. And now the day fixed for the marriage of one of these young girls arrived.

Amongst the jewels that Marceau had sent for, he chose a necklace of precious stones, which he offered to Blanche.

She looked at it first with all the coquetry of a young girl; then she closed the box.

"Jewels are out of place in my situation," she said. "I cannot accept it, whilst my father, hunted from place to place, perhaps begs a morsel of bread for his food, and a granary for his shelter."

Marceau pressed her in vain. She would accept nothing but an artificial red rose which was amongst the jewels.

The churches being closed, the ceremony took place at the village hotel. At the door of the hotel a deputation of sailors awaited the young couple. One of these men, whose face

appeared familiar to Marceau, held in his hand two bouquets. One he gave to the young bride, and, advancing toward Blanche, who regarded him fixedly, he presented her with the other.

"Tinguy, where is my father?" said Blanche, growing very pale.

"At Saint-Florent," replied the sailor. "Take this bouquet. There is a letter inside."

Blanche wished to stop him, to speak to him, but he had disappeared. She read the letter with anxiety. The Royalists had suffered defeat after defeat, giving way before devastation and famine. The Marquis had learnt everything through



"SHE WOULD ACCEPT NOTHING BUT AN ARTIFICIAL RED ROSE."

the watchfulness of Tinguy. Blanche was sad. This letter had cast her back again into all the horrors of war. During the ceremony a stranger who had, he said,

affairs of the utmost importance to communicate to Marceau had been ushered into the saloon. As Marceau entered the room, his head bent towards Blanche, who leant upon his arm, he did not perceive him. Suddenly he felt her tremble. He looked up. Blanche and he were face to face with Delmar. He approached them slowly, his eyes fixed on Blanche, a smile upon his lips. With his forehead beaded with cold sweat, Marceau regarded him advance as Don Juan regarded the statue of the commandant.

"You have a brother, citizeness?" he said to Blanche. She stammered. Delmar continued—

"If my memory and your face do not deceive me, we breakfasted together at Chollet. How is it I have not seen you since in the ranks of the Republican army?"

Blanche felt as if she were going to fall, for the eye of Delmar pierced her through and through. Then he turned to Marceau; it was Delmar's turn to tremble. The young general had his hand upon the hilt of his sword, which he gripped convulsively. Delmar's face resumed its habitual expression; he appeared to have totally forgotten what he was about to say, and taking Marceau by the arm he drew him into the niche of a window, and talked to him a few minutes about the situation in La Vendée, and told him he had come to consult with Carrier on certain rigorous measures about to be inflicted on the Royalists. Then he quitted the room, passing Blanche, who had fallen cold and white into a chair, with a bow and a smile.

Two hours after Marceau received orders to rejoin his army, though his leave of absence did not expire for fifteen days. He believed this to have some connection with the scene which had just passed. He must obey, however; to hesitate were to be lost.

Marceau presented the order to Blanche. He regarded her sadly. Two tears rolled down her pale cheeks, but she was silent.

"Blanche," he said, "war makes us murderous and cruel; it is possible that we shall see each other no more." He took her hand. "Promise me, if I fall, that you will remember me sometimes, and I promise you, Blanche, that if between my life and death I have the time to pronounce one name—one alone—it shall be yours." Blanche was speechless for tears, but in her eyes were a thousand promises more tender than that which Marceau demanded. With one hand she pressed Marceau's, and

pointed with the other to his rose, which she wore in her hair.

"It shall never leave me," she said.

An hour after he was on the road to rejoin his army. Each step he took on the road they had journeyed together recalled her to his mind, and the danger she ran appeared more menacing now that he was away from her side. Each instant he felt ready to rein in his horse and gallop back to Nantes. If Marceau had not been so intent upon his own thoughts he would have perceived at the extremity of the road and coming towards him, a horseman who, after stopping an instant to assure himself he was not mistaken, had put his horse at a gallop and joined him. He recognised General Dumas. The two friends leapt from their horses and cast themselves into each other's arms. At the same instant a man, his hair streaming with perspiration, his face bleeding, his clothing rent, sprang over the hedge and, half fainting, fell at the feet of the two friends, exclaiming—

"She is arrested!"

It was Tinguy.

"Arrested! Who? Blanche!" cried Marceau.

The peasant made an affirmative sign. He could no longer speak. He had run five leagues, crossing fields and hedges in his flight to join Marceau.

Marceau stared at him stupidly.

"Arrested! Blanche arrested!" he repeated continually, whilst his friend applied his gourd full of wine to the clenched teeth of the peasant.

"Alexandre," cried Marceau, "I shall return to Nantes; I must follow her, for my life, my future, my happiness, all is with her!" His teeth chattered violently, and his body trembled convulsively.

"Let him beware who has dared to put his hand on Blanche. I love her with all the strength of my soul; existence is no longer possible for me without her. Oh, fool that I was to leave her! Blanche arrested! And where has she been taken?"

Tinguy, to whom this question was addressed, commenced to recover. "To the prison of Bouffays," he answered.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when the two friends were galloping back to Nantes.

Marceau knew he had not an instant to lose: he directed his steps at once to Carrier's house. But neither menaces nor prayers could obtain an interview from the deputy of the "Mountain."



"SHE IS ARRESTED."

Marceau* turned away quietly; he appeared in the interval to have adopted a new project, and he prayed his companion to await him at the gate of the prison with horses and a carriage.

Before Marceau's name and rank the prison gates were soon opened, and he commanded the gaoler to conduct him to the cell where Blanche was enclosed. The man hesitated; but, on Marceau repeating his desire in a more imperative tone, he obeyed, making him a sign to follow him.

"She is not alone," said his guide, as he unlocked the low-arched door of a cell whose sombre gloom made Marceau shudder, "but she will not be troubled long with her companion; he is to be guillotined to-day." Saying these words he closed the door on Marceau, and determined to keep as quiet as possible concerning an interview which would be so compromising to him.

Still dazzled from his sudden passage from day to darkness, Marceau groped his way into the cell like a man in a dream. Then he heard a cry, and the young girl flung herself into his arms. She clung to him with inarticulate sobs and convulsive embraces.

"You have not abandoned me, then,"

she cried. "They arrested me, dragged me here; in the crowd which followed I recognised Tinguy. I cried out 'Marceau! Marceau!' and he disappeared. Now you have come, you will take me away, you will not leave me here?"

"I wish I could tear you away this moment, if it were at the price of my life; but it is impossible. Give me two days, Blanche, but two days. Now I wish you to answer me a question on which your life and mine depend. Answer me as you would answer to God. Blanche, do you love me?"

"Is this the time and place for such a question? Do you think these walls are used to vows of love?"

"This is the moment, for we are between life and death. Blanche, be quick and answer me; each instant robs us of a day, each hour, of a year. Do you love me?"

"Oh! yes, yes!" These words escaped from the young girl's heart, who, forgetting that no one could see her blushes, hid her head upon his breast.

"Well! Blanche, you must accept me at once for your husband."

The young girl trembled.

"What can be your design?"

"My motive is to tear you from death; we will see if they will send to the scaffold the wife of a Republican general."

Then Blanche understood it all; but she trembled at the danger to which he must expose himself to save her. Her love for him increased, and with it her courage rose.

"It is impossible," she said, firmly.

"Impossible!" interrupted Marceau, "what can rise between us and happiness, since you have avowed you love me? Listen, then, to the reason which has made you reject your only way of escape. Listen, Blanche! I saw you and loved you; that love has become a passion. My life is yours, your fate is mine; happiness or death, I will share either with you; no

human power can separate us, and if I quitted you, I have only to cry '*Vive le roi!*' and your prison gates will reopen, and we will come out no more except together. Death upon the same scaffold, that will be enough for me."

"Oh, no, no; leave me, in the name of Heaven, leave me!"

"Leave you! Take heed what you say, for if I quit this prison without having the right to defend you, I shall seek out your father—your father whom you have forgotten, and who weeps for you—and I shall say to him: 'Old man, she could have saved herself, but she has not done so; she has wished your last days to be passed in mourning, and her blood to be upon your white hair. Weep, old man, not because your daughter is dead, but because she did not love you well enough to live.'"

Marceau had repulsed her, and she had fallen on her knees beside him, and he, with his teeth clenched, strode to and fro with a bitter laugh; then he heard her sob, the tears leapt to his eyes, and he fell at her feet.

"Blanche, by all that is most sacred in the world, consent to become my wife!"

"You must, young girl," interrupted a strange voice, which made them tremble and rise together. "It is the only way to preserve your life. Religion commands you, and I am ready to bless your union." Marceau turned astonished, and recognised the *cure* of Sainte-Marie-de-Rhé, who had made part of the gathering which he had attacked on the night when Blanche became his prisoner.

"Oh, my father," he cried, seizing his hand, "obtain her consent!"

"Blanche de Beaulieu," replied the priest, with solemn accents, "in the name of your father, whom my age and friendship give me the right of representing, I command you to obey this young man."

Blanche seemed agitated with a thousand different emotions; at last she threw herself into Marceau's arms.

"I cannot resist any longer," she said. "Marceau, I love you, and I will be your wife." Their lips joined; Marceau was at the height of joy; he

seemed to have forgotten everything. The priest's voice broke in upon their ecstasy.

"We must be quick," he said, "for my moments are numbered."

The two lovers trembled; this voice recalled them to earth. Blanche glanced around the cell with apprehension.

"What a moment," she said, "to unite our destinies! Can you think a union consecrated under vaults so sombre and lugubrious can be fortunate and happy?"

Marceau shuddered, for he himself was touched with superstitious terror. He drew Blanche to that part of the cell where the daylight struggling through the crossed bars of a narrow air-hole rendered the shadows less thick, and there, falling on their knees, they awaited the priest's blessing. As he extended his arms above them and pronounced the sacred words, the clash of arms and the tread of soldiers was heard in the corridor.

Blanche cast herself in terror into Marceau's arms.

"Can they have come to seek me already?" she cried. "Oh, my love, how frightful death is at this moment!" The young General threw himself before the door, a pistol in each hand. The astonished soldiers drew back.



"BLANCHE CAST HERSELF IN TERROR INTO MARCEAU'S ARMS."

"Reassure yourselves," said the priest ; "it is I whom they seek. It is I who must die."

The soldiers surrounded him.

"My children," he cried, in a loud voice, addressing himself to the young pair. "On your knees ; for with one foot in the tomb I give you my last benediction, and that of a dying person is sacred." He drew, as he spoke, a crucifix from his breast, and extended it towards them ; himself about to die, it was for them he prayed.

There was a solemn silence.

Then the soldiers surrounded him, the door closed, and all disappeared.

Blanche threw her arms about Marceau's neck.

"Oh, if you leave me, and they come to seek me, and you are not here to aid me ! Oh, Marceau, think of me upon the scaffold far from you, weeping, and calling you, without response ! Oh, do not go ! do not go ! I will cast myself at their feet ; I will tell them I am not guilty, that, if they will leave me in prison with you all my life, I will bless them !"

"I am sure to save you, Blanche ; I answer for your life. In less than two days I shall be here with your pardon, and then, instead of a prison and a cell, a life of happiness, a life of liberty and love !"

The door opened, the gaoler appeared. Blanche clung more closely to her lover's breast, but each instant was precious, and he gently unwound her arms from about him, and promised to return before the close of the second day.

"Love me for ever," he said, rushing out of the cell.

"For ever," said Blanche, half fainting, and showing him in her hair the red rose that he had given her. Then the door closed upon him like the gate of the Inferno.

CHAPTER III.

MARCEAU found his companion waiting for him at the porter's lodge. He called for ink and paper.

"What are you about to do ?" asked his friend.

"I am going to write to Carrier, to demand a respite of two days, and to tell him his own life depends on Blanche's."

"Wretched man !" cried his friend, snatching the unfinished letter away from him. "You threaten him, you who are in his power, you who have set his orders to rejoin your army at defiance. Before an

hour passes you will be arrested, and what then can you do for yourself or her ?"

Marceau let his head fall between his hands, and appeared to reflect deeply.

"You are right," he cried, rising suddenly ; and he drew his friend into the street.

A group of people were gathered round a post-chaise.

"If this evening is hazy," whispered a voice at Marceau's ear, "I do not know what would prevent twenty strong fellows from entering the town and freeing the prisoners. It is a pity that Nantes is so badly guarded."

Marceau trembled, turned, and recognised Tinguay, darted a glance of intelligence at him, and sprang into the carriage.

"Paris !" he called to the postillion, and the horses darted forward with the rapidity of lightning. At eight o'clock the carriage entered Paris.

Marceau and his friend separated at the square of the Palais-Egalité, and Marceau took his way alone on foot through the Rue Saint-Honoré, descended at the side of Saint-Roch, stopped at No. 366, and asked for Robespierre. He was informed that he had gone to the Théâtre de la Nation. Marceau proceeded there, astonished to have to seek in such a place the austere member of the Committee of Public Welfare. He entered, and recognised Robespierre half hidden in the shadow of a box. As he arrived outside the door he met him coming out. Marceau presented himself, and gave him his name.

"What can I do for you ?" said Robespierre.

"I desire an interview with you."

"Here, or at my house ?"

"At your house."

"Come, then."

And these two men, moved by feelings so opposite, walked along side by side, Robespierre indifferent and calm, Marceau passionate and excited. This was the man who held within his hands the fate of Blanche.

They arrived at Robespierre's house, entered, and ascended a narrow staircase, which led them to a chamber on the third floor. A bust of Rousseau, a table, on which lay open the "Contrat Social" and "Emile," a chest of drawers, and some chairs, completed the furniture of the apartment.

"Here is Cæsar's palace," said Robespierre, smiling ; "what have you to demand from its president ?"

"The pardon of my wife, who is condemned to death by Carrier."

"Your wife condemned to death by Carrier! The wife of Marceau, the well-known Republican! the Spartan soldier! What is Carrier then doing at Nantes?"

Marceau gave him an account of the atrocities which Carrier was superintending at Nantes.

"See how I am always misunderstood," cried Robespierre, with a hoarse voice, broken by emotion. "Above all, where my eyes cannot see, nor my hand arrest. There is enough blood being spilt that we cannot avoid, and we are not at the end of it yet."

"Then give me my wife's pardon."

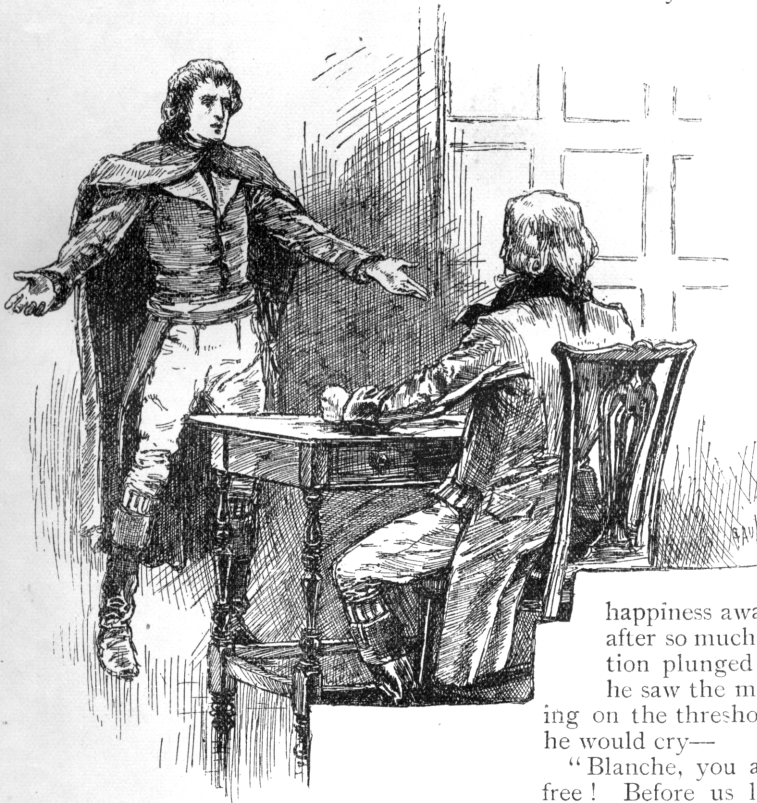
Robespierre took a leaf of white paper.

"What was her name?"

"Why do you wish to know that?"

"It is necessary in cases of identity."

"Blanche de Beaulieu."



"GIVE ME MY WIFE'S PARDON."

Robespierre let his pen fall.

"What? The daughter of the Marquis de Beaulieu, the chief of the Royalists of La Vendée. How is it that she is *your* wife?"

Marceau told him all.

"Young fool and madman!" he said. "Must you ——" Marceau interrupted him.

"I ask from you neither insults nor abuse. I ask for her life. Will you give it me?"

"Will family ties, love's influence, never lead you to betray the Republic?"

"Never."

"If you find yourself armed, face to face with the Marquis de Beaulieu?"

"I will fight against him as I have already done."

"And if he falls into your hands?"

Marceau reflected an instant:

"I will bring him to you, and you shall be his judge."

"You swear it to me?"

"Upon my honour."

Robespierre took up his pen and finished writing.

"There is your wife's pardon," he said.

"You can depart."

Marceau took his hand and wrung it with force. He wished to speak, but tears choked his utterance; and it was Robespierre who said to him—

"Go! there is not an instant to lose. *Au revoir!*"

Marceau sprang down the stairs and into the street, and ran toward the Palais-Egalité, where his carriage waited.

From what a weight his heart was freed! What

happiness awaited him! What joy after so much grief! His imagination plunged into the future, and he saw the moment when, appearing on the threshold of the prison-cell, he would cry—

"Blanche, you are saved! You are free! Before us lies a life of love and happiness."

Yet from time to time a vague uneasiness tormented him; a sudden chill struck cold upon his heart. He spurred on the postillions by lavish promises of gold, and the horses flew along the road. Everything

seemed to partake of the feverish agitation of his blood. In a few hours he had left Versailles, Chartes, Le Mans, La Flèche behind him. They were nearing Angers, when suddenly, with a terrible crash, the carriage heeled over on its side, and he fell. He rose hurt and bleeding, separated with his sabre the traces which bound one of the horses, and, leaping on its back, reached the next post; and, taking a fresh horse, rapidly continued his course.

And now he has crossed Angers, he perceives Nigrande, reaches Varade, passes Ancenis; his horse streams with foam and blood. He gains Saint-Donatien, then Nantes—Nantes, which encloses his life, his happiness! Some seconds after he passes the gates, he is in the town, he reins in his horse before the prison of Bouffays. He has arrived. What matters all their troubles now? He calls—

“Blanche, Blanche!”

The gaoler appears and replies—

“Two carts have just left the prison. Mademoiselle de Beaulieu was in the first.”

With a curse upon his lips, Marceau springs to the ground, and rushes with the hustling crowd towards the great square. He comes up with the last of the two carts; one of the prisoners inside recognises him. It is Tinguy.

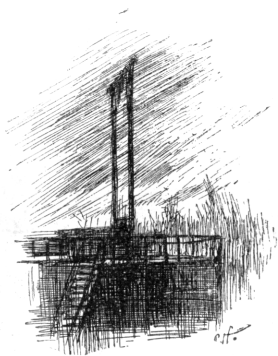
“Save her! save her!” he cries out, “for I have failed!”

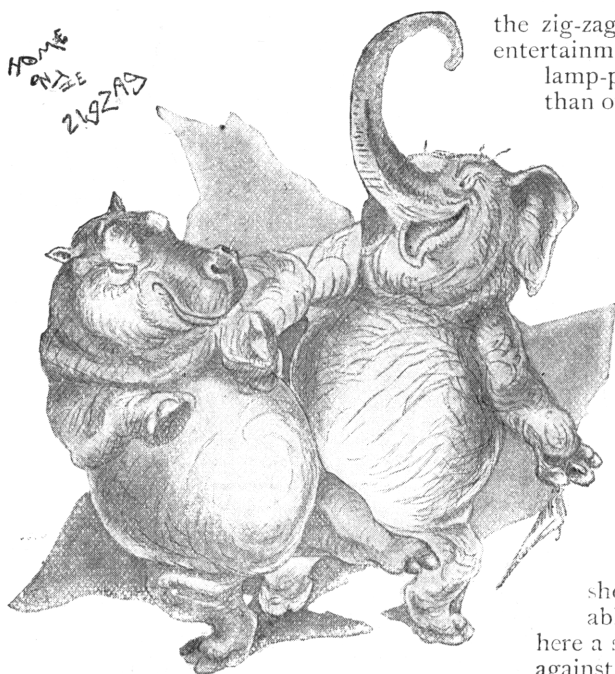
Marceau pushes on through the crowd; they hustle him, they press around him, but he hurls them out of his path. He arrives upon the place of execution. Before him is the scaffold. He flourishes aloft the scrap of paper, crying—

“A pardon! a pardon!”

At that instant the executioner, seizing by its long, fair hair the head of a young girl, held it up before the terrified crowd.

Suddenly from the midst of that silent crowd a cry was heard—a cry of anguish, in which there seemed to have been gathered all the forces of human agony. Marceau had recognised between the teeth of this uplifted head the red rose which he had given to his young bride.



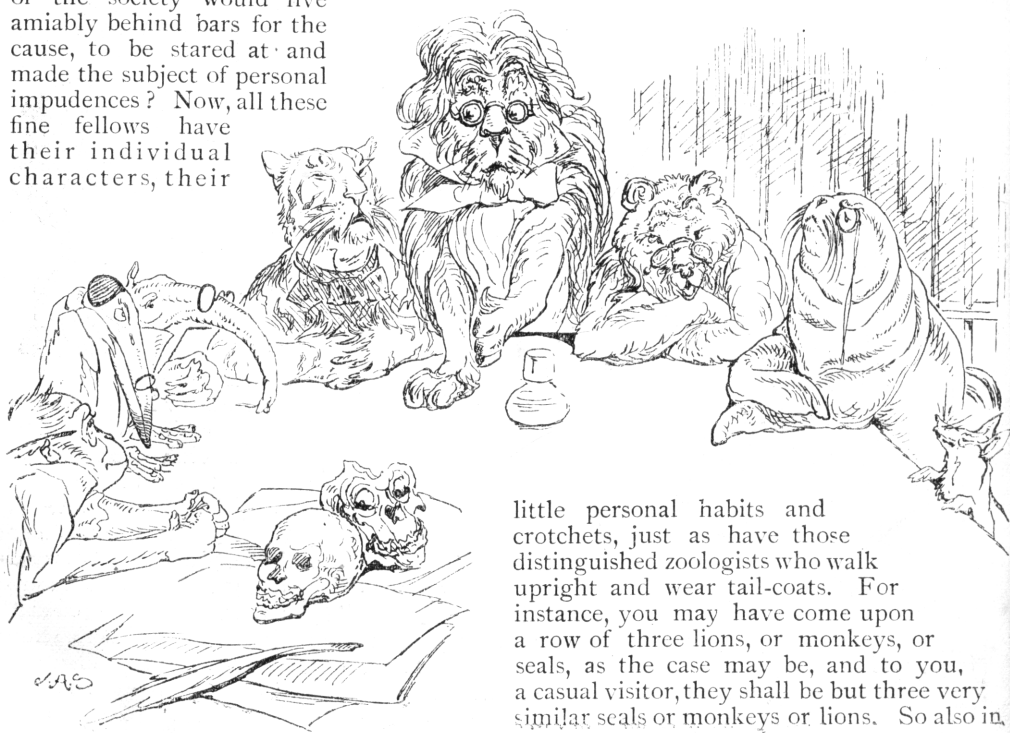


the zig-zag is to see more, and with greater entertainment. Who sees more stars, more lamp-posts, front-doors, and keyholes than other men—yea, even unto tenfold?

He who goes home on the zig-zag. The zig-zag is the token, the mystic sign, of contentful ease and good fellowship the world over; the very word is passed to us, like a loving-cup, by the French, who have taken it in all good amity from the Germans, as Littré himself testifieth, and what greater sign of universal brotherhood shall you want than that? The zig-zag, too, is necessary; for the soberest citizen may not

walk home through many streets in a straight line, lest he break his nose. "Zig-zag; something with short sharp turns," says the respectable Webster. Let us, therefore, take here a sharp turn, lest we run our noses against the wall of brown speculation.

Many good friends have I in the gardens of the Zoological Society of London. These good friends devote their entire lives to the furtherance of a popular taste for zoology, and are, or should be at once elected, most distinguished active members of the society. To pay certain gold guineas a year is a good thing; but what human member of the society would live amiably behind bars for the cause, to be stared at and made the subject of personal impudences? Now, all these fine fellows have their individual characters, their



little personal habits and crotchets, just as have those distinguished zoologists who walk upright and wear tail-coats. For instance, you may have come upon a row of three lions, or monkeys, or seals, as the case may be, and to you, a casual visitor, they shall be but three very similar seals or monkeys or lions. So also in

the official guide-book, for a guide-book which is sober and official can say no other. But scrape close acquaintance with those creatures and talk to their keepers, and you shall find them Bill, Polly, and Sam: Bill, perhaps, being an easy-going lion (or seal or monkey), with a weakness for a lump of sugar, and a disregard of the state of his coat; Polly a coquette, with a vast pride in her tail; and Sam a touchy old fellow who

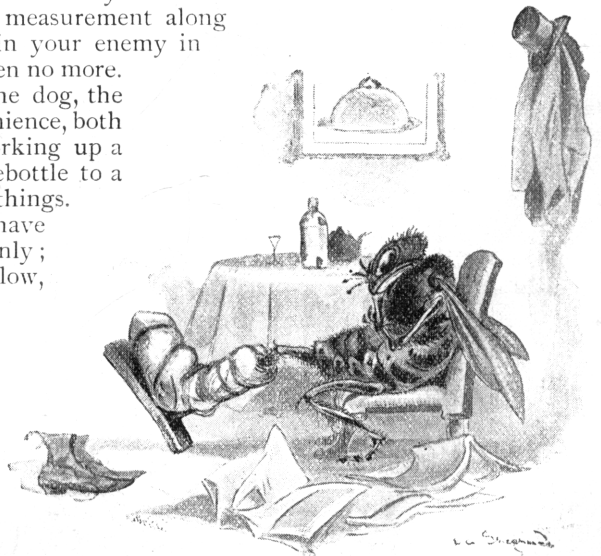


objects to all but one particular keeper; and each with a history. Among these distinguished personages shall we zig-zag, and improve acquaintance. Meantime, let us sit upon this seat on the terrace with a good view of the gardens before us, while the big good-humoured Jung Perchad stalks along below with a howdahful of children and an eye to the casual bun; and let us meditate.

I like to conduct my brown studies in an atmosphere of mingled evolution and metempsychosis. It is a pity that the theory of our evolution from the primordial protoplasm in an inclusive line through every living species should now be con-

sidered old-fashioned. I like to imagine that among my remote ancestors every living thing is represented—it gives them a family interest. And if, further, I can persuade myself that *I* have been everything, at one time or another, from a bluebottle to a giraffe—why, then I can brown-study for ever. The imaginative mind can compass all things. Well may I remember the comfort of a mouth six feet by measurement along the lips, in a crocodile. You take in your enemy in one large generous smile, and he is seen no more. And a tail for others—the cow, the dog, the horse, the lion, the tiger—is a convenience, both as a fly-whisk and as a help to working up a tantrum. In evolution from a bluebottle to a giraffe one learns the value of these things.

As a bluebottle, I think I should have enjoyed life—as a young one certainly; an elderly bluebottle gets bloated, slow, and gouty, losing his sense of humour. He grows infirm of purpose, too, and forgets to return to the same spot on a bald head after the eighteenth time of chasing off—the eighteenth time being really just when the fun begins. Sometimes he passes over a red nose altogether, probably from a fear of aggravating the gout in his feet. I am a little more



doubtful about the giraffe. I should certainly have had a better opportunity of holding my head high in the world than I ever have now ; and the giraffe has the advantage of the bluebottle in the matter of gouty feet. But what a neck for mumps ! I think I *must* have been a raven or a jackdaw at some time—reasoning by induction—and I must have had a rare good time. The great object of a raven's life is the collection of valuables, wherein he resembles a large half of the human race. He steals rings, silver thimbles, and money, hoarding them in a safe and quiet place. Now, there is nothing so impartial as good Dame Nature. For everything she gives its compensation ; every poison has its antidote, every excess its counteracting scarcity ; nothing dies. Everything is a cause, and the effects of all causes work on for eternity. So that I conclude that my life as a raven must have been peculiarly successful from a business point of view, and that for that flood of good fortune I am now suffering the ebb. Obviously I must have been bursting with this world's wealth in some life or another, else why things as they so painfully are ? Or perhaps — stunning thought !—I am saving up all this penury against a flood of millions to come. But, come when it will, it shall never overwhelm me, for I shall take a holiday in a Scotch hotel.



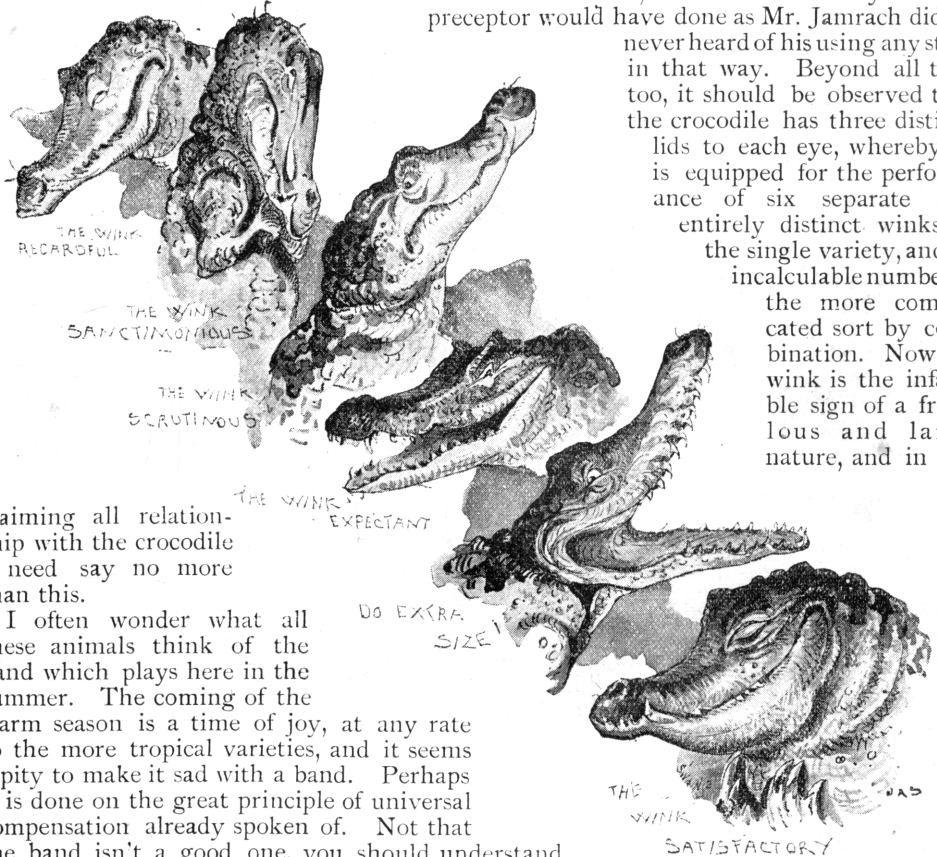
I quite believe I skipped the crocodiles ; at any rate, I find little hereditary affinity between us. When a crocodile objects to its surroundings, it refuses its food ; as a boy at school, I objected very much to my surroundings, but without any effect of that sort. My late friend—God rest him !—Mr. Jamrach, used

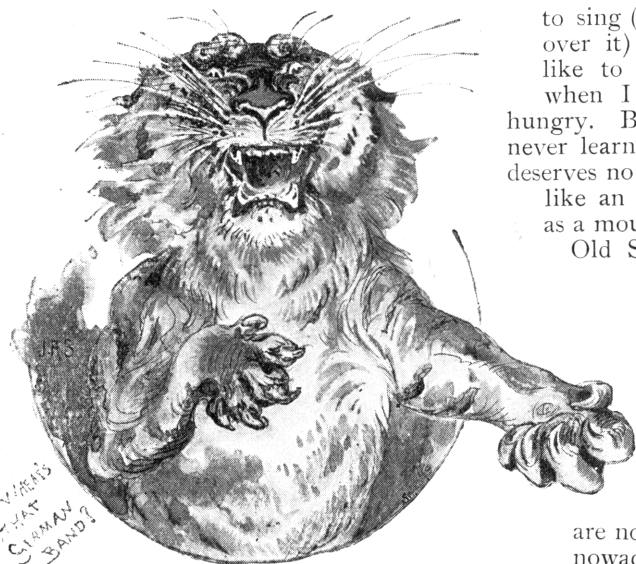
to have rare tussles with his crocodiles. They were valuable as property, and when, out of spite, they took to attempting suicide by starvation, he had them tied up firmly and fed forcibly with a long pole *à la* ramrod. I never remember being so obstinate about my dinner as that; and if I had, from what I recollect of him, I don't believe my worthy preceptor would have done as Mr. Jamrach did. I

never heard of his using any stick in that way. Beyond all this, too, it should be observed that the crocodile has three distinct lids to each eye, whereby he is equipped for the performance of six separate and entirely distinct winks of the single variety, and an incalculable number of the more complicated sort by combination. Now the wink is the infallible sign of a frivolous and larkish nature, and in dis-

claiming all relationship with the crocodile I need say no more than this.

I often wonder what all these animals think of the band which plays here in the summer. The coming of the warm season is a time of joy, at any rate to the more tropical varieties, and it seems a pity to make it sad with a band. Perhaps it is done on the great principle of universal compensation already spoken of. Not that the band isn't a good one, you should understand, but a band of any sort before dinner is an infliction. Music is rather a nuisance to a hungry man, and its proper occasion arrives after a good dinner. Lions and tigers have ten times the capacity for hunger granted to man, and should be considered accordingly. Herein do I speak with feeling; for on several days of the week a German band plays near the corner of my street in the hungriest hour of the twenty-four, and on all the other afternoons the young lady next door, who is learning





to sing (and taking a very long time over it) practises her scales. I should like to have met that German band when I was—say a tiger, and very hungry. But the young lady who will never learn to sing is infinitely worse, and deserves no consideration at all. I should like an opportunity of attacking her as a mouse.

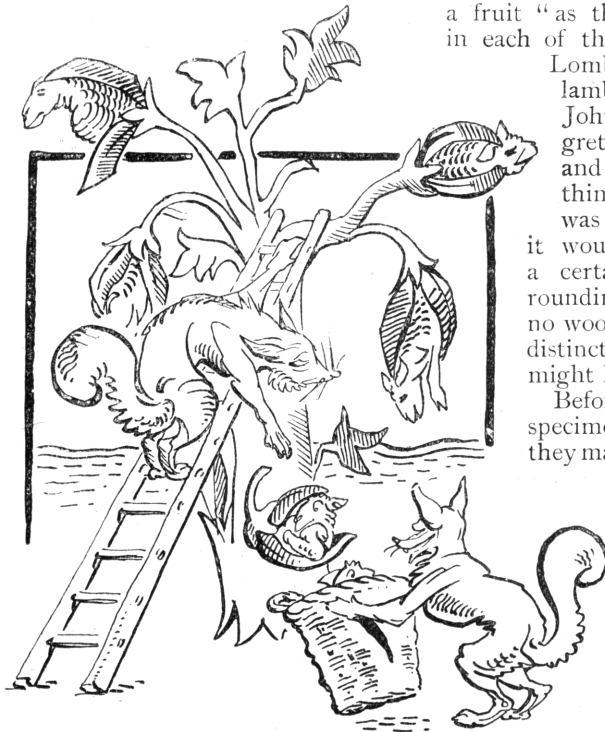
Old Sir John Maundevile is a man one would like to have met. I would do a great deal—even unto paying at the gate—to inspect a zoological garden furnished with a good selection of Sir John's discoveries. I should like, for instance, to see his "wylde Gees, that han 2 Hedes." They are not found in many poultry-yards nowadays, and have become swans on

inn signs. I should like, too, to see that "fulle felonous Best" with a black head and three

long horns, "trenchant in front, scharpe as a Sword," with which he "sleethe the Olifaunt." Again, I think I should like to see those "Ipotaynes, that dwellen sometyme in the Watre and sometyme on the Lond; and thei ben half Man and half Hors," and compare them with the blithesome hippopotamus as we now see him in our own Zoo. I should like to have the opinion of the man end on his equine hinder half, and to see how he walked; for, unlike the centaur, the "ipotayne" had only two legs. I should like to get a "cokadrille" as Maundevile's book pictures him, with long legs and ears like a donkey's, and show him to the sleepy alligators in the reptile house, by



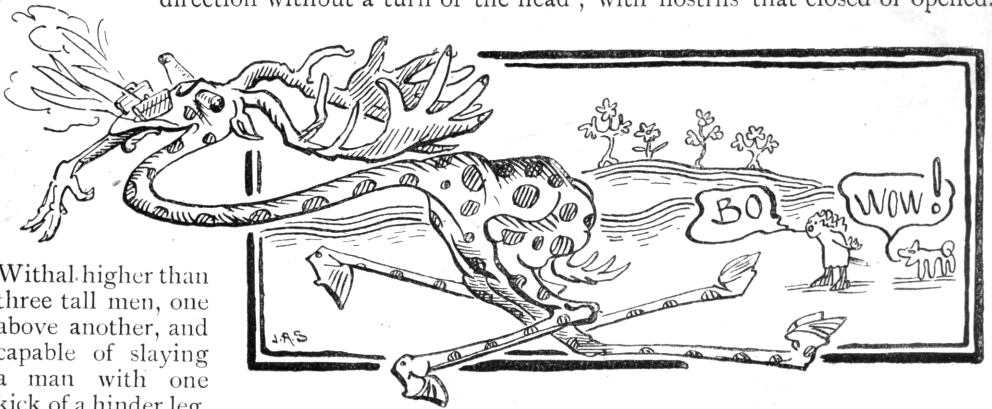
way of reconciling long-sundered relatives. But most I should like to get my mutton from a tree in the way Sir John did in a kingdom "that men clepen Caldilhe"—somewhere, it would seem, between India and China. On the tree, says our good friend, grows



a fruit "as though it were Gourdes"; and in each of these gourds grows a "lyttlyle Lomb, withouten Wolle," which lamb, as well as the fruit, Sir John has eaten. "And that is a gret Marveylle," quoth Sir John; and so it is, when you come to think of it. It is a pity that there was no wool on those "Lombs"; it would have given the narrative a certain artistic completeness, a rounding off. But, since there was no wool, it is fortunate that Sir John distinctly said so, otherwise people might have called him a liar.

Before the Zoological Society find specimens of these rarities, perhaps they may come upon another giraffe or two. Sir John Maundevile really plays light with the giraffe. He might have made something much more startling of it than "a Best pomelee or spotted; that is but a litylle more highe than is a Stede; but he hathe the Necke a 20 Cubytes long; and his Croup and his Tayl is as of an Hert; and he may

loken over a gret highe Hous." Moreover, the illustrative woodcut in my copy actually under-represents the neck by full two-thirds: but that is for the very best of all reasons—there is no room on the block for any more. Perhaps it was because Sir John vouched for the giraffe that up to the present century most people in this country disbelieved in its existence. But just consider how he might have put it, and with truth; and how that heavy-handed artist might have put it—without truth. An animal with a deer's head, a leopard's skin, a swan's neck; a tongue that was used as a man's hand to grasp things a foot from its nose. With eyes that saw in every direction without a turn of the head; with nostrils that closed or opened.



Withal higher than three tall men, one above another, and capable of slaying a man with one kick of a hinder leg,

yet so timid as to fly before a child or a little dog! One feels rather ashamed of Sir John, after all, for neglecting his opportunities. There is difficulty in the capture of a giraffe, and there is expense. These obstacles, however, and greater ones, have been overcome again and again in time past by the Zoological Society of London, and

probably giraffes soon will be seen here again. They are becoming rare even in their own habitat, and an African hunt would be a long and trying one. However, a giraffe is still to be had, and the time is distant when we shall become dependent for the supply

upon a forlornly possibly giraffe shower. Fish, frogs, and insects in showers are not unknown, while cats and dogs are proverbial. Water-spouts cause these fish and frog showers;

in a giraffe transaction it would be necessary to charter rather a strong waterspout, and to stay indoors awhile; all a serious possibility considered from a Maundevillian standpoint.

Shafts from an Eastern Quiver.

I.—THE DIAMONDS OF SHOMAR'S QUEEN.

BY CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

I.



FANCY that Hassan has been drawing on his imagination again, old fellow," said my companion, Frank Denviers, as we sat conversing one evening at the door of our tent.

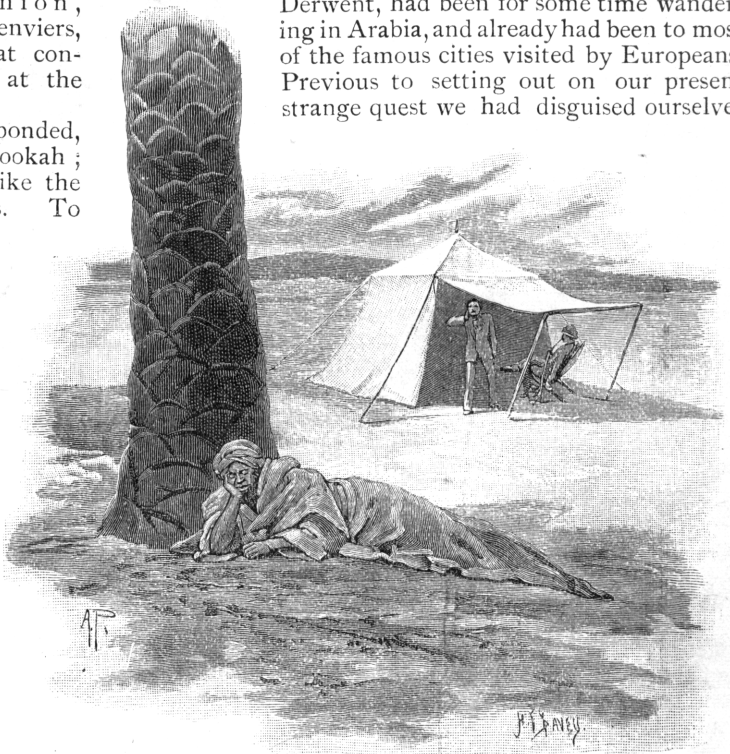
"Perhaps so," I responded, puffing away at a hookah; "he has his faults, like the rest of these Arabs. To appropriate everything that he can lay his brown paws on is, to him, a cardinal virtue; still, he hasn't told us anything untrue so far, why should he do so now?"

"You have far too much faith in that nigger," replied Frank; "he pitches yarns to us that no one could possibly believe. We certainly expected him to steal, and, so far, he has come well up to the standard we measured him by. I own that his knowledge of the various ruins to which he has led us is decidedly good; no doubt this wonderful city that we are bound for does exist, but, as to the diamonds—don't you wish you may get them!" And he shouted to Hassan, who was a little distance off reclining under the shade of a palm tree—

"Coffee, and hurry about it too!" for the Arab was accustomed to take his time when disturbed from his siesta, although usually he was agile enough.

Our Arab servant, or "nigger" as my companion sometimes termed him, had been

engaged as a runner or letter carrier, until it chanced that we took him into our service on the recommendation of an Arab sheik. Frank Denviers and I, Harold Derwent, had been for some time wandering in Arabia, and already had been to most of the famous cities visited by Europeans. Previous to setting out on our present strange quest we had disguised ourselves



"HASSAN."

as sheiks and secretly visited Mecca just as the *haj*, or annual pilgrimage, was commencing. For the whole time through which the fair lasted we found thousands of pilgrims who poured into Mecca from Persia, Arabia, Egypt, and Syria well worthy of observation, as they came to be blessed at the birthplace of Mahomet.

Hassan had been of great service to us in the sacred city, and his desire to continue with us probably induced him to tell us the legend of the "Diamonds of Sho-

mar's Queen," when he received an intimation that we thought of returning to England, when his employment as our guide would, of course, cease. His features were bronzed with sun and exposure to the wind, so that he seemed even more swarthy than the rest of his tribe, while the spotless white turban which he invariably wore served to heighten the effect still further. Besides his experience, which had benefited us considerably in our travels, he was a man upon whom we could depend in time of danger, for his bravery had more than once been put to the test when our course lay through unsettled districts. Added to these qualities he had an admirable way of relating in his own language the various legends which are connected with many of the singular ruins which we visited. It was chiefly owing to this power that Frank came to the conclusion that the Arab was accustomed to mix fables and facts together until he was unable to distinguish between them.

It was our custom when the day had declined to sit before our tent and listen to Hassan as he recounted some one of his numerous legends. While we drank our coffee the Arab would throw himself at full length upon the ground, and, resting his chin upon his crossed arms, look away dreamily into the distance. His voice then assumed a different tone; he was no longer the servant of two Englishmen but a child of the East, and one who sometimes seemed to forget that we were present at all.

It happened that one evening during our stay in Mecca, where, for the time being, we enjoyed the luxury of a roof other than that of our tent, a pilgrim passed by who differed considerably from any of those we had already seen. We were sitting at the door, and summoned Hassan to tell, if he could, the district from which the stranger came. Eyeing him closely, the Arab described him as one living in the neighbourhood of Metra, a city of ruins, but which still possessed an absorbing interest for those who knew its history and what it contained.

When Hassan had excited our curiosity sufficiently, he suddenly stopped, and asked when we intended to return to England. Hearing the time fixed upon, he made an expressive gesture, and replied—

"Then the great secret of Metra will not be known to you. The city is twenty leagues from here, yet it is worth a visit; aye, and more, it has that in it which would astonish the sahibs to see."

"Very likely," responded Frank; "all these places you have taken us to have been surprising in their way, but one gets tired even of wonders."

"The sahib is speaking true," responded Hassan, "but this wonder is the greatest of them all. The stranger, whom you have just noticed, knows well what is hidden in Metra, but he dare not venture thither for his life——"

"And you, Hassan," I interrupted, "have you seen this wonder of which you speak?" He gave a gesture of assent as he answered—

"I have seen the city, but have not viewed its treasure; no Arab could look upon it and live, for, by the beard of Mahomet, if he ventured there, surely kismet would follow him in Shomar's name."

"Well," said Frank, "if you want to persuade us to travel there, you had better tell us what the city does contain if you know; I daresay, like all your yarns, it is strictly genuine, considered from the standard of an Arab code of morals."

That same evening Hassan related to us the legend, and the result of it was that we agreed not only to visit the city, but to give him a sum of gold if our enterprise proved successful, for he would not accept our offer of a share in the treasure.

So matters stood, and our tent was at this time within a few miles of the city to which we were bound when the conversation between Frank and myself took place as narrated. Hassan, when called, came slowly forward and disappeared within the tent, soon afterwards reappearing with the beverage which he had been ordered to prepare.

"When will the sahibs be ready to visit the city of Metra?" Hassan asked, as he stood before us.

"You say it is but three miles hence," said Frank, "and it now wants two hours to sunset; I think we might venture there to-day." Then, eyeing the Arab, he asked—

"Do you still declare that this treasure is to be found there, or is it, after all, one existing only in your own imagination?"

"The sahib is not ready of belief," replied the Arab, "but he will soon learn that I have spoken the truth."

"Rest there," said Frank, pointing to the ground just before our feet, "and repeat this story, that we may be able to judge of your sincerity."

Hassan posed his body in the usual attitude which he assumed on such occasions,

and, while Frank and I listened to his narrative, to detect if possible any discrepancies, the Arab half spoke, half chanted to us the legend of "The Diamonds of Shomar's Queen," as he had heard it from the inhabitants of the district around Metra.

II.

"In Arabia the Happy," began Hassan, "there ruled, more than two thousand years ago, a famous king named Shomar—"

"A legend of the good old times, evidently," interrupted Frank, as he looked at the Arab with an incredulous air.

"Shomar," continued the narrator, "was powerful but he was not happy, for among the princes of his court was one who had great wealth and influence. He did not address the king in the humble tones which the rest of the courtiers adopted, and soon grew into disfavour. The ambassadors, who came at this time from the court of Persia, paid such marked deference to the prince that Shomar's jealousy was aroused, and he sought for some opportunity to free himself from this subject, whom he feared might one day seize upon his throne. Then arose a rumour that, in a distant part of Arabia, a revolt had arisen, and Shomar accused the prince of having instigated it. The latter hotly denied the charge, and, as

the king persisted in it, drew his sword as if about to attack the monarch as he sat on his throne. There was a cry of 'treason!' which rang through the palace, and in another minute the prince was vainly struggling with his monarch's bodyguard.

"Shomar looked triumphantly at his subject as the latter stood bound before him, a few days afterwards, to listen to the sentence which his offence was to receive. The king would gladly have ordered the executioner to bowstring the hateful subject, but he feared the effect of this upon the people. So the prince was sentenced to perpetual exile in a remote district, and threatened with death if he returned. Setting out with his wife and young daughter, together with a few faithful servants, the prince reached the place of his banishment, and for several years nothing more was heard of him.

"One day a band of pilgrims passed through the king's territory, and one of them craved an audience of the monarch. He conveyed strange tidings to the king, for the exiled prince had founded a wonderful city, Metra, to which we are bound;" and the Arab paused for a moment.

"Go on," said Frank; "we are waiting to hear about these diamonds which you mentioned before."

"Patience!" replied Hassan, "you shall hear. The prince, after wandering about for a year or so, determined to build a city, but feared lest his monarch, hearing of it, should send a body of soldiers afterwards to demolish the edifices. During his journeys he had passed more than once through a mighty ravine in the rocks, and a strange thought occurred to him. He communicated his views to his companions in exile, and they agreed to his proposal. The rocks on each side of the ravine were com-



"THERE WAS A CRY OF 'TREASON!'"

posed of a stone which resembled marble in its colour and hardness, yet they began to excavate it, and before long had hollowed out several caves for themselves. Then the prince—who was still wealthy—promised an enormous diamond to whoever would carve best a palace for him. Skilful men came, and, eager for the promised reward, laboured incessantly; before long the ravine became a pathway on either side of which magnificent marble palaces stretched one after another for over three miles, and the inhospitable place now became a city more beautiful than poets have dreamed of. To own a palace in Metra became the height of a prince's ambition, and over them all the exiled one ruled. When he died his daughter, who had grown to be a beautiful woman, took her father's place and ruled as the Princess Idaliah—"

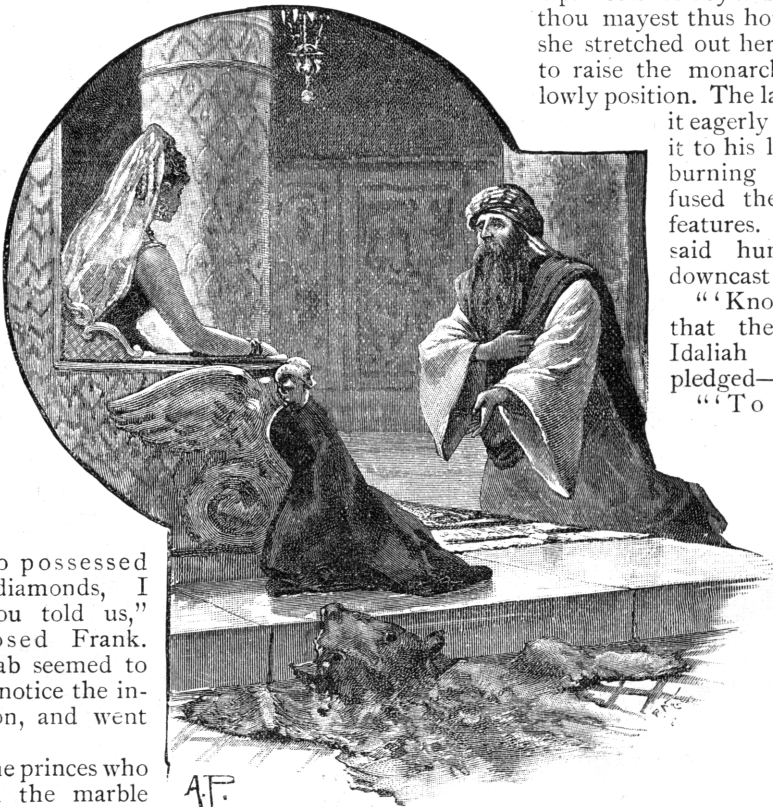
grew deeper and stronger as they became older. Her suitors hated the mountaineer, but were afraid to show this, so they planned how they might rid themselves of him. The pilgrim who conveyed the information to Shomar of the wonderful city arisen was sent by them. The king, on hearing of the beauty of Idaliah, determined to see her, and shortly afterwards visited her palace in disguise. If the princes admired her, the king did more; he was infatuated, and, after trying in vain to win her love, made known his real rank. Then said the princess, as she sat on her throne while the monarch flung himself in entreaty before her—

"Rise, I am but thy inferior; it is not fitting that the great Shomar should wed with a subject. There are dark-eyed maidens at the Courts of Persia and the other neighbouring realms, there wilt thou find a princess of royal blood whom thou mayest thus honour; and she stretched out her hand as if to raise the monarch from his lowly position. The latter caught

it eagerly and pressed it to his lips, while a burning blush suffused the princess's features. Then she said humbly, with downcast eyes—

"Know, O King, that the love of Idaliah is already pledged—"

"To whom?"



"THE MONARCH FLUNG HIMSELF IN ENTREATY BEFORE HER."

"Who possessed these diamonds, I think you told us," interposed Frank. The Arab seemed to scarcely notice the interruption, and went on—

"So the princes who dwelt in the marble palaces of Metra wooed the princess, but without success, for she secretly despised them. During her childhood, while her father was still a wandering exile, she had come to know a young and hardy mountaineer, and the friendship of childhood

asked the monarch, rising and standing before the princess, furious at his own want of success. Then Idaliah told, with many a becoming blush and sigh, of the young mountaineer, Shomar's face grew

dark as the story was concluded, then he asked—

“‘And, if he lived not, wouldst thou accept the half of my throne?’ The princess shook her head negatively as she replied—

“‘I could not, for I would lament him many years; my heart even tells me that, if evil befell him, I should die.’

So the king departed from her presence, and plotted with the princes to take the mountaineer's life. Although Haifiz, as he was called, dared not pass through the ravine, because of his rivals, yet by stealth he would visit Idaliah. Lithe and active, he climbed down the rocky slope between two of the palaces; a jutting piece of stone, the slight support of a young tree, anything that he could grasp was sufficient for him, for was not this perilous pathway that which led to the palace where the light of love shone for him alone in the eyes of Idaliah.” Hassan paused for a moment; then his voice grew softer and his eyes moist as he sorrowfully continued—

“Now the princess used to place a light in the window of the highest apartment of her palace, and the rivals of Haifiz discovered this signal to the lover that all was safe for his venture. They observed the way in which he had hitherto escaped their ambushes, and at last had him in their power. One night Idaliah had placed the signal as usual, and, sitting on her throne adorned with a magnificent diamond necklace, which had been given to her by her father, she waited for the well-known footsteps of her

lover. He did not come, and an uneasy feeling filled the maiden's breast as she waited; then a noise was heard of steps resounding on the marble palace floor.

Four men entered, bearing a heavy burden, which they placed at the feet of the unhappy princess. A tree by which the lover was accustomed to swing himself from one ledge to another had been partly uprooted,

for, on taking it in his hands, it gave way, and he fell headlong down the steep ravine, bruised and lifeless! So the body was sent for the princess to view, for the enemies of her lover rejoiced in the success of their foul stratagem.

“Idaliah looked at the mangled form for a moment, then, sighing deeply, was silent. So still she sat, that at last the bearers of the burden attempted to arouse her. They started back in horror, for the princess was as pale and lifeless as her lover! She seemed to have been turned to stone by the terrible shock.

“When Shomar heard this, he was struck with sorrow at the effect of his

callous plot. He commanded that the city should be deserted by its inhabitants, and vowed that the princess should bear his name in death, for although he lived many years after people spake of the dead princess alone as Shomar's queen. The palace was left untouched; no one dared to move the bodies of the dead lovers. The strangest part of the narrative is, that for all the time which has ensued the forms have not changed. Idaliah sits there to-day, and her lover lies at her feet, as if the two figures had been carved out of marble. When



“HE FELL HEADLONG DOWN THE STEEP RAVINE.”

Shomar, years after, learnt this, he gave the palace into the charge of an old crone, upon whose death the duty passed into the hands of the oldest living female in her tribe—the same as that of the man concerning whose country you questioned me. Although this event happened, as you have been told, more than two thousand years ago, there is still an old crone who fulfils Shomar's command, and only opens the palace gate on receiving a certain signal. Sitting there is Idaliah, still wearing the necklace of diamonds, which no Arab may touch, for Shomar, although dead, yet haunts the palace, and prays the maiden's pardon for his crime. His curse would blight the one of my race who touched the sparkling stones: will ye, then, dare to venture thither to obtain them?"

Hassan rose and stood before us as he finished the legend.

"Do you know this signal?" I asked, endeavouring to speak calmly. The Arab answered in the affirmative, whereupon Frank remarked—

"I will believe that the lovers still occupy the palace, and that the diamonds are there, when I see them;" and he smiled at my faith in the truth of the Arab's story.

III.

AT sunset we left our tent, and, following Hassan, journeyed in the direction of Metra. At last our guide stopped, and when we had joined him, he observed:

"We are just about to enter the ravine. What plan is to be adopted in order that you may enter the palace we are seeking?"

"You say that the gates are kept by one person only," I replied; "surely if they are opened upon your giving the signal, we should have no difficulty in passing into the palace."

"The sahib is mistaken," responded Hassan, "for the gates are solid stone, and move by touching a spring within. It will be difficult for you: the crone will not suspect an Arab, but, on seeing two men of an unknown nation, she will have little confidence in you."

"Then," interposed Frank, turning to me, "our plan is easily settled. On arriving at these stone gates, Hassan may give the signal, and enter alone. He can learn from within the secret of the hidden spring; this done he must find some way to escape the crone's observation, and so let us into the palace."

"The crone is exceedingly aged," said

Hassan; "if once we are all within there should be no difficulty in keeping her from doing harm; but I would rather not remain in the palace while you obtain the treasure."

"Yet," said Frank to me aside, "he has no objection to lead us to this place where the diamonds are said to be! It is a strange scruple; still, if he objects to remain with us, we will leave him outside, where he may be useful as a guard should anyone learn that we are plundering the palace."

We plunged through a dense thicket; on emerging we observed that the ravine then began and sloped gently. On we went, our faith in Hassan being strengthened each minute as we saw the wonderful palaces carved out of the solid rock, and standing almost unaffected apparently by the length of time that had elapsed. Casually resting my hand for a moment upon one of the chiselled doorways, I observed that it crumbled into dust as I did so. Hassan informed me that something which exhaled from the rock gave it an outward appearance of being hard and highly polished, although in reality the substance was decomposed.

Passing along we at last reached a magnificent palace, and before it loomed gigantic marble gates. My hope that these were also decayed by age vanished, for, on striking one of them with the hilt of my dagger, it gave forth a dull sound. We looked well to the condition of the pistols which were worn in our belts, and then motioned to Hassan to give the signal. Crouching behind a pillar, so that we could not be observed, we waited anxiously to see what would be the result. The Arab had evidently learned the right signal to give, for suddenly the marble gates were raised like a portcullis, and a strange-looking being screamed rather than said to him:

"Can ye not let Shomar's queen reign over the dead one in peace?" She was indeed aged; her form was nearly doubled, her eyes, like small black beads, looked forth from a yellow shrunken face, while the hand which she raised almost threateningly at Hassan bore nails that seemed like the talons of some bird of prey.

"I come from where once dwelt Shomar," said the Arab, then he stooped forward, and whispered something to her. The crone allowed him to pass, and before we could see more the gates fell instantaneously into their former position. It was fully ten minutes before they lifted again. In a second Frank and I darted through the

entry. Hassan was barely outside before the gates once more descended with a dull thud, and we were shut within the palace.

"We are in for it, I expect," said Frank; "there was no time to ask Hassan how these gates unfasten. Look at the old crone, she has discovered the trick!"

It was an evil-looking face that peered into ours, and for a moment my hand wandered to where my dagger was placed. Frank pushed her aside, and strode on in the direction of the main apartment, according to the information which Hassan had given us of its whereabouts. I followed closely, the crone raising wild howls of rage as we went along, even throwing herself several times before us, and trying to bar our way with her distorted body. The palace seemed perfect;



"IT WAS AN EVIL-LOOKING FACE."

not a stone nor a carving showed marks of age. There was an immense curtain of a material resembling purple velvet before us. We dragged it back upon the golden rods which supported it, and then stood still for a minute, completely astonished at what we saw.

Sumptuous furniture of the East filled the apartment. There were magnificent burnished mirrors hanging upon the walls, which themselves were a mass of minute carvings representing battle scenes and other events of those bygone years. The skins of many animals lay about the apartment, and in the centre of it stood the throne of the one who is known in the Arabic legends as Shomar's queen.

A ray of light seemed to enter from above, and fell upon the throne. There, seated upon it, was a form whose loveliness seemed more than human. Her face, and bust, and snowy arms seemed as if carved out of the material of which the palace was

constructed. Her robes were fitting for the rank which she had occupied in life, while at her feet lay the murdered form of her lover! My heart beat violently and I turned to my companion, as I said excitedly—

"Hassan has told us the truth! Do you see them?" and I pointed to the diamonds that flashed like stars around the neck of the princess.

Frank was silent for a moment, then he answered—

"Who could have expected such a story to be true? It seems like robbery to remove the diamonds, but they are useless to the dead, and to us mean an immense fortune."

We passed up to the centre figures in the palace chamber. The crone

guessed our intention, and, flinging herself upon Frank, vented her fury upon him. He seized her, and, despite her struggles, held her fast as he called to me:—

"Quick! get the diamonds, while I keep this hag away from you."

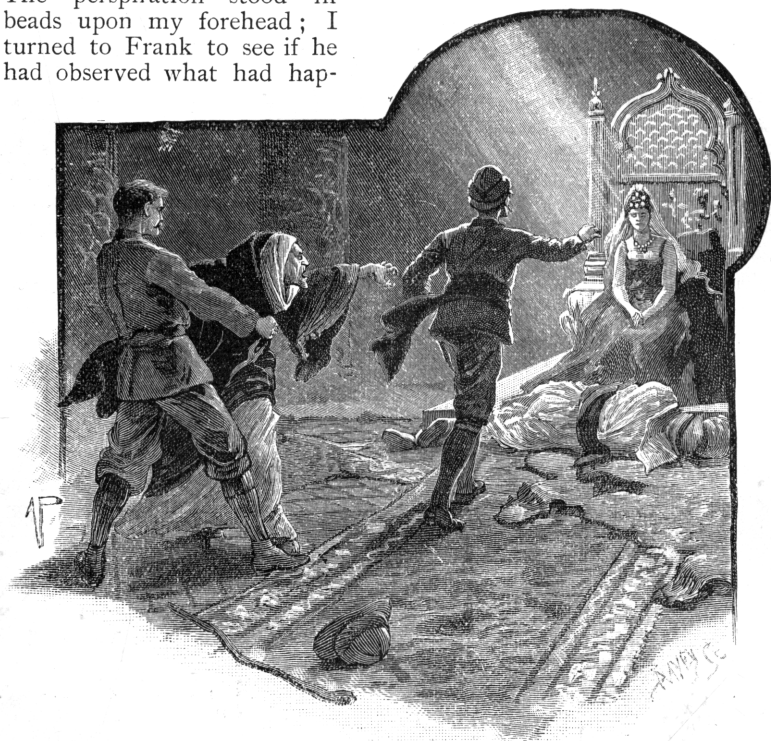
I stretched forth my hand nervously and clasped the diamonds. As I did so the form which wore them seemed to change, then suddenly it disappeared, and nothing but a small heap of dust was to be seen! The perspiration stood in beads upon my forehead; I turned to Frank to see if he had observed what had hap-

escaping. At last I managed to scrape a hole in the side of the entry near the gates, and into this we thrust as many cartridges as we could spare. Breaking some of them open, I laid a small train, and, keeping as far away as possible, managed to make a spark and thus to fire it.

There was a tremendous explosion, which resounded through the empty palace, and to our joy a hole was blasted sufficiently large for a man to creep through. I passed through it first, then Frank hurled the crone from him and followed me. We could hear her howls of disappointment at our escape, as Hassan rejoined us, who was elated at our success, and the knowledge that the reward which we had promised him would soon be his.

The diamonds were bought from us eventually by a syndicate of London merchants, the largest one of the stones alone being of more value than we had anticipated the entire necklace of seventeen to be worth. The wearers of them, as they see the light sparkling from the gems, little suppose that they are adorned with the diamonds of Shomar's queen.

We did not part with Hassan after all, for we decided to extend our travels eastward, owing to the success of this strange adventure.



"QUICK! GET THE DIAMONDS."

pened, but he was still engaged in keeping the hag from attacking me. I drew off the silken sash which I wore and rolled the diamonds within it, as I said:

"I have obtained them—quick! to the gates! I am nearly suffocated in this close atmosphere."

He lifted the crone bodily into the air, and, holding her thus, passed with me to the entrance. Here she sullenly refused to show us the hidden spring, and, in spite of our threats, remained obdurate. It was some time before we could devise a way of

The Evolution of the Cycle.



LO speak of the wonderful strides made in cycle construction within twenty years or so, to compare the modern racing, air-tyred, ball-bearing, tubular racing safety with the

boneshaker of 1868, or the hobby-horse of 1820; to rhapsodise upon the heights to which the mechanism of the cycle has now been carried, to speculate upon its future development—these things are common-places. Let us, while touching lightly upon the descent of the modern cycle in a direct line, chiefly amuse ourselves by contemplating the various extinct species—those developments of the original germ which have somehow taken the wrong turning in the course of evolution, have then stopped, and, as rare fossils, are now only looked at as rarities and curiosities.

The records of the Patent Offices, both here and in America, contain drawings of many hundreds of these quaint articles, many—perhaps most—of which probably never grew beyond existence on paper. Also, there were gathered together last year, by the Stanley Bicycle Club, a quaint collection of actual existing fossils—masses of machinery actually constructed and now forgotten. Of members of this collection, now dispersed, and never to come together again, we shall reproduce a number of photographs; also we shall reproduce many of the outline drawings buried in the Patent Office, with all their garnishment of indicator letters and figures, whether we allude to those wonderful signs or not.

When the idea first took form of enabling a man to travel by his own leg power, assisted by wheels, none can say; nor is it known who first attempted to put the notion into practice. Certain it is that, in 1761, a description of a machine to travel

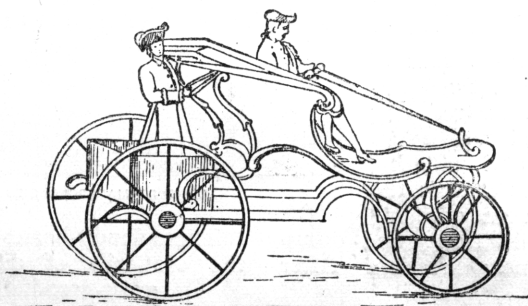
without horses appeared in *The Universal Magazine*; and since this machine—invented by one Ovenden—is alluded to as “the best that has hitherto been invented,” it is pretty obvious that Mr. Ovenden had his predecessors in this particular department of design, though of them we know

little. Here is Mr. Ovenden's machine.

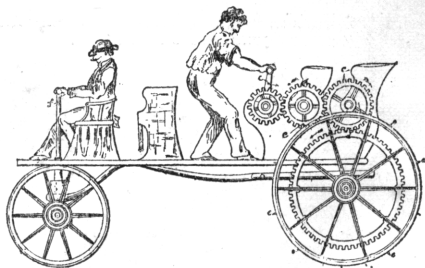
The unfortunate footman (whose over-worked legs are mercifully hidden from sight in a sort of tank), supporting himself by a strap, was expected to drive that immense wooden carriage and its contents “with ease” six miles an hour, and with “a peculiar

exertion” (quite so) nine or ten miles an hour. The owner of the equipage, meantime, gaily steered with a pair of reins. We hear nothing further of Mr. Ovenden and his machine. Can he have fallen a victim to a secret assassination committee of footmen?

In 1804 a genius of the name of Bolton turned up in America, and invented another quaint engine. We reproduce his own drawing from the patent specification, indicator letters and all, so that his representatives may not accuse us of doing his work an injustice. We can justly admire the



OVENDEN'S MACHINE.



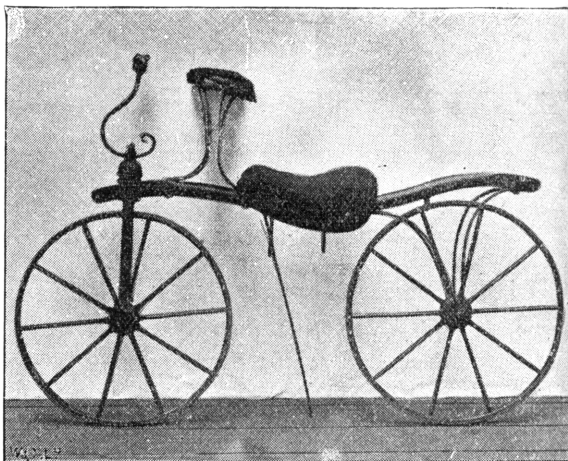
BOLTON'S MACHINE.

foresight of the inventor in representing the unhappy operator in rolled-up shirt-

sleeves, for verily elbow grease would be called for in wholesale quantities. The knowing person who does the steering smiles furtively at the reflection that he is coming out very much ahead in the matter of division of labour. But even with that, it will be observed, he has pulled his hat over his eyes as though rather ashamed of himself for so using a fellow-creature. As well he may be.

After this came the hobby-horse. In 1808 this strange machine—two wheels, tandem fashion, connected by a bar—made its appearance in Paris. There were no means of steering this thing, so that presumably, when the rider, after straddling across the seat placed midway on the connecting-bar, and paddling furiously with his feet against the ground, arrived at a corner, he had to lift up the whole thing and dump it down again in a new direction. After

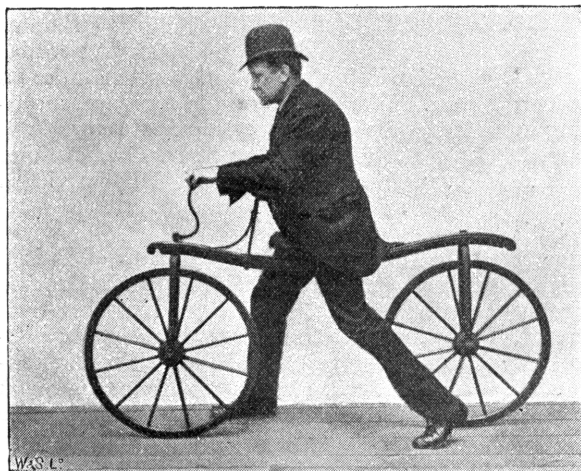
the machines in his club's historical collection are used.



DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S DANDY-HORSE.

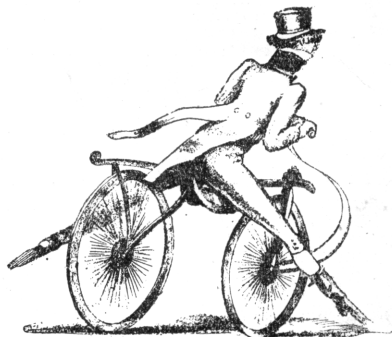
These dandy-horses became all the rage, the coat-tails of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers fluttered bravely over the roads, and the striding legs of the same gentlemen beat up the dust north, south, east, and west. It became fashionable, as well as popular, and at the exhibition of the Stanley Club one was shown which had been the property of the great-grandfather of the present Duke of Marlborough.

This ducal vehicle is appropriately rather a swell. It has an ornamented brass fitting at the top of the steering-socket, and an extra large cushion (albeit now burst out) upon which rested the ducal elbows. This was the production of a maker and patentee of the name of Parker. Being fashionable, of course the craze was caricatured, and many



JOHNSON'S DANDY-HORSE.

some few years, this seems to have struck a genius as an inconvenience; whereupon said genius proceeded to mount the front wheel, so that it might be turned, and, behold! there emerged the dandy-horse. A Mr. Dennis Johnson, who was a coach-maker, at 75 Long-acre, took out a patent for this dandy or hobby-horse in 1818, and we here reproduce a photograph of one of these very machines of Johnson's—still in existence, and represented as bestridden by Mr. J. Dring, of the Stanley Club, by which gentleman's permission the photographs of

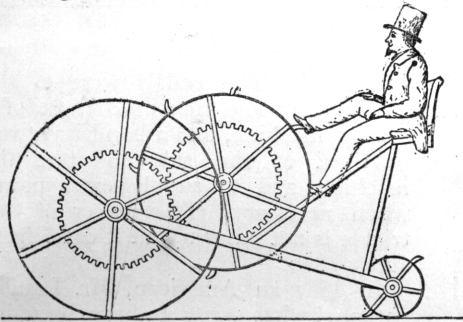


From a Drawing by "AT FULL SPEED."

[Cruikshank]

spirited drawings by Rowlandson and the Cruickshanks are now regarded as prized relics by cyclists of historical tastes. One of these drawings, which we reproduce, gives a good, although exaggerated, idea of the action of a rider of a dandy-horse at full speed. A Continental inventor, one Gompertz, came out with an improvement upon the ordinary hobby-horse, providing an auxiliary driving-power for the front wheel. A cogged wheel was fixed to the side of the front hub, and a sextant-shaped rack gearing with this and moved by a lever which was also used as a steering-handle, served to drive the wheel forward.

The hobby-horse mania seems to have died out almost as suddenly as it came into being, and a period of blankness in cycle invention followed. A French patent of 1830, granted to a M. Julien, relates to an

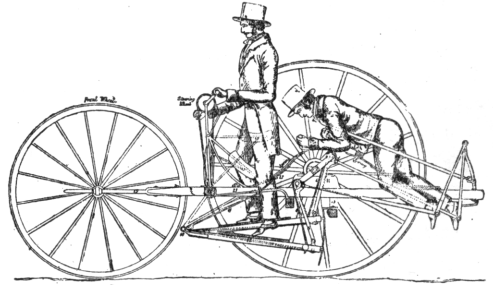


JULIEN'S MACHINE.

invention not very easy to comprehend. In the drawing it will be observed that the gentle soul in the chimney-pot hat works a sort of "everlasting staircase" (this being a slang term for the treadmill), by that means turning an immense wheel in front. A thing herein difficult to understand (although it really may be a hidden beauty) is the balancing and steering of this elegant instrument, the inventor having carefully refrained from finding anything, mischief or otherwise, for his victim's idle hands to do. Another difficulty is suggested by the back wheel. We quite appreciate M. Julien's good intentions in providing a couple of spikes to prevent the whole arrangement running backward when proceeding uphill, but he seems to have forgotten that some retarding effect to forward motion might be involved therein. Perhaps he found the thing so tremendously speedy that something of a check was necessary; or the con-

trivance may have been intended to plough with.

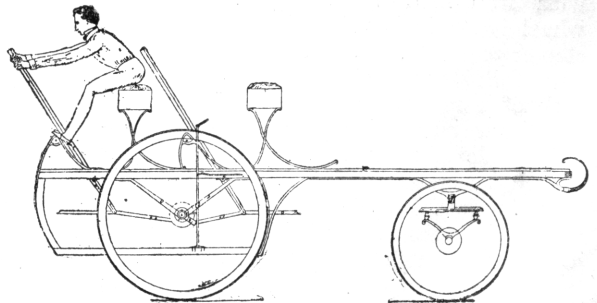
Later in the same year Messrs. Bramley and Parker, in England, went in for some-



BRAMLEY AND PARKER'S MACHINE.

thing comprehensive and elaborate. They have, at any rate, the honour of inventing the first tandem tricycle. In their drawing they omit the nearer hind wheel, whereby we have the advantage of a clear view of Mr. Parker (or is it Mr. Bramley?) working his best in a sort of swimming attitude. The more favoured partner (whose hat is really too large) steers by an arrangement obviously suggested by the rudder wheel of a ship, and drives by an arrangement more humbly derived from the travelling knife-grinder. The hinder gentleman obviously has not come out to admire the landscape, and it is to be hoped that his hat may never fall among all that mechanism, for its own sake.

In 1831 Mr. Alexander Cochrane invented the first recorded road machine in which the rowing motion was used. Several inventors since this time have devoted their ingenuity to adapting this motion to cycles, without any particular success. Why it is considered desirable to go out of the way to use an action obviously foreign to and unsuitable for the road, is one of those

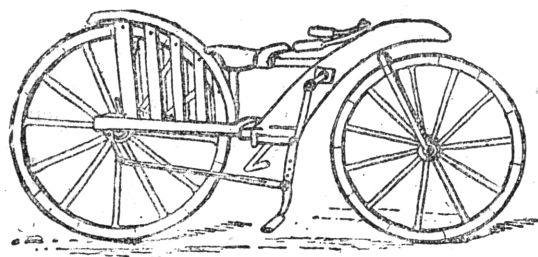


COCHRANE'S MACHINE.

things which perhaps will never be explained. Cochrane's notion, however, was

not so insane as many put forward in the early days, and it may be seen that, with his long levers, he at least provides a great deal more effective power than other inventors of manumotors thought necessary.

Some years after this (exactly how many is uncertain) Gavin Dalzell made his bicycle at Lesmahagow, in Scotland. This machine has long been considered the first two-wheeled one-track vehicle in which the rider was placed clear of the ground and provided with a satisfactory driving and steering apparatus; in fact, the first practicable bicycle, as we now know it, and, stranger still, the almost exact prototype of the latest pattern of rear-driving safety. But of late it has been found that another machine, on precisely the same principle, was made by Peter McMillan, also a Scotsman and a blacksmith, a little before Dalzell made his. Still, there seems no reason to suppose other

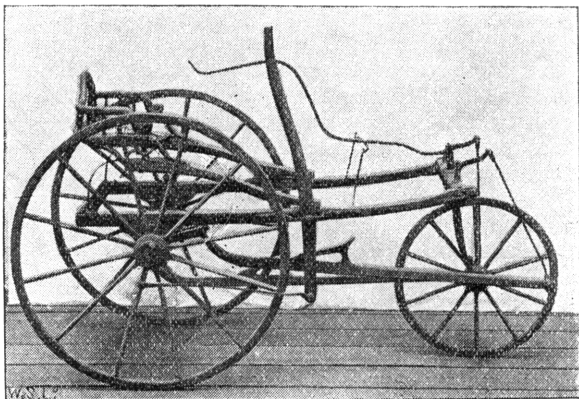


DALZELL'S MACHINE.

than that these were separate inventions of the same thing, and that the whole business was a curious coincidence. Dalzell's original machine is yet in existence, much time-worn and worm-eaten, but in working order still. The machine is chiefly of wood, with iron fittings and tyres. The rear wheel is 40 inches in diameter and the steerer 30 inches. It will be seen that the front fork slopes back just as does the front fork of a modern machine, and that the handles are curved back quite in the fashionable mode of to-day. The rear wheel is driven by cranks and levers from single-barred pedals. The frame, heavy and clumsy as it is, is not unlike that of a lady's safety. The rabbit-hutch arrangement over the back wheel is a dress guard. This again, of another sort, is used on the lady's bicycle of to-day.

One of the first of the crank-driven tricycles was shown in the Stanley collec-

tion, and is here represented. It was of wood, with a Bath-chair steering apparatus, and the cranks were driven by levers hung from the fore part of the frame, by the



THE FIRST CRANK-DRIVEN TRICYCLE.

steering-wheel. The pedals were of the shape of a boot-sole, like unto those of a sewing machine, and a hand lever was provided at the side to start the machine, and to supply extra power when necessary. The maker of this tricycle is not known, but it dates from about 1840.

In 1861 an American, Mr. Landis, patented what seems to have been intended rather as a toy than as a vehicle. It consisted of a rocking-horse mounted upon a carriage set on wheels, the hinder end of the rocker being cranked to the back wheels in such a way that the rocking motion might turn the wheels. It is, however, described as a "velocipede"—

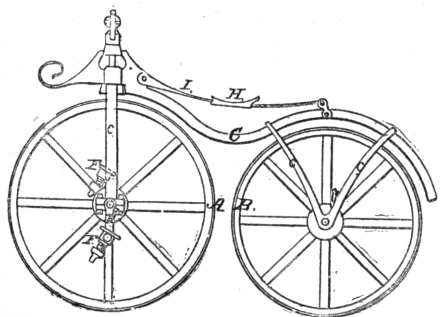


LANDIS' MACHINE.

the name at that time applied generally to any human-driven vehicle.

Now we arrive at the era of the Bone-

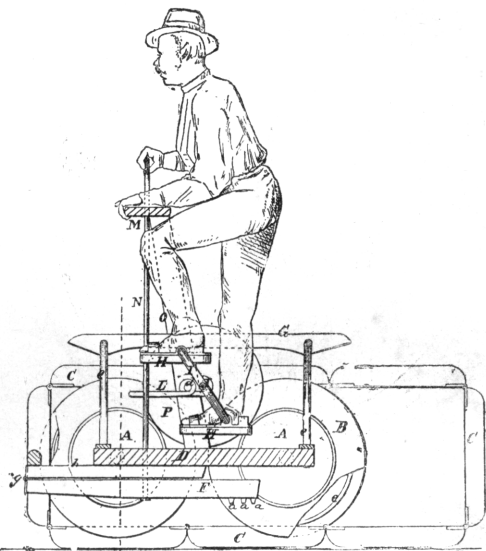
shaker—that clamorous, rattling, wobbling two-wheeled truck which astonished the



LALLEMENT'S MACHINE.

world in the sixties. Pierre Lallement, a French mechanic, is considered to be the inventor of this, and, indeed, until the discovery of Dalzell's machine, was given the credit of inventing the balanced and crank-driven bicycle altogether. Lallement was in the employ of M. Michaux, who made three-wheeled velocipedes and perambulators in Paris. Somewhere before 1864 the design of the boneshaker sprang into being in the brain of the ingenious Lallement, and the concrete result in solid wood and iron is familiar to most of us. There is another claim to having invented and ridden the cranked bicycle about this time on behalf of an Englishman named Phillips, but the evidence is weaker than that supporting the pretension of Lallement, of whose first dozen machines two were bought by residents in Ireland. Lallement was able to take out a patent for some part of his machine in America, and his drawing then presented we reproduce. The pedals, it will be seen, are weighted, to keep them

right side up. One of these machines was shown at the Paris Exhibition of 1865, and in 1869 their use was taught at Spencer's Gymnasium, in Goswell-road, London, Charles Dickens being for a short time one of Spencer's pupils. English makers at once sprang up, and Beck, Stanley, Parfrey, Keen, and the Coventry Machinists' Company were some of the first. The machine made by Beck in 1870, which we illustrate, was greatly improved, and considered at the time to represent the high-water mark of cycular invention. It was one of the first two or three bicycles fitted with india-

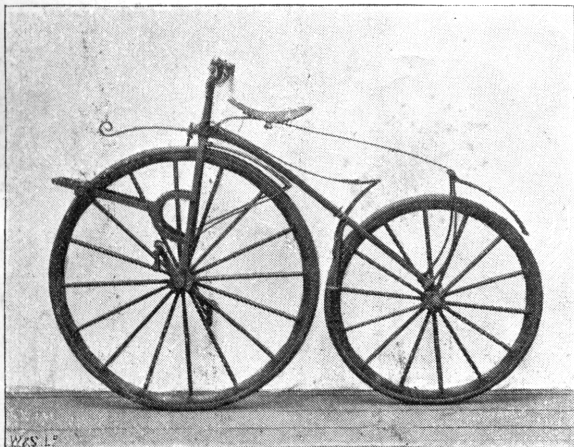


GLEASON'S MACHINE.

rubber tyres, had an improved brake (worked by a string) and leg rest, and weighed—what do you think? One hundred and fifty pounds!

Harking back a little, however, we find a delightful invention in America, 1868. To describe it would be an impossibility, wherefore we reproduce the inventor, Gleason's, drawing. Here is an independent cyclist who carries with him not only his machine, but the road to ride on. Here is Mr. Gleason's own description:—

“The object of this invention is to obtain locomotion by the direct application of the weight of the operator. An endless track, composed of the hinged parts C, C, C, as shown, loosely close each of the two wheels on a side, and are kept



BECK'S MACHINE.

in proper position by means of the flanges *B* of the rolling wheels as shown. By this means the track is laid in front of the wheels, and passes over from the rear of the same in an endless belt, as shown. The guide rails *G* are supported above the traction wheels by means of arms *e*, as shown, and prevent the jointed track from leaving the flanges." It is a great thing to be able to have a smooth road everywhere, carrying it as a part of the baggage, but perhaps most of us will be contented to take the road as it comes on our bicycles

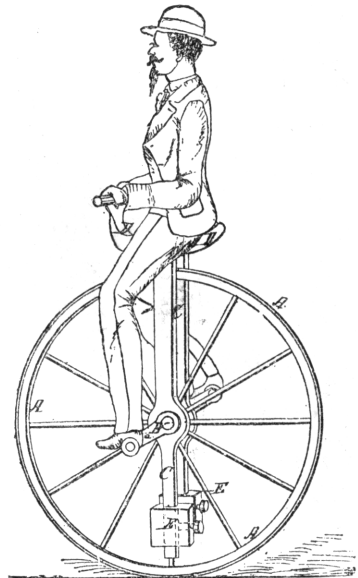


HEMMINGS' MACHINE.

as they are, thanking Mr. Gleason all the same.

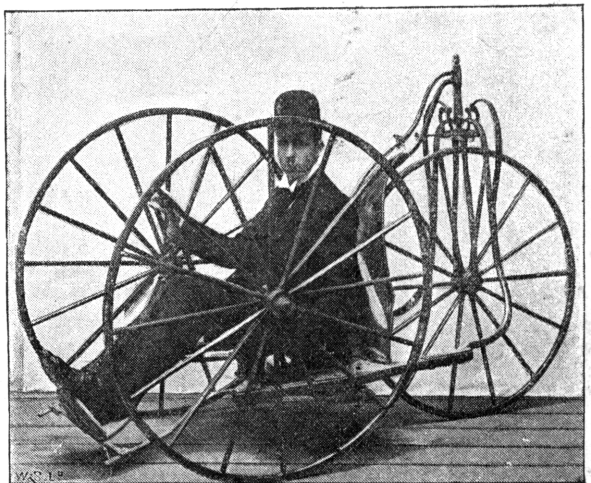
In 1869 another American, Mr. Richard Hemmings, made an attempt in which he had both predecessors and followers. Many people have been struck with the notion of using one big wheel only, the centre being made open to contain the rider. It would be rash to guess at the number of patents taken out with this central idea, but all have been failures—few of the inventors even taking the trouble to provide a means of steering. Mr. Hemmings' is one of these. His outer wheel, it will be seen, runs loosely upon the rollers of his inner framework. His feet hang in stirrups, and as he turns the wheel *c* the band *G* drives the wheel *B'*. Whether the latter wheel drives the outer by friction or cogs, or whether it is intended

to move the machine by continually impelling the weight forward is not quite clear, but there sits Mr. Hemmings in the picture, and if it never became his fate so to sit in the actual machine—well, perhaps it saved him a lot of trouble after all.



WARD'S MACHINE

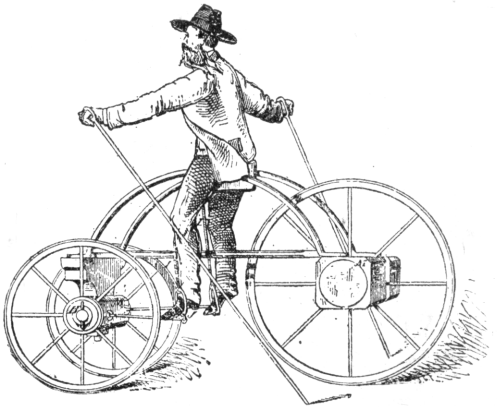
But Mr. T. W. Ward, of New York, preferred to sit astride his one wheel. *His* ingenious dodge was to carry the forks below the bearings, and then to fasten weights whereby he might retain a dignified perpendicular. But, in his enthusiasm, Mr. Ward omitted to consider what sort of



CHARSLEY'S FIRST MACHINE.

weights he would require, and what amount of them. If Mr. Ward weighed twelve stones he would want about a quarter of a ton, with the forks of the proportions shown. In these circumstances it is difficult to know whom less to envy, Mr. Ward or any unlucky person he might run against.

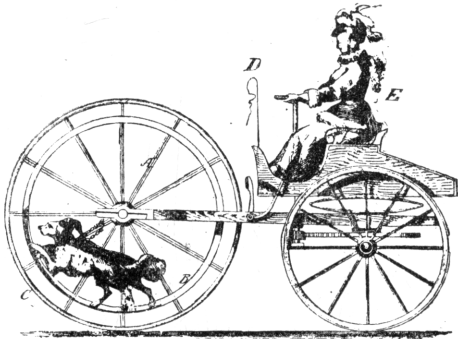
The first tricycle ever made to the design of the Rev. Mr. Charsley, who has given great attention to designing tricycles for the use of the lame, was made in 1869, and was hand-driven by cranks. "He that is down need fear no fall," might have been Mr. Charsley's watchword in placing his rider. Still, quaint as the machine looks, it was the forerunner of the most successful hand-



CROFT'S MACHINE.

for anything) could perpetrate such a thing as late as 1877. The rider, as the gentle reader may see for himself, was to punt himself along with a pair of poles—literally to punt along the public highway, steering meanwhile by means of his feet in stirrups. An idea of the fiery pace of this contrivance is skilfully expressed by the fluttering beard in the inventor's picture; but, notwithstanding his liberal use of the alphabet in the diagram, we fear that Mr. Croft flatters himself. We would almost back the dogs against him, or M. Julien.

Soon the boneshaker became a bicycle with a tall front and a small back wheel, and the first effective attempt to cope with the danger from headers thereupon consequent was comprised in Singer's Safety, the invention of Mr. Lawson in 1878. The identical machine here represented was

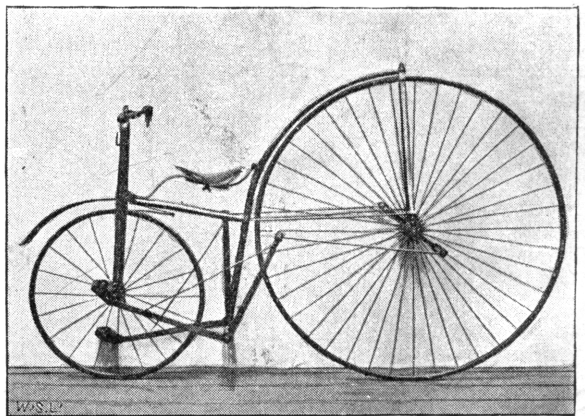


MEY'S MACHINE.

driven tricycle ever produced. It was steered by a movement of the back against the broad guard before the steering wheel.

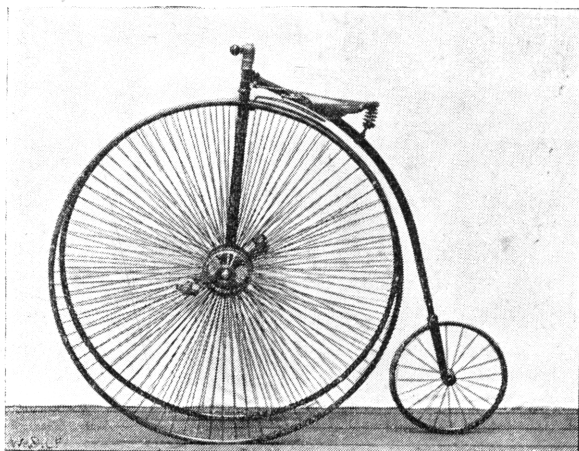
Another American distinguished himself in 1870—Mr. Mey, of Buffalo. An idea of his invention is best conveyed by his own drawing. Here we see, doubtless, one of the original "Buffalo gals" in a smart trap, the motive power of which is a sort of magnified squirrel-cage, in which two wretched dogs are expected to gallop, and, in the inventor's words, "will impart motion to the wheel and to the vehicle, as will be clearly understood." Mr. Mey thoughtfully provides a whip, and marks it with a big, big D, although a means of reaching the dogs with it when they are encased in the wheel A B C must form the subject of another invention—and a clever one.

Still another American, a Mr. Croft, invented a fearful and wonderful engine in 1877. Really, it is not easy to believe that even a cycle inventor (and some of them are mad enough



LAWSON'S SAFETY MACHINE (MADE FOR VISCOUNT SHERBROOKE.)

made for Viscount Sherbrooke—then Mr. Robert Lowe—who, as a rider of the



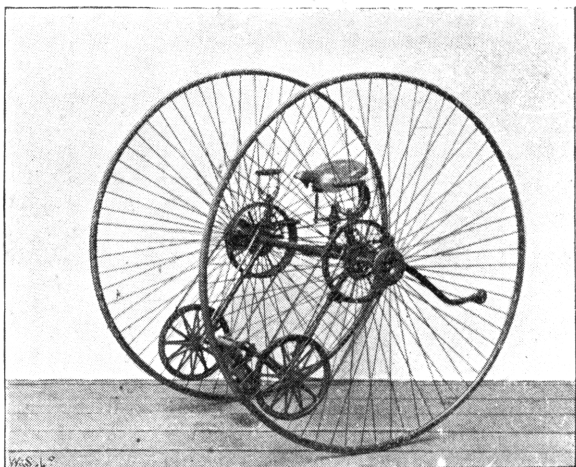
THE BI-TRICYCLE.

original dandy-horse, is perhaps the oldest cyclist now alive. It was driven by cranks upon the hind wheel, actuated by pedals, bent levers, and connecting rods. With its great flopping back wheel and its small, sensitive steerer, the machine might have been more handy, but it was a sound machine in its safety principle, and well built. Its stable companion was the Challenge tricycle, almost identical in design, except that two steering wheels were used, turned by Blood's patent gear. This was the first tricycle made with wire wheels and rubber tyres. More than one inventor has built a bi-tricycle, a machine combining the faults of the two- and three-wheeler, with the advantages of neither.

In 1880 a very novel bicycle—or dicycle, as some called it—was invented. This was the Otto, wherein two large wheels were placed side by side, both driven by cranks through endless metal bands. The rider sat *above* the centre of gravity, and his chief business in life was to guard his nose and the back of his head from the assault of the roadway. Steering was done by either hand, the driving

band being loosened upon the inner side, whereupon the outer (driven) wheel turned upon the inner one. The Otto was a pretty invention, but it never succeeded as a machine for pace.

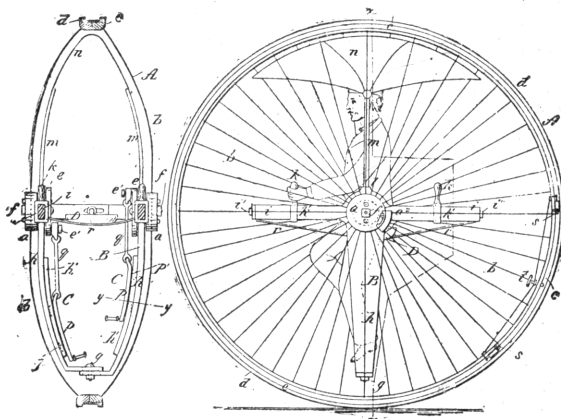
One more American invention, and we have done. It is Schaffer's monocyclus, and looks a terrible thing. The victim is entirely caged up inside the wheel, and what means of escape he could avail himself of in case of collision or bolting nobody but the inventor could tell us, and he doesn't. A large flap of the wheel and spokes, it seems, was to be removable to enable the victim to be inserted. It is a charming



THE OTTO.

thing, and with all its index letters (which seem to have been sprinkled in from a pepper-box) has quite a learned and scientific appearance; notwithstanding which, there is no record of its use upon the high-road. So that the high-road is a less dangerous place than it might be, after all.

With the highly finished machine of the present day our business does not lie.



SCHAFFER'S MONOCYCLUS.

A Garden of Roses.

BY HARRY HOW.



It was a settled thing in the minds of the villagers of Bracebridge that old Holloway was "all alone in the world." None came to visit him, and during the two years he had lived at Bracebridge he had never been absent from home for a day. His declining years—for he was well past the sixties—denied him recreation, though on wet days he would occasionally put his mackintosh over his shoulders and perch himself beside the pool—for which Bracebridge was famous—and patiently watch the float for hours at a time. It is probable, however, that had it been sunshine every day of the year the fish would have been minus one enemy. For the sunshine brought the children out to play, the sunshine allowed him to walk in the paths of his garden and watch the growth of his roses. On wet days he had neither children nor flowers, so he went to the fish for consolation.

Old Holloway had two sources of happiness. His tiny cottage was known as "Rose Glen." If you ever went to Bracebridge you would never dream of going away without looking over the wicket gate and inhaling the sweet perfume of the old man's roses. They lined the gravel pathway, for all the world like floral sentries, as their owner passed between them to the porch. Rose-trees were everywhere, and every single blossom was as familiar to him as the seals on his watch chain, and he patiently followed the progress of each petal and the unfolding of every bud with as much pride and care as he would that of the growth of his own child. Yes, the flowers brought old Holloway happiness.

But he loved the children more. He once said that, when their tiny faces were looking up at him and smiling, they, too, were flowers. Every child in Bracebridge knew old Holloway. They called him grand-

father. You never met him in the lanes without a child hanging to his hand or his coat-tails. Why, the dear old fellow would make a point of passing by the school just when the children were coming out. Then he would let them play on the grass of his garden. Let them? Nay, he would play with them, and his laughter seemed as free as theirs, his shouts of merriment as joyously innocent. Then when the sun began to edge the hills with gold and



"HE WOULD WATCH THE FLOAT FOR HOURS."

crimson, he would merrily drive them out of his floral domains, and watch them wave their hands as they turned the pathway at the top of the hill which led to the village. As he retraced his steps to the porch he would sometimes stand beside a tree of roses—great crimson blossoms—more beautiful than all the others. Their colour was richer than the sweetest of the blossoms on the neighbouring bushes, their perfume more fragrant. It grew apart from them, too, on the lawn. He would look at the name on the wooden tablet and read the simple word, "Marion." That was the name he had given to his favourite tree—"Marion"; and murmuring the word he would enter the house very quietly.

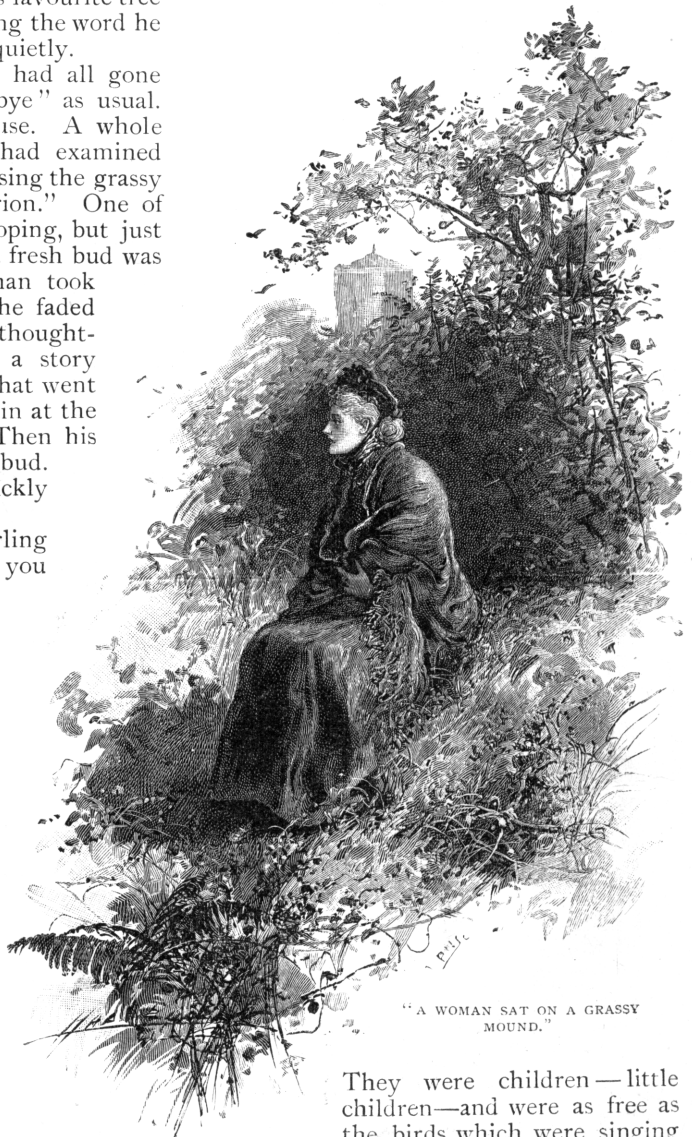
One evening the children had all gone—he had bid them "good-bye" as usual. He turned to enter the house. A whole week had passed since he had examined his favourite rose-tree. Crossing the grassy lawn he came to "the Marion." One of the great blossoms was drooping, but just from the same green stalk a fresh bud was shooting forth. The old man took out his knife and cut off the faded flower. He looked at the bud thoughtfully. He seemed to read a story amongst the roses—a story that went to his heart. He looked again at the dead blossom in his hand. Then his eye wandered towards the bud. He burst into tears, and quickly turned away.

"My daughter, my darling Marion! I was cruel to send you away, very cruel. A father's love for you made me think it impossible for even a husband to love you as I did. Shall I ever see you again, or shall I see you dead—dead as this once beautiful blossom, which can never again help to sweeten my days and brighten an old man's life? Oh, come back to life again, and bring your little one with you. Come—come—come!"

He entered the house weeping.

It was the morning of the next day, and the children were on their way to school. They always passed

"Rose Glen," and old Holloway would invariably be at the gate. But this morning the children seemed more excited than usual; something had evidently happened, or was about to happen, which made their little hearts beat faster than ever. They had started earlier than was their wont, for somehow they had got to know that it was "Grandfather's" birthday, and each wanted to be there first. On, on they went, laughing, shouting, and clapping their hands in delight. What was there to stop the happy ripple of their little tongues? It would seem—nothing.



"A WOMAN SAT ON A GRASSY MOUND."

They were children—little children—and were as free as the birds which were singing

in the trees and on the hedgerows about them. But, as they turned the road at the top of the hill which led down to the home of the roses, their laughter became silent, and their lips ceased to move. They gathered together in a bunch, not in affright, but more in childish sympathy at the sight before them. A woman sat on a grassy mound. Her face was pale, her cheeks pinched, her eyes looked as though they had shed many tears; but yet how pretty she was! She was dressed all in black—there was crape on her cloak and bonnet. She held something muffled up in her arms. The children looked, and guessed it was a baby. The woman smiled, and seemed to invite them to come nearer. Then one of the children gave the woman some flowers, and a flush of happiness came into her poor wan face.

"Would you like to see my little boy?" she asked. And all the children gathered round whilst the mother drew aside the scarf from round her baby's neck, so that they might see it the better. It, too, had tiny black bows on its little hat.

"Oh, how grandfather would love to see him!" cried one of the children.

"May we take him to grandfather? It's his birthday to-day. It would make him so happy."

"And who is grandfather?" she asked.

"You don't live here, do you?" questioned one of the youngsters.

"No," the woman answered. "I am quite a stranger here. But why do you ask?"

"Because you don't know grandfather," came the logical reply.

"Well, tell me who he is."

Then one of the children took the woman by the hand, and led her to the corner from whence the hill started towards the spot where the roses grew. The cottage was pointed out to her.

"That's Rose Glen," the child said.

"Yes, I can smell the roses here. Oh, how sweet!" the woman murmured, looking at the cottage.

"That's where he lives," the little one went on.

"Yes," said a child older than the others, "Mr. Holloway—"

The woman gave a wild scream, which almost made the children run from her in dismay. She had nearly fallen to the ground. But she was herself in a moment.

"Oh! my children, my children," she cried pitifully, "don't turn from me—don't be frightened—don't be afraid of me! I love you every one. Come nearer to me. Oh! come nearer to me. That's right. I love you every one."

I know—I know it is his birthday to-day. And would he—would he love to see my little one, would it make him happy? Do you think he would kiss it just as he does you, and give it a smile the same as he gives you? Would he take it in his arms like the tiniest of you?"

She had won the sympathy of the children



"THAT'S ROSE GLEN."

about her, and they all cried out, "Yes, yes, let us take it to him."

A wild gladness overspread her face. Her lips quivered, her eyes sparkled. Some sudden resolve had come to her. She drew her hand nervously across her eyes; then, turning to the little ones about her quickly, she asked—

"And if I let you take my child, to him—what will you do?"

They were quiet for a moment. Then the elder child, who had spoken before, said:

"I will carry him ever so careful. You can come too."

"I can come, too," she murmured; "I can come, too!"

Silently she placed her baby in the little girl's arms. The children trooped down the hill towards the house, the woman following them with hesitating steps. The children had reached the cottage gate, and the woman stayed without, looking through the hedge-row, and watching her little one with anxious care. One of the children, carrying the baby in her arms, crossed the lawn towards old Holloway's favourite rose-tree, "Marion." There was just room for the child to stand beneath the great covering of green leaves and flowers. Then the other children ran to the porch. They cried out, "Grandfather! grandfather! Many happy returns of the day! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man heard their voices and came to the door. How those children danced and shouted! They got hold of both of his hands and his coat, and, with merry laughter,

pulled him across the lawn to his favourite tree. Then every little tongue became still, as though waiting for him to speak. He looked at the picture before him. There, beneath the cover of blossoms, stood a little girl, looking up at him with a face lit up with smiles. She held out to him a baby. Scarcely knowing what he did he took the child from her arms into his own, and covered its tiny face with kisses. He looked round about him, not knowing what to do or whither to turn, but his lips were muttering one name.

Again the children took hold of him and pulled him along the path towards the wicket gate. They opened it, and the woman was still standing there, her pale face now flushed, her once dim eyes brighter still.

"Marion! Marion!" the old man cried. She fell on his shoulder, with her arms about his neck. Just then the school bell rang out, and away the children ran up the hill, their voices shouting all the way, "Many happy returns of the day, grandfather! many happy returns of the day!"

The old man, caressing the child as he carried it close to his breast, with his daughter's arms still clinging to his neck, walked up the pathway. The



bud on the rose-tree seemed to peep out from all the other crimson blossoms. They entered the house together,

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Times of their Lives.

KYRLE BELLEW.



R. HAROLD KYRLE BELLEW, son of the late Rev. J. C. M. Bellew, was born whilst his father was chaplain of the cathedral in Calcutta, and first came to England as an infant during the great Indian Mutiny. His childhood was spent in London, when his father was appointed Rector of St. Mark's Church, St. John's Wood. He was educated for the army, but subsequently chose the sea as a profession,

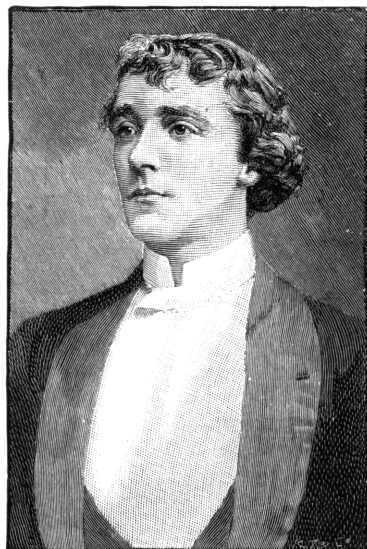
paid off from the ship and joined a provincial company, with which he stayed three months, playing the light comedy and juvenile lead. A performance of his in "Led Astray" induced the author, Dion Boucicault, to telegraph to Mr. Bellew to come to London, which he did, and was at



From a Photo. by

AGE 14.

[Mayall.



From a]

AGE 27.

[Photograph.

once engaged by Mr. Buckstone for the Haymarket Theatre, since which time his brilliant career is known to every playgoer. Mr. Bellew is one of a family of four children, and is unmarried.



From a]

PRESENT DAY.

[Photograph.

and was duly entered on board H.M.S. *Conway*. His advancement was rapid, but the prospects for the future not seeming sufficiently remunerative, Mr. Bellew left the sea and sought fortune in Australia, where, for four years, he enjoyed varying luck as a gold digger, a cattle drover, a journalist, and various other vocations. Mr. Bellew's first appearance in public took place in Melbourne as the reader of a lecture on the Franco-Prussian War. At his father's death he determined to revisit England, and shipped as second officer of a large passenger liner for London, when he was



From a] AGE 3. [Daguerreotype.

WILLIAM GUNN.

BORN 1858.



WILLIAM GUNN, who has now been for more than ten years one of the most conspicuous figures in the world of cricket, was born at Nottingham, and first played for his county on June 3, 1880, against



From a Photo. by]

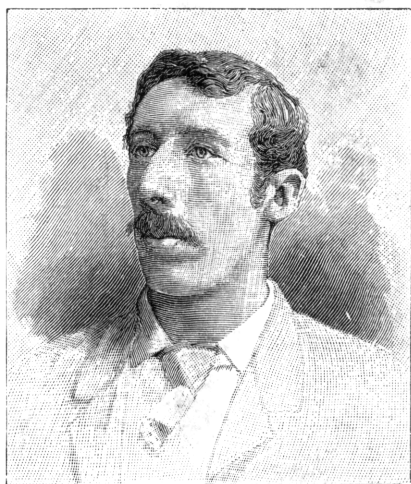
AGE 21.

[A. W. Cox, Nottingham.



From a Photo. by] AGE 14. [Byron & Son, Nottingham.

for the highest batting average. Gunn is 6 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. in height, and his great reach is, of course, of considerable advantage to him. His hitting, especially on the off-side, is very



From a Photo. by]

AGE 33.

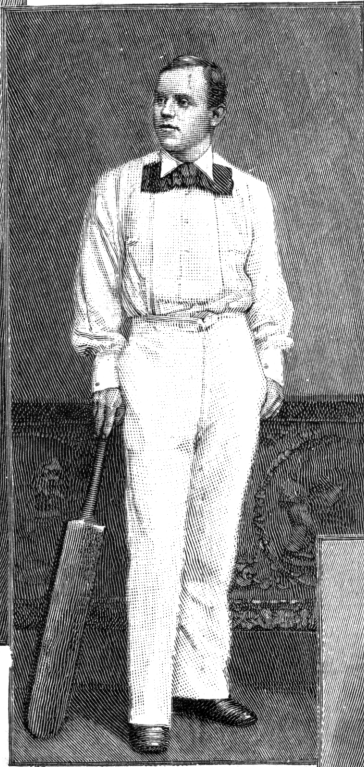
[Bradshaw, Hastings.

Surrey, on which occasion he displayed a promise which has since been wonderfully fulfilled. Since that time he has risen to the proud position of being one of the two best professional bats in England. Last year he took the prize offered by *Tit-Bits*

clean, and, when once set, he scores fast, and he is an excellent field. He has also attained International honours in Association football.



From a] AGE 10. [Photograph.



AGE 19.
From a Photo. by Cox & Son, Nottingham.

for the County at nineteen, the age at which he is represented in the second of our portraits, and the year following represented the Players *v.* Gentlemen, and scored his first century (118) for his county, against Yorkshire. To speak in detail of his great achievements since that date would require many pages. It must here suffice to mention his enormous score of 224, not out, against Middlesex in 1885; his 267 against the same county in 1887 (when he was of the age at which he is depicted in the third

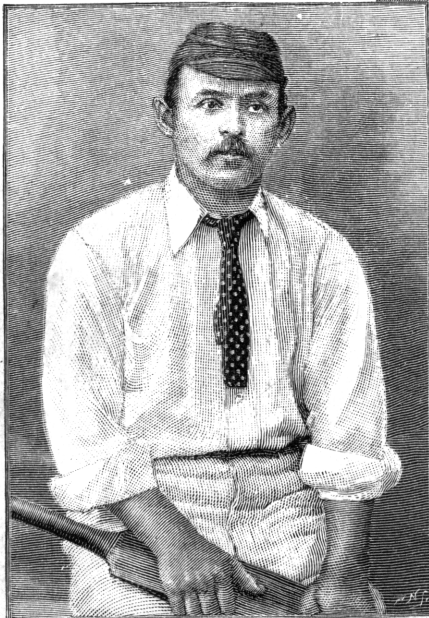
ARTHUR SHREWSBURY.

BORN 1856.



ARTHUR SHREWSBURY was born at New Lin-

ton, near Nottingham, where his father was then engaged in business. Some of his first cricket was played with the Nottingham Meadow Willow Club, but his progress was so rapid that he was only sixteen when selected to play for the Colts against the County, in which he came out with the top score of 35, made against some of the best bowling in England, for which feat he received a prize bat. He first played



From a Photo. by] AGE 36. [Hawkins & Co., Brighton.



AGE 31.
From a Photo. taken in Australia.

of our portraits), for which he was at the wickets 10½ hours without giving a chance; and his unrivalled scoring against Australian elevens on many well-remembered fields. It is almost superfluous to add that in brilliancy of style Shrewsbury has very few equals, and no superior. He is in partnership with Alfred Shaw, as a cricket outfitter, at Nottingham.



From a]

AGE 19.

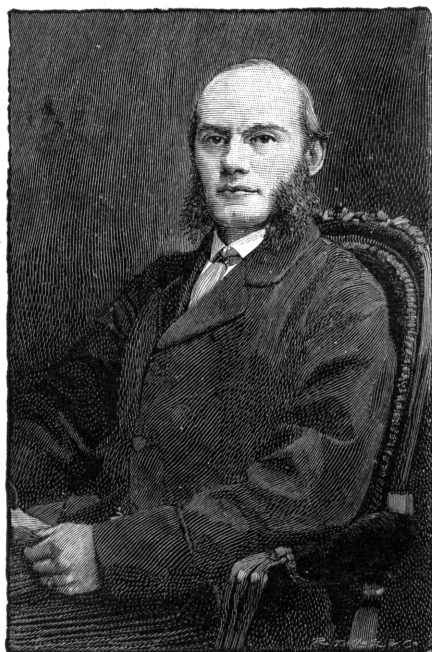
[Photograph.

LORD HERSCHELL.

BORN 1837.



ORD HERSCHELL, whose great abilities gained for him the unique honour of being a Q.C. at thirty-five and Lord Chancellor at forty-eight, is the son of the late Rev. Ridley Herschell, and was educated at Bonn and at University College, London. After a most brilliant career at the bar, Lord Herschell, then Mr. Farrer Herschell, was elected for Durham, was Solicitor-General from 1880 to 1885, and in



from a Photo. by]

AGE 35.

[Window & Grove.

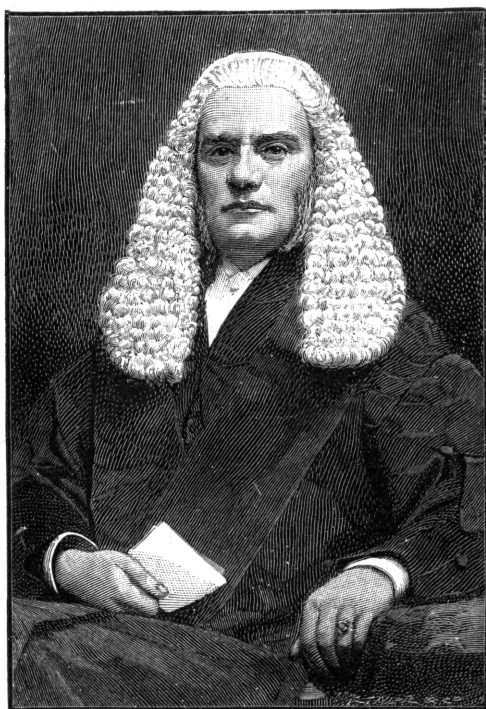
1886 was raised to the Woolsack, and created Baron Herschell. He is an ardent supporter of Mr. Gladstone.



From a Pho'o. by]

AGE 23.

[Lombard's, Brighton.



From a Photo. by]

AGE 43.

[Alex. Bassano.



From a Photo. by] AGE 18. [Adamson, Rothcay.



From a] AGE 3. [Drawing.

MRS. WALFORD.

MRS. WALFORD, whose full name is Lucy Bethia Walford, the popular author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," "The Mischief of Monica," and many other novels known to every reader, is the daughter of the second son of Sir James Colquhoun of Luss, tenth Baronet of the name and author of a book well known to sportsmen, "The Moor and the Loch," who married Miss Frances Fuller-Maitland, a lady of marked literary gifts. Mrs. Walford began to write at a

very early age, but simply for the joy of writing, everything she wrote before the age of twenty being burnt as soon as written, unseen by any eye except her own. It was not until four years after her marriage, in 1869, to Mr. Alfred Saunders Walford that "Mr. Smith" was written. The beauty of the book—and, indeed, "Mr. Smith" is quite unique in its own line—struck the public strongly, and its writer started on the long career of popularity which has ever since continued

to increase. Her home, Cranbrooke Hall, in Essex, is one of those delightful old places which combine the rest and retirement of the country with every facility for taking part in the busy life of the metropolis.



AGE 21.
From a Photo. by White, Glasgow



AGE 35.
From a Photo. by G. W. Webster, Chester.



PRESENT DAY.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons, Baker-street, W.



From a painting AGE 6. [by his Father.]



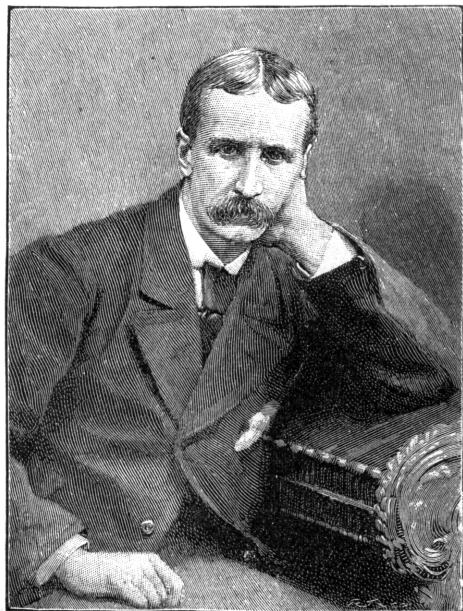
From a Photo. by AGE 21. [A. R. Mowbray, Oxford.]

BRITON RIVIERE, R.A.
BORN 1840.



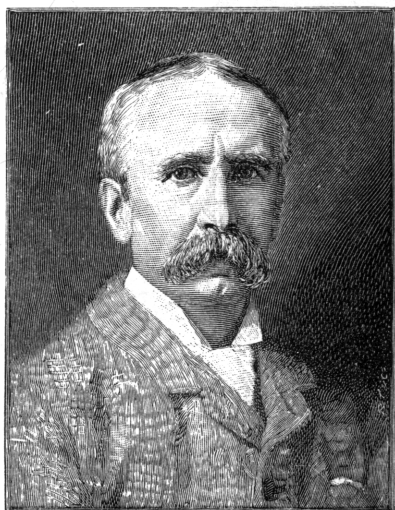
R. BRITON RIVIERE was born in London of French descent, his father being Mr. W. Riviere, who was for nine years head of the drawing school at Cheltenham, and after-

wards a teacher of drawing at Oxford, and who gave his son a careful and able training. While living at Oxford Mr. Briton Riviere entered as an undergraduate, and took his B.A. degree in 1867. But he was



From a Photo. by AGE 33. [Fradelle & Marshall.]

only eighteen when his first picture, "Sheep on the Cotswolds," was hung in the Royal Academy; since which time his pictures, dramatic and impressive, sometimes humorous and sometimes pathetic, and especially strong in the treatment of wild animals, have become known to all the world.



From a Photo. by PRESENT DAY. [W. & D. Downey.]

ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BORN 1803; DIED 1870.



ALEXANDRE DUMAS, *père*, to whose works we are indebted for a striking story in our last number, and for another in the present issue, was, if we except Sir Walter Scott, the greatest writer of romance who ever lived. And his life was as romantic as his books. His grandmother was a negress, and his father, General Dumas—a dashing officer whom Napoleon left to die in prison—had the appearance of a negro. Alexandre was born at Villers-Cotterets, but at twenty came to Paris to seek his fortune, and began life as a copying-clerk ;



From a Painting by] AGE 30. [Eugene Giraud.

but in 1828 his play, "Henry III.," took the town by storm. He threw himself with ardour into the Revolution of July, made an expedition to Soissons, and captured, almost single-handed, a powder-magazine, a general, and several officers. In 1844 "Monte Cristo" appeared in the columns of a newspaper, and caused more universal interest than any romance since "Robinson Crusoe" or "Waverley." Then followed "The Three Mousqueteers," which, with its sequels, contained his best work, except "La Reine Margot," the finest of them all. With the help of assistants, Dumas then began to put forth novels at the rate of fifty or sixty in one year—his works are said to reach 2,000 volumes—and he made large sums of money, which he spent as fast as he earned them ; so

that in his old age he was reduced to the strangest devices to maintain himself, writing puffs for tradesmen, and even exhi-



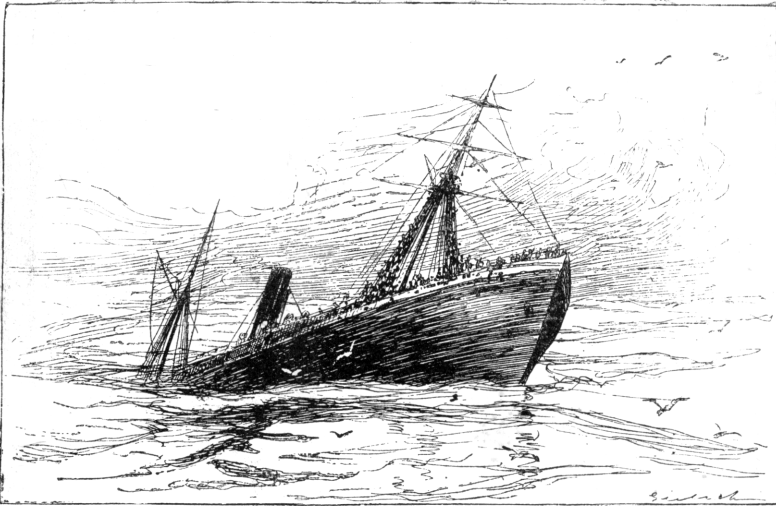
From a Painting by] AGE 51. [Geoffroy.

biting himself in shop-windows. Even in the little stories which we have adapted there are manifested many of the charac-



From a Photo. by] AGE 65. [Reutlinger.

teristics in which Dumas never had a superior—the never-flagging spirit of the narrative, the dramatic situations, the air of nature, and the colour of romance.



The Raising of the "Utopia."



ON the black and stormy night of March 17, 1891, Her Majesty's armour-clad war-ship *Anson* came into collision with the Anchor liner *Utopia* in the Bay of Gibraltar, the latter vessel passing too close to the war-ship's bows, and receiving her ram almost amidships. The horrible sights and sounds of that night have already been the matter of many newspaper reports, and our present business is to show how the fabric of the sunken vessel was recovered. Suffice it, then, to say that nearly one thousand persons, including many Italian emigrants, were on the *Utopia* at the time of the disaster, and that of these some six hundred met their deaths. The remainder owed their rescue to the prompt devotion of the crews of the ships of the Mediterranean squadron fortunately near.

The *Utopia* was struck rather aft of amidships, and consequently sank stern first. Our illustration is from a sketch by an eyewitness. In the position shown she remained for a very few minutes after the collision, and then sank entirely with her six hundred.

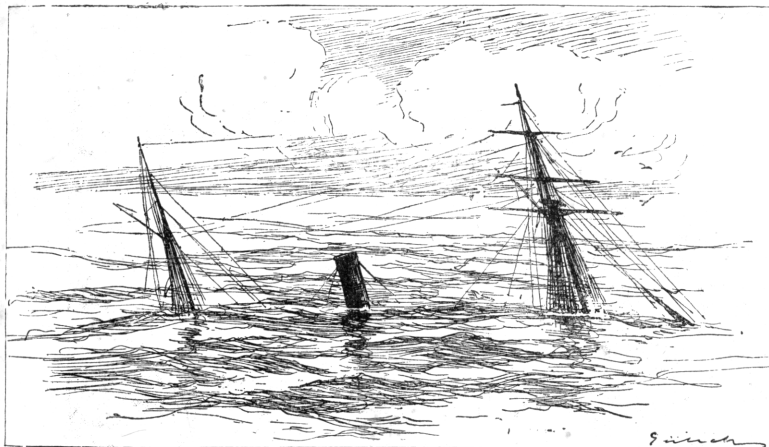
The morning of the next day broke on a serene calm, and the masts and funnel of the *Utopia* were all to be seen of that vessel above the water of the Bay of Gibraltar.

Divers descended, and the greater number of the dead bodies were recovered and buried ashore. It was then discovered that the ship lay in full 56 ft. of water at stern and

in 43 ft. at bows, and the problem of raising her began to be considered. Many schemes and suggestions were submitted to the owners, and a famous Continental salvage company offered to undertake the work—the remainder of the year to be occupied in preparations, and the wreck to be raised in 1892, no guarantee, at any rate, being given that the business would be completed before. Ultimately the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Thomas Napier Armit, manager of the East Coast Salvage Company, of Leith, a salvage engineer with a reputation at the time second to none, and now considerably enhanced by his perfect success in this case. Mr. Armit performed the entire business in two months.

Here was his plan; not a wholly original plan, be it understood; nevertheless a plan first successfully applied by Mr. Armit in 1875 in the Bay of Panama, and subsequently used in the case of the Orient steamer *Austral*, which sank in Sydney harbour; moreover, a plan much modified and improved in many important particulars for this particular case; so much modified and improved, in fact, as to become a new departure in wreck-raising.

A great superstructure was erected upon the hull of the sunken ship, in a manner clearly shown in the accompanying sketches. Practically speaking, a false bulwark was built above the bulwarks of the ship, so high as to rise above the surface of the water. This, of course, had to be strongly and scientifically stayed, to resist the sea



THE SUNKEN "UTOPIA."

currents and the wind. The broadside view gives an idea of this superstructure seen sideways (as well as of the position of the hole made by the *Anson*), and the section clearly explains the system of internal struts and shores. The method of attaching this superstructure was new, simple, quick, and ingenious, rendering unnecessary all boring and drilling by the divers. In the case of the *Austral*, boring and drilling was avoided by taking advantage of the side-light holes to fix the first of the raising framework. This, however, was a far more laborious and clumsy expedient than that here adopted, in which the gunwale logs, as the foundation timbers of the superstructure were called, having been lowered into position, were *clamped* to the vessel's bulwarks with just such clamps—much larger and stouter, of course—as are used by joiners. Thus a little screwing-up was all the work necessary for the divers in fixing the gunwale logs.

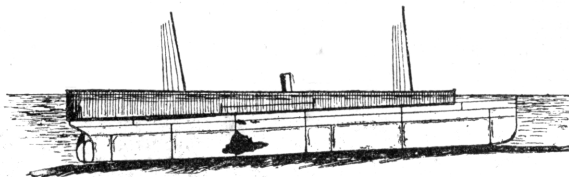
The superstructure itself had been planned and prepared by Mr. Armit, at Glasgow, in ten days, and this without a sight of the wreck, and entirely upon telegraphic information. The strain imposed upon this superstructure during its erection by the various sea-currents and the strong south-westerly winds setting directly into the Bay, may readily be imagined. It is sufficiently wonderful that such strains should be resisted by the completed fabric, but that they should do no damage to it while

Next, the great breach made by the ram of the *Anson* had to be dealt with. This was an appalling hole, 26 ft. long by 15 ft. wide, torn through iron plates, frames, parts of the engines, and a transverse iron bulkhead—and all without the slightest damage to the ram which caused it! Truly a great illustration of the power of the ram,

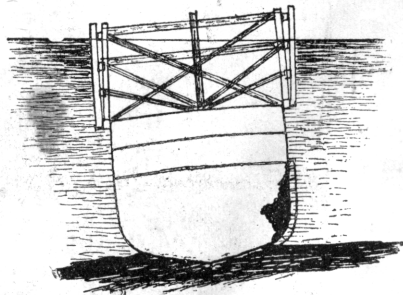
that old weapon of our fathers, the Vikings, now made modern.

The lower edge of this great breach was in 52 ft. of water, and the divers set to

work to cover up the hole with oak planks secured with screw bolts. This they did so efficiently that the patch was not only perfectly watertight for the remainder of the time spent in the operations, but was left without docking or any further attention during the voyage to the Clyde shipbuilding

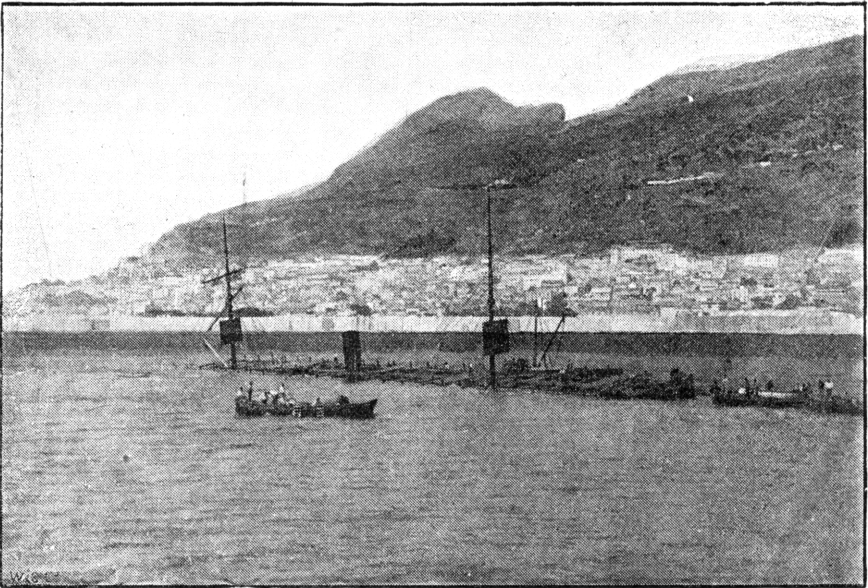


BROADSIDE.



SECTION.

yard! The divers who accomplished this feat were Messrs. Stirrat and Templeton.

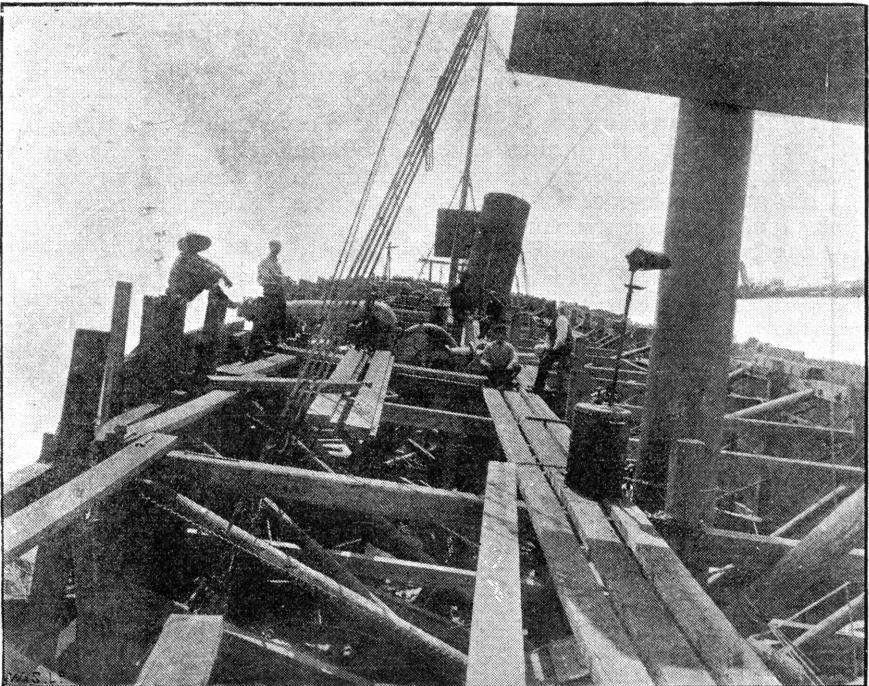


THE "UTOPIA," WITH SUPERSTRUCTURE COMPLETE.

The sides of the great superstructure, it must be understood, were covered with vertical oak planks 6 in. thick. These were now covered with canvas to prevent leakage, and the actual raising was ready to begin.

Now, consider the position of affairs.

Here was the vessel, sunk, in the lowest part, in nearly 57 ft. of water and with a slight list (of twenty degrees) to one side. The breach in her hull had been stopped, and a great temporary bulwark, 24 ft. high at the stern and 13 ft. high at the bow, had



ON THE SUPERSTRUCTURE ; VESSEL RISING.

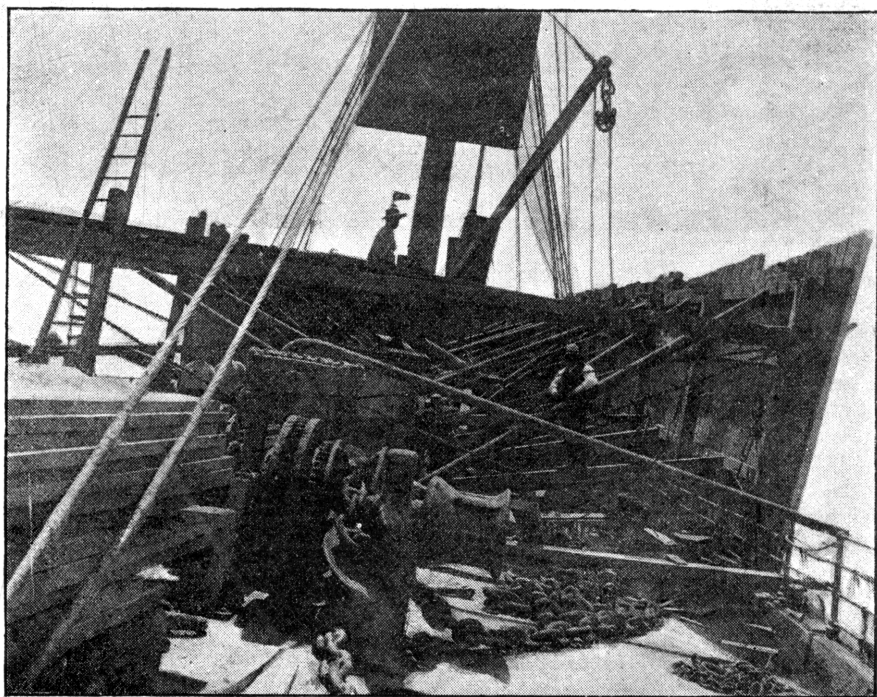
been erected upon her, thus making the hull so much higher, and bringing the level of the scaffolding and false deck above the water. Upon this superstructure pumps were erected, capable of pumping 70 tons a minute.

All being ready, the pumps were set to work, pumping the water out of the area enclosed by the ship and its superstructure and casting it over into the sea. This was begun at seven in the morning of July 8, and the pumps had been going fully an hour before any movement was observable. The morning was a fine one, and the bay was

became visible from the scaffolding, the ship was slowly towed in toward the shore. A view of some parts of the superstructure at about this time is represented in the photograph reproduced.

At eleven o'clock a strong wind sprang up, and pumping had to be suspended for a while. It was resumed, however, and by the end of the day the *Utopia* had been raised from a depth of 57 ft. of water to one of 38 ft. only.

After this the superstructure (which was 310 ft. long) was taken down, and the pumps were transferred to the deck. A



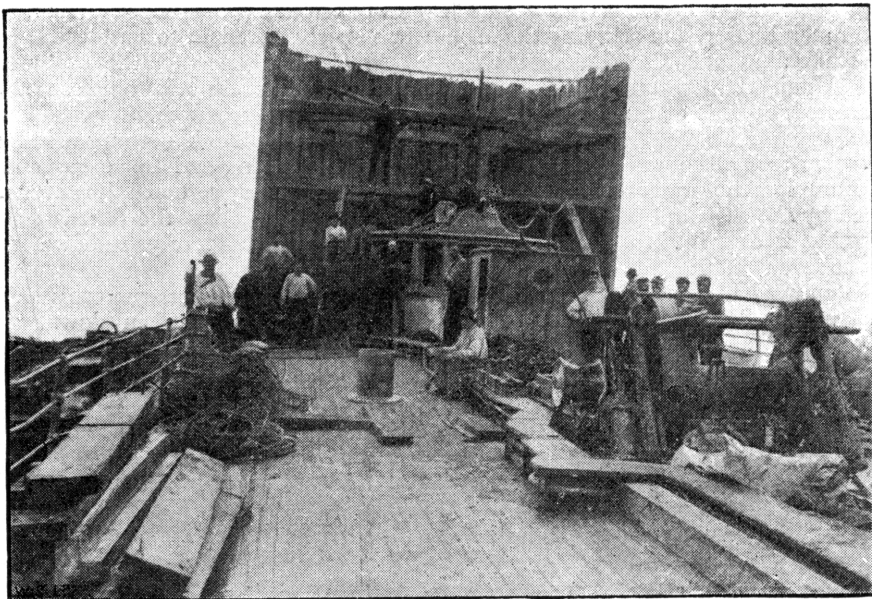
VIEW OF DECK.

crowded by all sorts of craft filled with sightseers, crowds of whom also occupied every available view-point on shore. When, soon after eight o'clock, it was seen that the vessel had righted from her list, and that her masts were upright once more, much enthusiasm was manifested. Then after some 3,500 tons displacement had been effected by the pumps, the ship, with its great superstructure, slowly began to rise.

The stern lifted first, and, by ten o'clock was 9 ft. above the water. Then the bows began to rise, being slowly dragged from the soft bottom in which they were imbedded. Now, as the water left the interior, and, with the rise of the vessel, the decks

photograph, which we reproduce, well represents a scene on the deck at this stage of the operations, a winch and cable-chain clogged with weed and rust, and the temporary structure in course of taking down.

With the pumps on the deck then, the *Utopia* was entirely pumped out, and was towed into shallow water and beached on a suitable shoal for clearing out. The decks, and such of the inside of the vessel as was visible from them, presented an extraordinary and weird spectacle. It was at first impossible to descend into the lower parts, where lay many dead bodies, on account of the deadly gas generated by these and the decomposed cargo. To get rid of this,



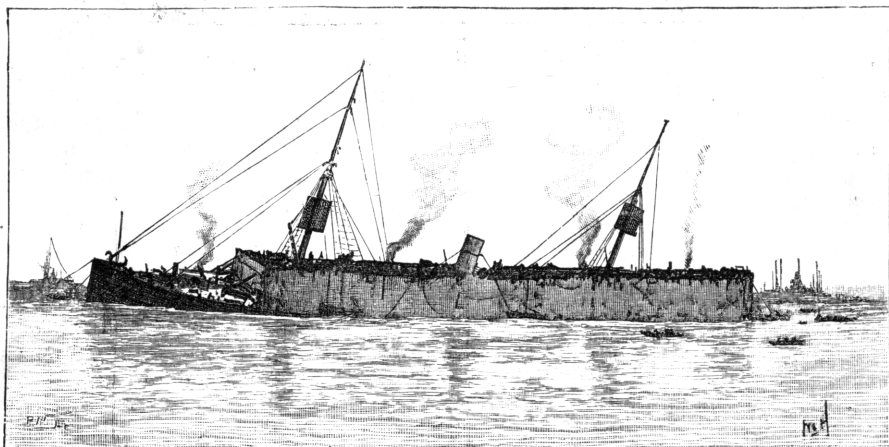
THE STERN BUILDING.

water was again admitted, and the interior thoroughly flushed out. Then the dead bodies and the putrid cargo were removed—a dangerous as well as an unutterably repulsive task. Thirty-three bodies in all were found below, presenting many sights too hideous for description. These were buried in the middle of the Straits.

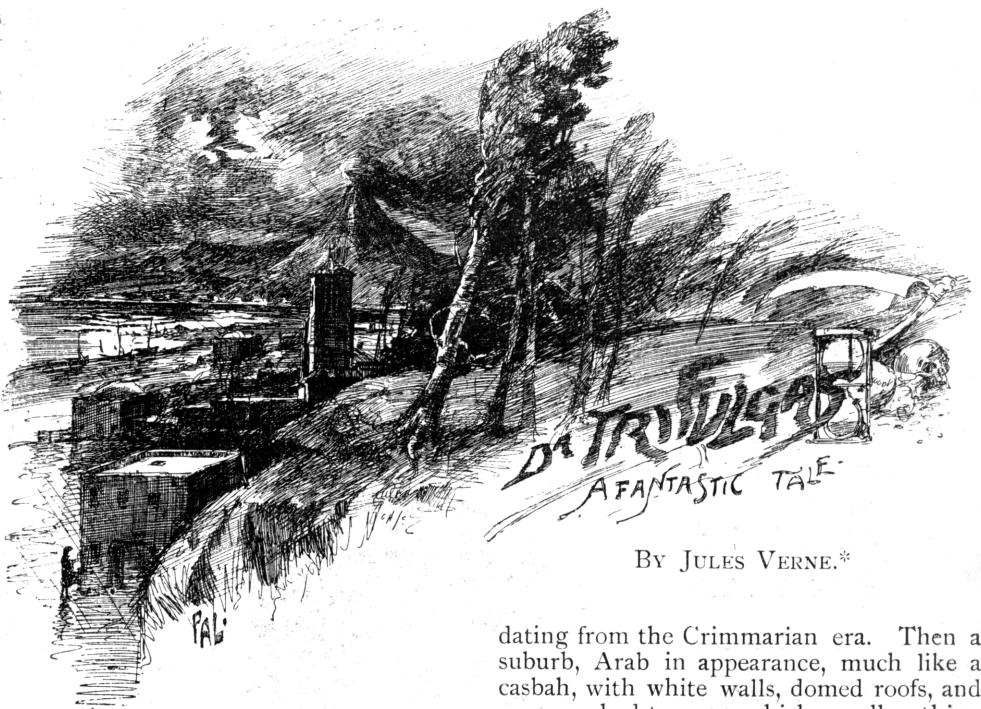
The last piece of the superstructure taken down was that about the stern, the highest and strongest built of the whole erection. A photograph representing this portion just before removal gives a good idea of the general construction of this great caisson—for that is what it practically was. The

upright timbers were half-checked oak planks, and were seven inches thick—as against the six inches employed on the rest of the construction. They were joined by horizontal angle-iron framings shaped to the vessel's stern. The foot of the planking was stepped into a gutter way of double angle-irons, shaped to the taffrail. From the height of this planking the eye may judge the depth below the surface to which the deck sank.

So was raised the *Utopia*—a wreck recovered probably in the shortest time and with the least expense on record for a vessel of her size.



TOWING THE WRECK INSHORE.



BY JULES VERNE.*

I.



WISH! It is the wind, let loose.

Swash! It is the rain, falling in torrents.

This shrieking squall bends down the trees of the Volsinian coast, and hurries on, flinging itself against the sides of the mountains of Crimma. Along the whole length of the littoral are high rocks, gnawed by the billows of the vast Sea of Megalocrida.

Swish! swash!

Down by the harbour nestles the little town of Luktrop; perhaps a hundred houses, with green palings, which defend them indifferently from the wild wind; four or five hilly streets—ravines rather than streets—paved with pebbles and strewn with ashes thrown from the active cones in the background. The volcano is not far distant; it is called the Vauglor. During the day it sends forth sulphurous vapours; at night, from time to time, great outpourings of flame. Like a lighthouse carrying a hundred and fifty kertzes, the Vauglor indicates the port of Luktrop to the coasters, felzans, verliches, and balanzas, whose keels furrow the waters of Megalocrida.

On the other side of the town are ruins

dating from the Crimmarian era. Then a suburb, Arab in appearance, much like a casbah, with white walls, domed roofs, and sun-scorched terraces, which are all nothing but accumulations of square stones thrown together at random. Veritable dice are these, whose numbers will never be effaced by the rust of Time.

Among others we notice the Six-four, a name given to a curious erection, having six openings on one side and four on the other.

A belfry overlooks the town, the square belfry of Saint Philfilena, with bells hung in the thickness of the walls, which sometimes a hurricane will set in motion. That is a bad sign; the people tremble when they hear it.

Such is Luktrop. Then come the scattered habitations in the country, set amid heath and broom, as in Brittany. But this is not Brittany. Is it in France? I do not know. Is it in Europe? I cannot tell. At all events, do not look for Luktrop on any map.

II.

RAT-TAT! A discreet knock is struck upon the narrow door of Six-four, at the left corner of the Rue Messaglière. This is one of the most comfortable houses in Luktrop—if such a word is known there—one of the richest, if gaining some millions of

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fretzers, by hook or by crook, constitutes riches.

The rat-tat is answered by a savage bark, in which is much of lupine howl, as if a wolf should bark. Then a window is opened above the door of Six-four, and an ill-tempered voice says, "Deuce take people who come bothering here!"

A young girl, shivering in the rain wrapped in a thin cloak, asks if Dr. Trifulgas is at home.

"He is, or he is not, according to circumstances."

"I want him to come to my father, who is dying."

"Where is he dying?"

"At Val Karnion, four kertztes from here."

"And his name?"

"Vort Kartif."

"Vort Kartif, the herring-salter?"

"Yes; and if Dr. Trifulgas——"

"Dr. Trifulgas is not at home."

And the window is closed with a slam, while the swishes of the wind and the swashes of the rain mingle in a deafening uproar.

III.

A HARD man, this Dr. Trifulgas, with little compassion, and attending no one unless paid cash in advance. His old Hurzof, a mongrel of bulldog and spaniel, would have had more feeling than he. The house called Six - four admitted no poor, and opened only to the rich. Further, it had a regular tariff: so much for a typhoid fever, so much for a fit, so much for a pericarditis, and for other complaints which doctors invent by the dozen. Now, Vort Kartif, the herring-salter, was a poor man, and of low degree. Why should Dr. Trifulgas have taken any trouble, and on such a night?

"Is it nothing that I should have had to get up?" he murmured, as he went back to bed; "that alone is worth ten fretzers."

Hardly twenty minutes had passed, when the iron hammer was again struck on the door of Six-four.

Much against his inclination the doctor left his bed, and leaned out of his window.

"Who is there?" he cried.

"I am the wife of Vort Kartif."

"The herring-salter of Val Karnion?"

"Yes; and, if you refuse to come, he will die."

"All right; you will be a widow."

"Here are twenty fretzers."

"Twenty fretzers for going to Val Karnion, four kertztes from here! Thank you! Be off with you!"

And the window was closed again. Twenty fretzers! A grand fee! Risk a cold or lumbago for twenty fretzers, especially when to-morrow one has to go to Kiltreno to visit the rich Edzingov, laid up with gout,

which is valued at fifty fretzers the visit! With this agreeable prospect before him, Dr. Trifulgas slept more soundly than before.

Swish! Swash! and then rat-tat! rat-tat! rat-tat! To the noises of the squall were now added three blows of the

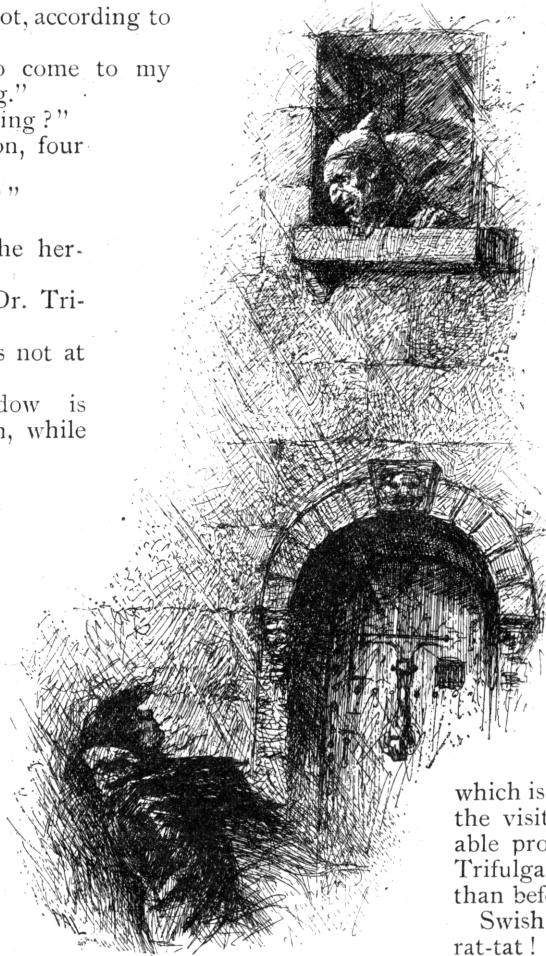
knocker, struck by a more decided hand. The doctor slept. He woke, but in a fearful humour. When he opened the window the storm came in like a charge of shot.

"I am come about the herring-salter."

"That wretched herring-salter again!"

"I am his mother."

"May his mother, his wife, and his daughter perish with him!"



"He has had an attack——"

"Let him defend himself."

"Some money has been paid us," continued the old woman, "an instalment on the house sold to the camondeur Doutrup, of the Rue Messaglière. If you do not come, my granddaughter will no longer have a father, my daughter-in-law a husband, myself a son."

It was piteous and terrible to hear the old woman's voice—to know that the wind was freezing the blood in her veins, that the rain was soaking her very bones beneath her thin flesh.

"A fit! why, that would be two hundred fretzers!" replied the heartless Trifulgus.

"We have only a hundred and twenty."

"Good-night," and the window was again closed. But, after due reflection, it appeared that a hundred and twenty fretzers for an hour and a half on the road, *plus* half an hour of visit, made a fretzer a minute. A small profit, but still, not to be despised.

Instead of going to bed again, the doctor slipped into his coat of valveter, went down in his wading boots, stowed himself away in his great coat of lurtaine, with his *sourouët* on his head, and his mufflers on his hands. He left his lamp lighted close to his pharmacopœia, open at page 197. Then, pulling the door of Sixty-four, he paused on the threshold. The old woman was there, leaning on her stick, bowed down by her eighty years of misery.

"The hundred and twenty fretzers."

"Here is the money; and may God multiply it for you a hundredfold!"

"God! Who ever saw the colour of *His* money?"

The doctor whistled for Hurzof, gave him a small lantern to carry, and took the road towards the sea. The old woman followed.

V.

WHAT swishy-swashy weather! The bells of St. Philfena are all swinging by reason of the gale. A bad sign! But Dr. Trifulgus is not superstitious. He believes in nothing—not even in his own science, except for what it brings him in. What weather, and also what a road! Pebbles

and ashes; the pebbles slippery with seaweed, the ashes crackling with iron refuse. No other light than that from Hurzof's lantern, vague and uncertain. At times jets of flame from Vauglor uprear themselves, and in the midst of them appear great comical silhouettes. In truth no one knows what is in the depths of those unfathomable craters. Perhaps spirits of the other world, which volatilise themselves as they come forth.

The doctor and the old woman follow the curves of the little bays of the littoral.

The sea is white with a livid whiteness—a mourning white. It sparkles as it throws off the crests of the surf, which seem like outpourings of glow-worms.

These two persons go on thus as far as the turn in the road between sandhills, where the brooms and the reeds clash together with a shock like that of bayonets.

The dog had drawn near to his master, and seemed to say to him, "Come, come! a hundred and twenty fretzers for the strong box! That is the way to make a fortune. Another rood added to the vineyard; another dish added to our supper; another meat pie for the faithful Hurzof.



"HERE IS THE MONEY."

Let us look after the rich invalids, and look after them—according to their purses !”

At that spot the old woman pauses. With her trembling finger she points out among the shadows a reddish light. There is the house of Vort Kartif, the herring-salter.

“There ?” said the doctor.

“Yes,” said the old woman.

“Hurrah !” cries the dog Hurzof.

A sudden explosion from the Vauglor, shaken to its very base. A sheaf of lurid flame springs up to the zenith, forcing its way through the clouds. Dr. Trifulgas is hurled to the ground. He swears roundly, picks himself up, and looks about him.

The old woman is no longer there. Has she disappeared through some fissure of the earth, or has she flown away on the wings of the mist ? As for the dog, he is there still, standing on his hind legs, his jaws apart, his lantern extinguished.

“Nevertheless, we will go on,” mutters Dr. Trifulgas. The honest man has been paid his hundred and twenty fretzers, and he must earn them.

herring-salter's house ; the old woman pointed to it with her finger ; no mistake is possible. Through the whistling swishes and the dashing swashes, through the uproar of the tempest, Dr. Trifulgas tramps on with hurried steps. As he advances, the house becomes more distinct, being isolated in the midst of the landscape.

It is very remarkable how much it resembles that of Dr. Trifulgas, the Six-four of Luktrop. The same arrangement of windows, the same little arched door. Dr. Trifulgas hastens on as fast as the gale allows him. The door is ajar ; he has but to push it. He pushes it, he enters, and the wind roughly closes it behind him. The dog Hurzof, left outside, howls, with intervals of silence.

Strange ! One would have said that Dr. Trifulgas had come back to his own house. And yet he has not wandered ; he has not even taken a turning. He is at Val Karnion, not at Luktrop. And yet, here is the same low, vaulted passage, the same wooden staircase, with high banisters, worn away by the constant rubbing of hands.

He ascends. He reaches the landing. Beneath the door a faint light filters through, as in Six-four. Is it a delusion ? In the dimness he recognises his room—the yellow sofa, on the right the old chest of pearwood, on the left the brass-bound strong box, in which he intended to deposit his hundred and twenty fretzers. There is his armchair, with the leathern cushions ;

there is his table, with its twisted legs, and on it, close to the expiring lamp, his pharmacopœia, open at page 197.

“What is the matter with me ?” he murmurs.

What is the matter with him ? Fear ! His pupils are dilated ; his body is contracted, shrivelled ; an icy perspiration freezes his skin—every hair stands on end.

But hasten ! For want of oil, the lamp



“SHE POINTED OUT A REDDISH LIGHT.”

VI.

ONLY a luminous speck at the distance of half a kertz. It is the lamp of the dying—perhaps of the dead. Of course, it is the

expires; and also the dying man! Yes, there is the bed—his own bed—with posts and canopy; as wide as it is long, shut in by heavy curtains. Is it possible that this is the pallet of a wretched herring-salter? With a quaking hand Dr. Trifulgas seizes the curtains; he opens them; he looks in.

The dying man, his head uncovered, is motionless, as if at his last breath. The doctor leans over him—

Ah! what a cry, to which, outside, responds an unearthly howl from the dog.

The dying man is not the herring-salter, Vort Kartif—it is Dr. Trifulgas; it is *he*, whom congestion has attacked—he himself! Cerebral apoplexy, with sudden accumulation of serosity in the cavities of the brain, with paralysis of the body on the side opposite that of the seat of the lesion.

Yes, it is *he*, who was sent for, and for whom a hundred and twenty fretzers have been paid. *He* who, from hardness of heart, refused to attend the herring-salter—*he* who is dying.

Dr. Trifulgas is like a madman, he knows himself lost. At each moment the symptoms increase. Not only all the functions of the organs slacken, but the lungs and the heart cease to act. And yet he has not quite lost consciousness. What can be done? Bleed! If he hesitates, Dr. Tri-

fulgas is dead. In those days they still bled; and then, as now, medical men cured all those apoplectic patients who were not going to die.

Dr. Trifulgas seizes his case, takes out his lancet, opens a vein in the arm of his double. The blood does not flow. He rubs his chest violently—his own breathing grows slower. He warms his feet with hot bricks—his own grow cold.

Then his double lifts himself, falls back, and draws one last breath. Dr. Trifulgas, notwithstanding all that his science has taught him to do, *dies beneath his own hands.*

VII.

In the morning a corpse was found in the house Six-four—that of Dr.

Trifulgas. They put him in a coffin, and carried him with much pomp to the cemetery of Luktrop, whither he had sent so many others—in a professional manner.

As to old Hurzof, it is said that, to this day, he haunts the country with his lantern alight, and howling like a lost dog. I do not know if that be true; but strange things happen in Volsinia, especially in the neighbourhood of Luktrop.

And, again, I warn you not to hunt for that town on the map. The best geographers have not yet agreed as to its latitude—nor even as to its longitude.



"DR. TRIFULGAS SEIZES THE CURTAINS."

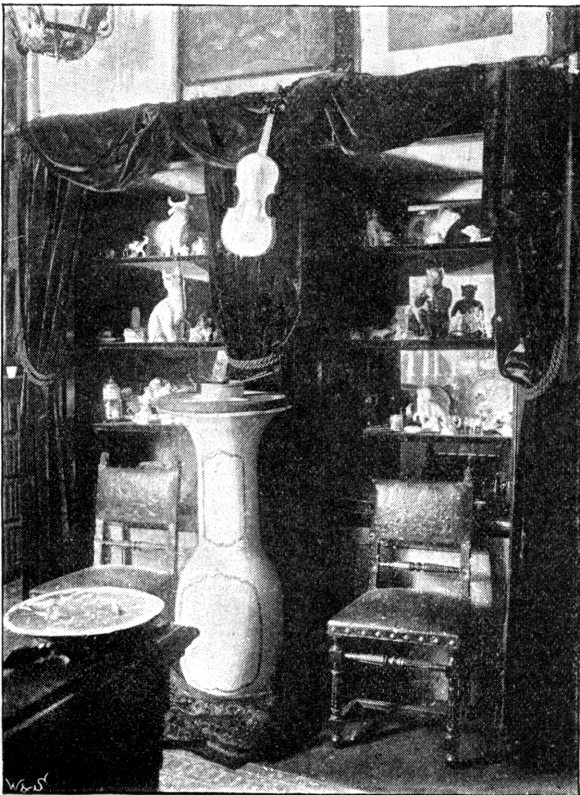
Illustrated Interviews.

NO. XIII.—GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA—or, as popularity has abbreviated him, "G.A.S."—is one of the merriest men of the nineteenth century. He is literally loaded with fun and good humour. Touch the veteran journalist on his anecdotal trigger and you will live all the happier after receiving a volley. Ask him a question and his answer is—an anecdote. It is his only hobby—to gather them up—and he is a past-master in the art of dispensing them in any sized quantities to meet the requirements of the most susceptible constitution. Mr. Sala and his wife are not favourably inclined towards flats, and infinitely prefer to live at Brighton,

where they have a little house, and never lose an opportunity of leaving the darkness and blackness of Victoria-street for the welcome breezes of the Marine Metropolis; yet their little flat is pleasantness itself, and in order to reach it, you are welcome to enter the front door—always conveniently



From a Photo. by

ENTRANCE HALL.

[Elliott & Fry.]



From a Photo. by MRS. SALA'S CAT. *[Elliott & Fry.]*

open—of No. 125, ring the bell of the passenger lift, and an obliging youth will immediately elevate you to the third floor. For such is the whereabouts of Sala's flat.

His pictures are so many that he has positively had to fall back on the kitchen walls whereon to hang many a proof engraving and etching, whilst the lower part of the dresser in the same culinary department actually provides a resting-place for china and other ware of rare worth, in place of the customary pots and pans.

The entrance hall is a perfect little menagerie. Here, on shelves artistically draped with crimson



MR. SALA'S MONKEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

plush, are china cows and horses, deer, canaries, and even a rhinoceros. The pig predominates. Mr. Sala believes in pigs for luck, and purchases one wherever he goes. The two places of honour, however, are given up to a large-sized cat and monkey. Let it be told in a whisper that Mrs. Sala confesses to the cat as her guardian angel, because it is most like a woman; whilst Mr. Sala leans towards the monkey, because it most resembles a —. A grandfather's clock is ticking in the corner.

Here hangs a silver violin. It was made in Cawnpore, and was the property of some Rajah of India. "I bought it in Leicester-square," said its owner. "It was marked £35. I went inside and offered a ten-pound note for it."

"Oh!" exclaimed the proprietor, 'you're Mr. Sailor, you are! Well, look here, you can have it for £13.'

"Right," I said.

"Going to pay now?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then, take it out of the shop; for it's been hanging here for twenty-five years."

There are many fine engravings about, and just by the dining-room door is a stick given to Mr. Sala by Lord Wolseley, after his great campaign in South Africa.

The dining-room overlooks Victoria-street. It is a little room, suggestive of comfortable meals and excellent company. G. A. S.'s personal dining-table is not very big—one and a half feet square. He always uses it, seldom sitting at the larger board, and sits in an easy-chair. The bronzes on the mantelboard are as exquisite as the china and Hanoverian ware set out on the bookshelves, and it would be difficult to find more works of art crowded into so small a space. Examples of Sir John Gilbert, Montalba, Copley Fielding, A. Vanduyck, Gerard Dhow, Gustave Doré—represented by a grand scene in the High-

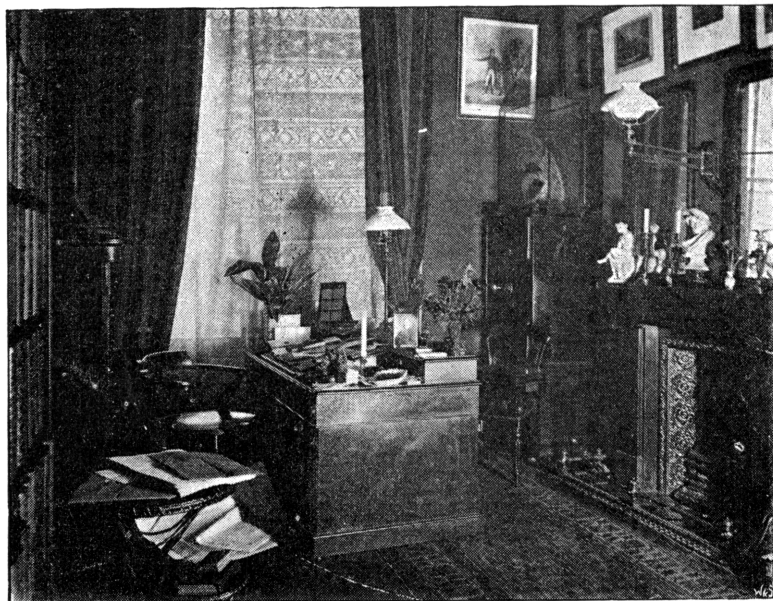


From a Photo, by]

THE DINING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

lands—the original sketch in oils for Luke Fildes' "Betty," and a very clever painting by Miss Genevieve Ward, the actress, of a monk enjoying an after-dinner pipe.



From a Photo. by]

MRS. SALA'S STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

Two dogs are from the brush of George Earle.

Mrs. Sala's study adjoins this room. On the mantelpiece is a small bust of Henry Irving as *Hamlet*, and near the window is a safe of strong proportions. On a silver shield is the following inscription: "George Augustus Sala, from Henry Irving, 1881. Safe Bind — Safe Find." Mr. Irving was once dining with Mr. Sala, when the latter brought out his common-place book, which was commenced in 1859, and is full of notes of delightful interest.

"Aren't you afraid of losing this?" the actor asked. "This wants taking into custody."

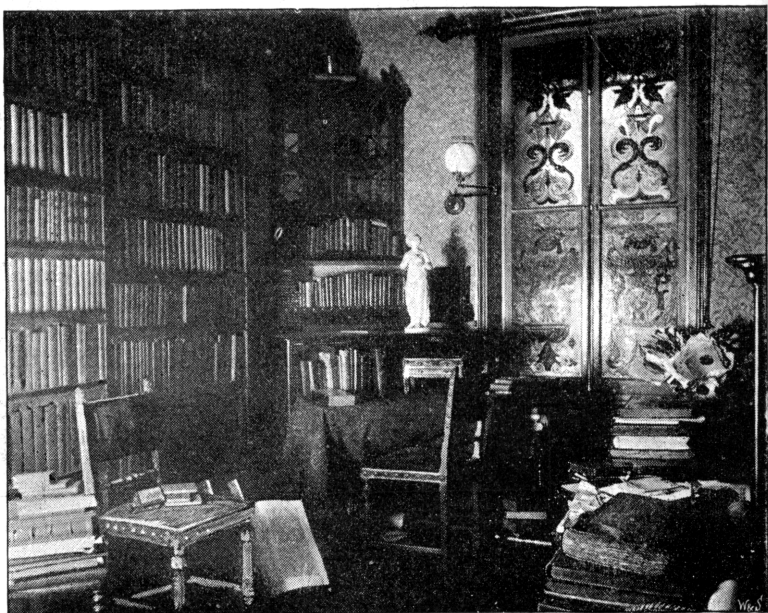
A few days afterwards the safe came.

On my way to the drawing-room and study—which is down a passage full of pictures and

ery volume of Henry V.'s reign. It contains a receipt for a delicious oyster pattie. These old-time books are useful when you know how to leave out the peacocks' tongues and swans' livers from Elizabethan dishes.

The drawing-room is now reached. Drawing back the curtains, one enters Mr. Sala's

crowded with nick-nacks—I look in at the library, with its highly decorative stained glass windows. The famous cookery library is in a corner of the bedroom. It comprises over 500 volumes, dating from 1578 to the present day, of every country and in every language. Here is a cookery book in Greek, and a first edition of "Mrs. Glasse," worth £100. Even to-day dishes are prepared at the Victoria-street flat from an old cook-



From a Photo. by]

THE LIBRARY.

[Elliott & Fry.



From a Photo. by

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

[Elliott & Fry.

study. In the first apartment—the doors of which are inlaid with panels of fruit and flowers painted on satin—more artistic treasures are to be met with, from the brush and pencil of many a master hand. A large picture—finished by Millais—of the late Mrs. Sala, rests on an easel draped with blue plush.

It was whilst standing here that Mr. Sala paid a tribute of great tenderness to the memory of his late wife, and spoke as only a real man and true husband could of the woman who is his helpmate to-day. Journalists are the very worst of business men, and the veteran declares that he is no exception to the rule. Happy the journalist who possesses a wife of business instincts—a woman who can relieve him of all these worries, and leave him a free course to run his pen.

"My wife," says Mr. Sala, "is my man of business. She opens my letters, reads, and answers them, looks after contracts, and keeps my accounts. Therein lies one of my little secrets, you see. My wife takes upon herself all the worries of business, so I am enabled to work with an easy mind and a freedom of heart unattainable by any other means."

This small cabinet was made for the

and the pawnbroker profited to that extent. A bust of a baby reveals Mr. Sala's ability with the clay. Once, at Brighton, when ill and unable to write, he sent for some clay, and modelled it.

A very remarkable example of the sculptor's art rests on a table. Originally the Saint was in a semi-nude state. Ewing, a wonderfully clever Scotch sculptor, who modelled the children of the Prince of Wales, saw it one day. He took out his



BUST BY MR. SALA, AND THE DAUPHIN'S CABINET.

From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

pocket-handkerchief and asked for some warm starch. Dipping the linen in this, his ingenious fingers wrapped it round

little Dauphin of France. Mr. Sala saw it in a pawnbroker's window in his early days, and paid £2 a month for it until he had purchased it outright for £15. He tells how, as a young man, when first married, the height of his ambition was to possess a silver soup-tureen. Again he patronised the pawnbroker's, and selected one "to be put by" at £35. Unfortunately, after paying £8 his subscription lapsed,



SAINT DRAPED IN A HANDKERCHIEF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

the tiny statuette, as now seen, and, as the starch dried, the fabric stiffened, still retaining its most delicately natural folds. Poor Ewing! He died in poverty, and was buried in New York. A great actor, whose name has already been mentioned, stood by him till the last.

It is impossible to catalogue the curiosities in the study; every one of them has a history. A little stuffed canary was a present from the late Lady Rosebery. It died; it almost sang itself to death, so loud and sweet and frequent were its notes. These ostrich eggs hanging from the ceiling were stolen from a mosque in Morocco. Mr. Sala was the receiver, and he revels in his crime. This picture is curious. It is executed on a common fourpenny dish, purchased in the Tottenham Court-road. It was held over the smoke of a candle, and, after the artist had worked on it with his nails and penknife, a charming Italian landscape was the result. A table of eighteen different kinds of wood was presented to Mr. Sala by the New Zealand Government. A glass case contains presentation silver, including a massive service from the pro-

prietors of *The Daily Telegraph* on Mr. Sala's fiftieth birthday. The pictures, too, are striking—dozens of Millais' engravings, Munkacski, Caton Woodville, Boughton, Story, and paintings by De Witt, Stothardt, Montalba, another Doré, a Keeley Halswelle, and numerous others from notable artists. Amongst the pictorial curiosities being some studies by E. M. Ward for his great picture of "Napoleon and Queen Louisa of Prussia at Tilsit, 1808"; "'Ape,' aped by himself," which means the late Carlo Pellegrini caricaturing himself; and a pictorially addressed envelope, which was done by Augustus Mayhew, one of the brothers Mayhew of *Punch*, the dog being a portrait of a pug belonging to the artist's wife, who was, and still is, a great breeder of pugs. On the top of a shelf is the bust of Beaconsfield. It will be remembered that Mr. Sala gave important evidence at the famous Belt trial, and stated how he saw the sculptor take a piece of clay and make the curl which was wont to be seen on the great statesman's forehead. This is the first cast for the statue in question.

Now it was that we settled down to talk.



"APE," APED BY HIMSELF.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



MAYHEW'S ENVELOPE
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Mr. Sala discards his customary chair at the writing-table, on which stands a statuette of Thackeray; but, lighting a cigar—and is not G. A. S. generally accredited as being the best judge of a Havannah in London?—he meditatively walks the room, and tells, point by point and chapter by chapter, the story of his life. He wears a short smoking-jacket. He is of medium height, and is the happy possessor of a wonderfully level temper. He speaks kindly and good-naturedly of all his brother scribes, and writes the most microscopic hand amongst them all. He is three-and-sixty years of age, but prepared to pack his bag and start as "Special Correspondent" to Siberia at a couple of hours' notice. Though certainly the most versatile leader-writer of to-day, and justly regarded as being at the top of the journalistic tree, he is still a working man. His work is his recreation, the recreation of a moving mind.

He has written more "leaders" than any man living. For the first five years of his thirty-four years' connection with *The Daily Telegraph* he wrote two a day; now, three hundred leaders a year is his estimate. He has no politics, and for upwards of twenty years not a line from his pen has appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* on home politics. He argues that, whatever the Government in power, it must needs be the best Government. He has seen the work of every government in every country, from the matter-of-fact and easy-going Parliament of the dwellers in Central Africa to that of Australia, where the supreme ruler is his royal highness—Working Man.

George Augustus Sala was born in New-street, Manchester-square, on November 24, 1828. His father was an Italian, his mother being a professor of Italian singing. He was born at a time when children were sent out to be nursed. His nurse must have been a most diabolical young woman, for when it was decided by his mother to have little George Augustus home again, she attempted to kill her charge. This resulted in a long and serious illness, and the small life was despaired of.

"I was blind and deaf," he said, "from seven to half-past eight, that is, from 7



LEARNING TO WRITE.

years to 8½ years of age. Every oculist had a go at my eyes. I have still signs of the holes in my ears where I wore earrings, but all to no avail. During this time my sister read the Bible to me, and

the clay, for at school in Paris he gained the first prize for modelling a map of South America.

"Every hill and mountain top, every river and valley was modelled in clay,"

Mr. Montalumbert when the representative system of the Second Empire was at its height used to say that he came to England now and then to enjoy a bath of constitutional liberty. If you stand in need of a nice, cool bath of cynicism you might do worse than read Dean Swift's "Character of the Court of Louis Ann's" marginally annexed to a pocket book full of fulsome phrases of great force corrupted by one Macky. Then you would be able to appreciate the delicious humour of a "Character of the Marquis of Lachrymose" drawn up by a Mr. Lachrymose and communicated to the Times of Aug 5 by Mr W. Radcliffe Cooke M.P.

SPECIMEN OF MR. SALA'S HANDWRITING.

told me childish fairy tales. When, at last, I recovered my sight, I had a yearning to read all that my sister had told me, and I taught myself out of a big history of England."

He learned to write as well—practised calligraphy from a black-letter Chaucer. This will account for Mr. Sala's peculiar print-like handwriting. What a happy picture—the little fellow on his knees, with the great volume against the back of the chair, tracing out letter by letter on a piece of paper. His parents' house was

and flowers, knowledge in every article of furniture in the house, from the piano to the fire-irons. Why, I read my Greek Testament in a laurel grove! And whenever I had a spare moment, so surely was I to be found drawing and modelling."

So his childhood's days were passed, and eventually at fourteen he was apprenticed to Carl Schiller—a miniature painter. He also became a pupil at Leigh's Art School in Maddox-street. At sixteen he became assistant screen-painter to Beverley, at the Princess's Theatre. Beverley was a warm-



A. Spalding & Co. Illustrated. Delegates from the Metropolitan Parishes. (Bridges) J. H. Jones. J. H. Jones. SKETCH BY MR. SALA.

the resort of many foreigners of distinction. At ten years of age he could not speak a word of English, and after passing a few years at a school in France, came back to a school here for the purpose of learning the English language. He found it more difficult than Greek. As a child he wrote short stories—a notable one was a story of travel. But his childish fingers seemed destined for

hearted man. Without taking a halfpenny premium he was virtually young Sala's instructor in architectural drawing and perspective.

"Then my eyes began to trouble me again," said Mr. Sala. "You see, when a figure had to be introduced into a scene I was called in to do it. I was almost colour-blind. I put black into everything. In-

deed, they called me the 'gentleman in black.' Even to this day the ink I use is a Japanese fluid of the deepest and darkest dye, such as music is copied with. My old skill in modelling stood me in good stead at the Princess's Theatre. I used to model masks for the pantomime and to paint "props." As a linguist I translated French farces, as a calligraphist used to copy out parts; from my early mathematical training I was put on to keep the accounts, stock books, wardrobe—you know the sort of thing—two pairs tights, seventeen dancers' dresses, three pairs of trunks, &c., and all for—*fifteen shillings a week!* Yet I was never so happy in my life; and at the end of

Arcade, who made a big profit out of them.

"At last I threw up the engagement at fifteen shillings a week, and years afterwards I remember the old manager at the Princess's saying to a friend, 'Look at him. I brought him out at fifteen bob a week, and now he is riding in his carriage!'"

Soon after this, young Sala got connected with the publishing firm of Ackerman & Co., doing all kinds of humorous productions for them, mainly etching on stone. Adolphe Ackerman—a man of great principle—insisted, however, that the young engraver should learn the whole process of engraving on copper and steel; and, having



From a Photo. by]

THE STUDY.

[Elliott & Fry.

every week I always had 2s. left to lay out during the week ensuing in tea and toast at Mr. Porter's coffee-shop in Long-acre. Porter was a greasy man who was the proud possessor of a still greasier library. There was streaky bacon and shilling butter on every page. But, as I ate my toast and swallowed my tea, I devoured that library. I read *Fraser*, *John Bull* in Theodore Hook's time, *The Quarterly*, *Blackwood's Magazine* from the commencement, and I know not what. I was unconsciously fitting myself for a leader-writer. I still kept up my painting, though, and well remember doing fifty illustrations of Jenny Lind at 1s. 6d. each for a man in the Burlington

saved a little money, and being helped by Mr. Ackerman, he apprenticed himself to Henry Alkin for three years. He also illustrated many books—some written by Albert Smith, and others for Mr. Edward Lloyd, who founded *Lloyd's News*. Mr. Sala characterises these last pictures as being very ghastly. One in particular was for a small novel called "Heads of the Headless," but the picture block was not "strong" enough for Mr. Lloyd. He sent it back with the note: "More blood, and eyes larger!" So skilful did the young artist become in his new calling, that, at the age of twenty-four, he and Mr. Alkin were commissioned to execute an immense pano-

rama of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington. Alkin did the horses, and Sala the hundreds of figures. They worked at it for six months, but the fumes of the acid acting on the steel plates so injured Sala's normally weak eyes that he was compelled in infinite degradation of spirit to give up the craft he so dearly loved—otherwise he would have gone blind. He still retains the needles he worked with, and the very paper-weight to be seen on his study table is a copperplate on which he had worked more than forty years ago.

"In 1850," continued the journalist, "I renewed my acquaintance with Dickens. I had written an article called 'The Key of the Street' for *Household Words*. From 1850 to 1856 I made £300 a year out of Dickens's paper. I did a little in the dramatic line with a dear, dead brother of mine, Charles. I wrote a panto. called 'Harlequin Billie Taylor,' under Charles Kean's management, receiving £100 for the opening and £5 a piece for the comic scenes. Then I did a translation of 'The Corsican Brothers' for the Surrey Theatre, and got a guinea a night for it. It ran 150 nights. Many other pieces followed, one of which was a burlesque in 1869 at the Gaiety, called 'Watt Tyler, M.P.,' in which Toole played the titular part. I was successful enough, though the late John Oxenford, in a criticism in *The Times*, said that my plays were 'evidently the production of a novice in theatrical matters!' Possibly Oxenford had never heard of the 15s. a week engagement at the Princess's.

"In 1856 I went to Russia for Dickens. We had a row about the travelling expenses, so I went on to *The Illustrated Times*. On the staff were James Hannay, Fred and James Greenwood, Sutherland Edwards, Edmund Yates, Edward Draper—a solicitor, who did the law and crime—and

Old White, the doorkeeper of the House of Commons, who used to divulge the secrets of the House! My turning-point, however, came a year later, when the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph*, then a young paper, sent for me. I was paid two guineas a leader, often writing two for three guineas. Since then I have been all over the world—in times of peace, war, and revolution. I have often been chaffed because I once said, in the preface of a book, that the proprietors of *The Daily Telegraph* gave me 'the wages of an ambassador and the treatment of a gentleman.' That which I stated was the precise and literal fact. Litigating journalists often have proposed to subpoena me



From a Photo. by]

MR. SALA'S WRITING TABLE.

[Elliott & Fry.

with a view to testifying as to the custom and law in journalism. My answer invariably is, 'I can give no kind of testimony as to law or custom, inasmuch as I have never had any written engagement with *The Daily Telegraph*, who can dismiss me, or I could leave them, to-morrow. Their arrangements with me, both as regards home service and foreign missions, have always been of the friendliest and happiest character.'

A fresh sample from a box of the choicest Havanahs having been lit, the clouds of smoke from the weed gave rise to many a merry recollection, both of a personal character and also associated with people whom Mr. Sala has met. The day I spent

with Mr. Sala was very near to the opening of the Royal Academy. He protested strongly against the practice of Show-Sunday at artists' studios.

"If I go to a man's studio," he said, "how can I, whilst accepting his hospitality, condemn his picture to his face? If I praised it to him to-day, I should only have to slate it the next morning in my notice. It is not fair either to the critic or the artist."

But a cloud from the Havanah takes him back to the early days again.

"When Alexander II. was assassinated, I was dining at the Duke of Fife's, at Cavendish-square. It was a Sunday. The Russian Ambassador sent a messenger saying that he would be unable to be present, as an attempt had been made on the Czar's life, and he was gravely wounded. Later in the evening came another despatch saying that his Imperial Majesty was dead. I knew well enough that *The D.T.* people would be down on me that very night to go off to St. Petersburg, and I particularly wanted the next day in London. I roved about from club to club till three o'clock in the morning, but they ran me down the same day with a note from the editor saying, 'Please write leading article on the "Price of Fish at Billingsgate Market," and start for St. Petersburg by the night mail!' I went. I was compensated at the rate of £100 a week and all travelling expenses. I was present at the coronation of Alexander III., and some of my telegrams cost £300 to send. I was forwarding something like seven columns a day.

"I have never had to disguise myself in my calling, as some of my brother journalists have. I well remember an amusing instance of this at the Czar's coronation. The Court choir there on such occasions consists of men arrayed in long crimson cassocks, and wearing very long beards, who march along chanting very loudly. The representative of a Parisian paper whom I knew was much upset at not getting a pass to go in to the ceremony. He said he meant to go, however. The great day arrived. I

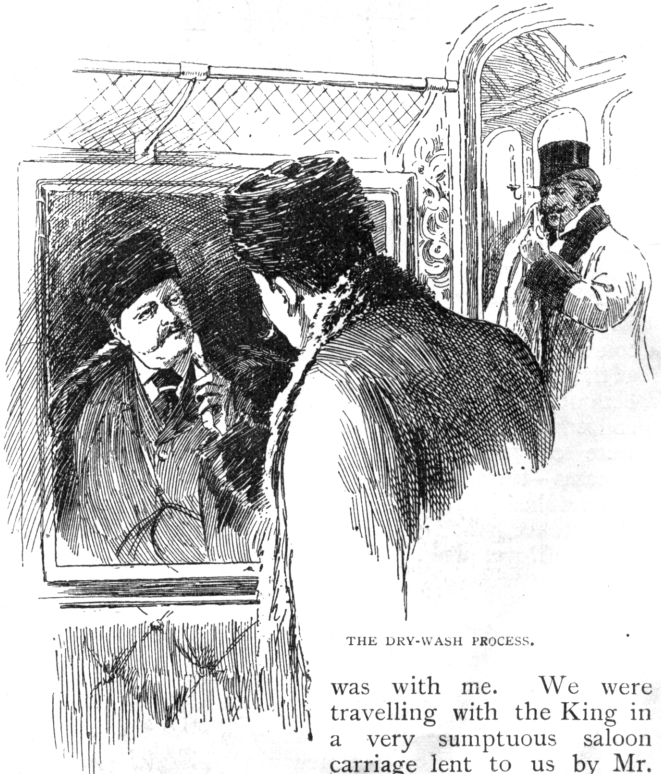
was standing in my allotted seat, so to speak, when the choir approached. They were all chanting loudly, but one of their number, fully arrayed and bearded, seemed as though singing for dear life. He caught my eye and winked. It was my friend!

Everything in Russia is done by bribery. Still, bribery is not always successful, as the following will prove.

"I was present at the Jubilee garden-party given by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace. My flower dropped out of my button-hole. A very pretty young servant—presumably there for the purpose of looking after our wearing apparel, sticks, and umbrellas—picked it up. Whilst in the act of putting it in my coat again, with a view to obtaining a peep into the Queen's rooms, I asked her if there was a chance of seeing them, at the same time endeavouring to slip a sovereign into her hand. She shrunk back.

"'I wish I could, sir,' she whispered, 'but there's a heye on me!'

"Talking of queens naturally reminds me of kings. I have lunched with Alphonso XII. of Spain under most distressing circumstances. My friend Antonio Gallenga



THE DRY-WASH PROCESS.

was with me. We were travelling with the King in a very sumptuous saloon carriage lent to us by Mr.

Salamanaca, the great Madrid financier, which the authorities permitted to be attached to the Royal train from Madrid to Saragossa. After travelling all night in terribly cold weather, early in the morning one of His Majesty's aides-de-camp appeared and commanded us to 'join the Royal luncheon party at 11 a.m.' Alas! there is no rose without its thorn. The bitter weather had frozen all the water, and our faces were as black as sweeps! We stared at one another—we were both black in the face. What was to be done? Good gracious! we could not sit before a king with such dark expressions as these!

"Gallenga was a man of infinite resource, and was apparently undismayed by this almost insurmountable obstacle.

"'Ever try candles?' he asked. 'The dry wash process. See,' and he took down some of the wax candles with which the carriage was lighted, and commenced rubbing his face with one of them. With infinite trust in Gallenga's wisdom I did likewise, and really, after some ten minutes' persistent rubbing, our faces certainly looked more respectable, though somewhat waxy and ghastly. The aide-de-camp entered, and we went forth to eat with the King. Now, the King's saloon was uncomfortably warm—very uncomfortably warm—and as the lunch proceeded it became inconveniently hot. When the coffee and cigarette stage arrived our faces were converted into a series of small streams—tears, sir, tears, such as tender fathers shed! In vain I tried to hide them, my pocket handkerchief was useless, and I left the Royal presence with a countenance like—but we will draw a veil over my features!"

I suggested that perhaps Mr. Sala knew Sothern—"Dundreary" Sothern.

"Knew him, yes," came the reply. "Sothern and I went to the Derby together once. I was very elaborately got up, and as neat and trim as a new pin. Now,

I don't think I was in a frame of mind to get out of temper easily—I was in a capital humour, and never in a jollier mood.

"'Look here, Sala,' said Sothern, 'I'll bet you a new hat that you'll lose your temper before the Derby is run.'

"'Done!' I cried, and I felt another twenty-five shillings rattling in my trousers' pocket. Away went Sothern.

"Five minutes after a red-jacketed fellow came up and commenced brushing me down. I didn't want it, but I gave him a shilling. Then another came up—similar process, another shilling. At last altogether



"AT THE DERBY."

five 'brushes' had been up, and at the sixth I seized the fellow and brushed *him* down.

"'I'll trouble you for a new hat,' said somebody, quietly tapping me on the shoulder. It was Sothern.

Then we "remembered" some of the famous men the great journalist has come in contact with during his career. To begin with, there was Lord Brougham. It was Brougham who really taught Mr. Sala to speak in public. Before Mr. Sala made his first important public speech, Brougham had him round at his house and walked up and down his dining-room for an hour and more,

giving him many a good hint. He wound up his advice by saying : " Always think in semicolons whilst speaking ; by adhering to this rule you will never come to a full stop unless you wish it."

Then came Cruickshank—dear old George Cruickshank.

" I knew him well," said Mr. Sala, " and was one of the pall bearers at his funeral. When the old fellow was hard up he would go and sit in his publisher's office with a card round his neck on which was written : ' I am starving ! ' With such a suggestive appeal he never had to wait long without a cheque, but he always kept the card handy ! Once Prince Albert—the Prince Consort—sent for him for the purpose of seeing his drawings. He arrived at Buckingham Palace, and was marched down countless corridors by a couple of footmen bearing long wands, Cruickshank following them in the rear, imitating them in a very exaggerated style. On they went—wand and imitation, imitation and wand. Suddenly a door opened from behind them, and a voice cried out : ' This is the room, Mr. Cruickshank.'

" Prince Consort had been watching Cruickshank's performance in infinite appreciation."

Mr. Sala has a great admiration for the genius, and a love for the memory, of Thackeray.

He first saw Thackeray at a

small club held on the first floor of a little old-fashioned tavern in Dean-street, Soho, kept by one Dicky Moreland, supposed to have been the last landlord in London who wore a pigtail and top-boots. Thackeray that night sang " The Mahogany Tree." His hair was not white then, but he wore the gold-rimmed spectacles, and stood as he always did, with his hands in his pockets.

A M. Alexis Soyer had constructed a place he called " The Symposium " on the site of the Albert Hall, where Mr. Sala was for a short period secretary. Soyer was very proud of the huge dining-tent he had put up, capable of dining 300 persons. It was made of blue and white canvas.

When taking Thackeray round the grounds one day, Soyer remarked, pointing

out the huge tent : " This, Mr. Thackeray, is the baronial hall."

" Oh ! Bar-
onial hall, is it ! " said Thackeray ; " it's more like a marquee ! "

" And your photo, Mr. Sala ? " I asked.

" Oh ! yes—certainly. Had it specially taken in Rome for you. Notice the smile ? " Then he added in a whisper, as he followed me on to the stairs, " The Roman photographer specially turned on a young man to tell me funny stories in Italian to make me laugh. That's the secret of it ! "

HARRY HOW.



From a Photo. by]

MR. SALA.

[Le Lézire, Rome.



THE JEWELLED SKULL.

BY DICK DONOVAN,

Author of "The Man from Manchester," "Tracked to Doom," "Caught at Last," "Who Poisoned Hetty Duncan," "A Detective's Triumphs," "In the Grip of the Law," &c., &c.



USILY engaged one morning in my office in trying to solve some knotty problems that called for my earnest attention, I was suddenly disturbed by a knock at the door, and, in answer to my "Come in!" one of my assistants entered, although I had given strict orders that I was not to be disturbed for two hours.

"Excuse me, sir," said my man, "but a gentleman wishes to see you, and will take no denial."

"I thought I told you not to disturb me under any circumstances," I replied, somewhat tartly.

"Yes, so you did. But the gentleman insists upon seeing you. He says his business is most urgent."

"Who is he?"

"Here is his card, sir."

I glanced at the card the assistant handed to me. It bore the name—

COLONEL MAURICE ODELL.

The Star and Garter Club.

Colonel Maurice Odell was an utter stranger to me. I had never heard his name before; but I knew that the Star and Garter Club was a club of the highest rank, and that its members were men of position and eminence. I therefore considered it probable that the Colonel's business was likely, as he said, to be urgent, and I told my assistant to show him in.

A few minutes later the door opened, and there entered a tall, thin, wiry-looking man, with an unmistakable military bearing. His face, clean shaved save for a heavy grey moustache, was tanned with exposure to sun and rain. His hair, which was cropped close, was iron grey, as were his eyebrows, and as they were very bushy, and there were two deep vertical furrows between the eyes, he had the appearance of being a stern, determined, unyielding man. And as I glanced at his well-marked face, with its powerful jaw, I came to the conclusion that he was a martinet of the old-fashioned type, who, in the name of discipline, could perpetrate almost any cruelty; and yet, on the other hand, when not under military influence, was capable of the most generous acts and deeds. He was faultlessly dressed, from his patent leather boots to his canary-coloured kid gloves. But though, judging from his dress, he was somewhat of a coxcomb, a glance at the hard, stern features and the keen, deep-set grey eyes, was sufficient to dispel any idea that he was a mere carpet soldier.

"Pardon me for intruding upon you, Mr. Donovan," he said, bowing stiffly and formally, "but I wish to consult you about a very important matter, and, as I leave for Egypt to-morrow, I have very little time at my disposal."

"I am at your service, Colonel," I replied, as I pointed to a seat, and began to feel a

deep interest in the man, for there was an individuality about him that stamped him at once as a somewhat remarkable person. His voice was in keeping with his looks. It was firm, decisive, and full of volume, and attracted one by its resonance. I felt at once that such a man was not likely to give himself much concern about trifles, and, therefore, the business he had come about must be of considerable importance. So, pushing the papers I had been engaged upon on one side, I turned my revolving chair so that I might face him and have my back to the light, and telling him that I was prepared to listen to anything he had to say, I half closed my eyes, and began to make a study of him.

"I will be as brief as possible," he began, as he placed his highly polished hat and his umbrella on the table.

"I am a military man, and have spent much of my time in India, but two years ago I returned home, and took up my residence at the Manor, Esher. Twice since I went to live there the place has been robbed in a somewhat mysterious manner. The first occasion was a little over a year ago, when a number of antique silver cups were stolen. The Scotland Yard authorities endeavoured to trace the thieves, but failed."

"I think I remember hearing something about that robbery," I remarked, as I tried to recall the details. "But in what way was it a mysterious one?"

"Because it was impossible to determine how the thieves gained access to the house. The place had not been broken into."

"How about your servants?" I asked.

"Oh, I haven't a servant who isn't honesty itself."

"Pray proceed. What about the second robbery?"

"That is what I have come to you about. It is a very serious business indeed, and has been carried out in the mysterious way that characterised the first one."

"You mean it is serious as regards the value of the property stolen?"

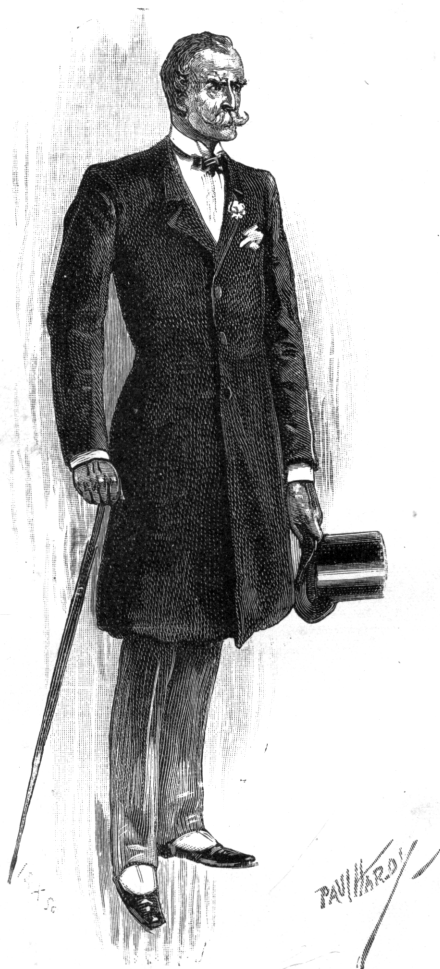
"In one sense, yes; but it is something more than that. During my stay in India I rendered very considerable service indeed to the Rajah of Mooltan, a man of great wealth. Before I left India he presented me with a souvenir of a very extraordinary character. It was nothing more nor less than the skull of one of his ancestors."

As it seemed to me a somewhat frivolous matter for the Colonel to take up my time because he had lost the mouldy old skull of a dead and gone Rajah, I said, "Excuse me, Colonel, but you can hardly expect me to devote my energies to tracing this somewhat gruesome souvenir of yours, which probably the thief will hasten to bury as speedily as possible, unless he happens to be of a very morbid turn of mind."

"You are a little premature," said the Colonel, with a suspicion of sternness. "That skull has been valued at upwards of twelve thousand pounds."

"Twelve thousand pounds!" I echoed, as my interest in my visitor deepened.

"Yes, sir; twelve thousand pounds. It is fashioned into a drinking goblet, bound with solid gold bands, and encrusted with precious stones. In the bottom of the goblet, inside, is a diamond of the purest water, and which alone is said to be worth two thousand pounds. Now, quite apart



"THE COLONEL."

from the intrinsic value of this relic, it has associations for me which are beyond price, and further than that, my friend the Rajah told me that if ever I parted with it, or it was stolen, ill fortune would ever afterwards pursue me. Now, Mr. Donovan, I am not a superstitious man, but I confess that in this instance I am weak enough to believe that the Rajah's words will come true, and that some strange calamity will befall either me or mine."

"Without attaching any importance to that," I answered, "I confess that it is a serious business, and I will do what I can to recover this extraordinary goblet. But you say you leave for Egypt to-morrow?"

"Yes. I am going out on a Government commission, and shall probably be absent six months."

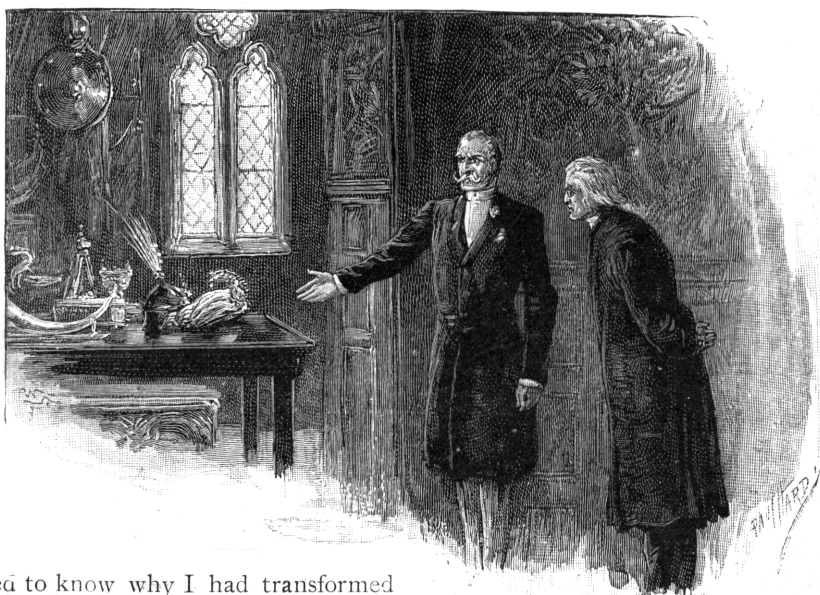
"Then I had better travel down to Esher with you at once, as I like to start at the fountain head in such matters."

The Colonel was most anxious that I should do this, and, requesting him to wait for a few minutes, I retired to my inner sanctum, and when I reappeared it was in the character of a venerable parson, with flowing grey hair, spectacles, and the orthodox white choker. My visitor did not recognise me until I spoke, and then he

I had assumed, for I considered it important that none of his household should know that I was a detective. I begged that he would introduce me as the Rev. John Marshall, from the Midland Counties. He promised to do this, and we took the next train down to Esher.

The Manor was a quaint old mansion, and dated back to the commencement of Queen Elizabeth's reign. The Colonel had bought the property, and being somewhat of an antiquarian, he had allowed it to remain in its original state, so far as the actual building was concerned. But he had had it done up inside a little, and furnished in great taste in the Elizabethan style, and instead of the walls being papered they were hung with tapestry.

I found that besides the goblet some antique rings and a few pieces of gold and silver had been carried off. But these things were of comparatively small value, and the Colonel's great concern was about the lost skull, which had been kept under a glass shade in what he called his "Treasure Chamber." It was a small room, lighted by an oriel window. The walls were wainscoted half way up, and the upper part was hung with tapestry. In this room there was a most extraordinary



THE TREASURE CHAMBER.

requested to know why I had transformed myself in such a manner.

I told him I had a particular reason for it, but felt it was advisable not to reveal the reason then, and I enjoined on him the necessity of supporting me in the character

and miscellaneous collection of things, including all kinds of Indian weapons; elephant trappings; specimens of clothing

as worn by the Indian nobility ; jewellery, including rings, bracelets, anklets ; in fact, it was a veritable museum of very great interest and value.

The Colonel assured me that the door of this room was always kept locked, and the key was never out of his possession. The lower part of the chimney of the old-fashioned fireplace I noticed was protected by iron bars let into the masonry, so that the thief, I was sure, did not come down the chimney ; nor did he come in at the window, for it only opened at each side, and the apertures were so small that a child could not have squeezed through. Having noted these things, I hinted to the Colonel that the thief had probably gained access to the room by means of a duplicate key. But he hastened to assure me that the lock was of singular construction, having been specially made. There were only two keys to it. One he always carried about with him, the other he kept in a secret drawer in an old escritoire in his library, and he was convinced that nobody knew of its existence. He explained the working of the lock, and also showed me the key, which was the most remarkable key I ever saw ; and, after examining the lock, I came to the conclusion that it could not be opened by any means apart from the special key. Nevertheless the thief had succeeded in getting into the room. How did he manage it ? That was the problem I had to solve, and that done I felt that I should be able to get a clue to the robber. I told the Colonel that before leaving the house I should like to see every member of his household, and he said I should be able to see the major portion of them at luncheon, which he invited me to partake of.

I found that his family consisted of his wife—an Anglo-Indian lady—three charming daughters, his eldest son, Ronald Odell, a young man about four-and-twenty, and a younger son, a youth of twelve. The family were waited upon at table by two parlour-maids, the butler, and a page-boy. The butler was an elderly, sedate, gentlemanly-looking man ; the boy had an open, frank face, and the same remark applied to the two girls. As I studied them I saw nothing calculated to raise my suspicions in any way. Indeed, I felt instinctively that I could safely pledge myself for their honesty.

When the luncheon was over the Colonel produced cigars, and the ladies and the youngest boy having retired, the host, his

son Ronald and I ensconced ourselves in comfortable chairs, and proceeded to smoke. Ronald Odell was a most extraordinary looking young fellow. He had been born and brought up in India, and seemed to suffer from an unconquerable lassitude that gave him a lifeless, insipid appearance. He was very dark, with dreamy, languid eyes, and an expressionless face of a peculiar sallowness. He was tall and thin, with hands that were most noticeable, owing to the length, flexibility, and thinness of the fingers. He sat in the chair with his body huddled up as it were ; his long legs stretched straight out before him ; his pointed chin resting on his chest, while he seemed to smoke his cigar as if unconscious of what he was doing.

It was natural that the robbery should form a topic of conversation as we smoked and sipped some excellent claret, and at last I turned to the Colonel, and said :—

"It seems to me that there is a certain mystery about this robbery which is very puzzling. But, now, don't you think it's probable that somebody living under your roof holds the key to the mystery ?"

"God bless my life, no !" answered the Colonel, with emphatic earnestness. "I haven't a servant in the house but that I would trust with my life !"

"What is your view of the case, Mr. Ronald ?" I said, turning to the son.

Without raising his head, he answered in a lisping, drawling, dreamy way :—

"It's a queer business ; and I don't think the governor will ever get his skull back."

"I hope you will prove incorrect in that," I said. "My impression is that, if the Colonel puts the matter into the hands of some clever detective, the mystery will be solved."

"No," drawled the young fellow, "there isn't a detective fellow in London capable of finding out how that skull was stolen, and where it has been taken to. Not even Dick Donovan, who is said to have no rival in his line."

I think my face coloured a little as he unwittingly paid me this compliment. Though my character for the nonce was that of a clergyman I did not enter into any argument with him ; but merely remarked that I thought he was wrong. At any rate, I hoped so, for his father's sake.

Master Ronald made no further remark, but remained silent for some time, and seemingly so absorbed in his own reflections that he took no notice of the con-

versation carried on by me and his father ; and presently, having finished his cigar, he rose, stretched his long, flexible body, and without a word left the room.

"You mustn't take any notice of my son," said the Colonel, apologetically. "He is very queer in his manners, for he is constitutionally weak, and has peculiar ideas about things in general. He dislikes clergymen, for one thing, and that is the reason, no doubt, why he has been so boorish towards you. For, of course, he is deceived by your garb, as all in the house are, excepting myself and wife. I felt it advisable to tell her who you are, in order to prevent her asking you any awkward questions that you might not be prepared to answer."

I smiled as I told him I had made a study of the various characters I was called upon to assume in pursuit of my calling, and that I was generally able to talk the character as well as dress it.

A little later he conducted me downstairs, in order that I might see the rest of the servants, consisting of a most amiable cook, whose duties appeared to agree with her remarkably well, and three other women, including a scullery-maid ; while in connection with the stables were a coachman, a groom, and a boy.

Having thus passed the household in review, as it were, I next requested that I might be allowed to spend a quarter of an hour or so alone in the room from whence the skull and other things had been stolen. Whilst in the room with the Colonel I had formed an opinion which I felt it desirable to keep to myself, and my object in asking to visit the room alone was to put this opinion to the test,

The floor was of dark old oak, polished and waxed, and there was not a single board that was movable. Having satisfied myself of that fact, I next proceeded to examine the wainscoting with the greatest care, and after going over every inch of it, I came to a part that gave back a hollow sound to my raps. I experienced a strange sense of delight as I discovered this, for it, so far, confirmed me in my opinion that the room had been entered by a secret door, and here was evidence of a door. The antiquity of the house and the oak paneling had had something to do with this opinion, for I knew that in old houses of the kind secret doors were by no means uncommon.



"I CAME TO A PART THAT GAVE BACK A HOLLOW SOUND."

Although I was convinced that the panel which gave back a hollow sound when rapped was a door, I could detect no means of opening it. Save that it sounded hollow, it was exactly like the other panels, and there was no appearance of any lock or spring, and as the time I had stipulated for had expired, I rejoined the Colonel, and remarked to him incidentally—

"I suppose there is no way of entering that room except by the doorway from the landing?"

"Oh no, certainly not. The window is too small, and the chimney is barred,

as you know, for I saw you examining it."

My object in asking the question was to see if he suspected in any way the existence of a secret door ; but it was now very obvious that he did nothing of the kind, and I did not deem it advisable to tell him of my own suspicions.

"You say you are obliged to depart for Egypt to-morrow, Colonel?" I asked.

"Yes. I start to-morrow night."

"Then I must ask you to give me *carte blanche* in this matter."

"Oh, certainly."

"And in order to facilitate my plans it would be as well to make a confidante of Mrs. Odell. The rest you must leave to me."

"What do you think the chances are of discovering the thief?" he asked, with a dubious expression.

"I *shall* discover him," I answered emphatically. Whereupon the Colonel looked more than surprised, and proceeded to rattle off a string of questions with the object of learning why I spoke so decisively. But I was compelled to tell him that I could give him no reason, for though I had worked out a theory which intuitively I believed to be right, I had not at that moment a shred of acceptable proof in support of my theory, and that therefore I could not commit myself to raising suspicions against anyone until I was prepared to do something more than justify them.

He seemed rather disappointed, although he admitted the soundness of my argument.

"By the way, Colonel," I said, as I was about to take my departure, after having had a talk with his wife, "does it so happen that there is anything the matter with the roof of your house?"

"Not that I am aware of," he answered, opening his eyes wide with amazement at what no doubt seemed to him an absurd question. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to go on the roof without attracting the attention of anyone."

"Let us go at once, then," he said eagerly.

"No, not now. But I see that the greater part of the roof is flat, and leaded. Now, in the course of two or three days I shall present myself here in the guise of a plumber, and I shall be obliged by your giving orders that I am to be allowed to ascend to the roof without let or hindrance, as the lawyers say."

"Oh, certainly I will; but it seems to me an extraordinary proceeding," he exclaimed.

I told him that many things necessarily seemed extraordinary when the reasons for them were not understood, and with that remark I took my departure, having promised the Colonel to do everything mortal man could do to recover the lost skull.

Three days later I went down to the Manor disguised as a working plumber, and was admitted without any difficulty, as the Colonel had left word that a man was coming down from London to examine the

roof. As a servant was showing me upstairs to the top landing, where a trap-door in the ceiling gave access to the leads, I passed Ronald Odell on the stairs. He was attired in a long dressing-gown, had Turkish slippers on his feet, a fez on his head, and a cigar in his mouth, from which he was puffing great volumes of smoke. His face was almost ghastly in its pallor, and his eyes had the same dreamy look which I had noticed on my first visit. His hands were thrust deep in his pockets, and his movements and manner were suggestive of a person walking in his sleep, rather than a waking conscious man. This suggestion was heightened by the fact that before I could avoid him he ran full butt against me. That, however, seemed to partially arouse him from his lethargic condition, and turning round, with a fierceness of expression that I scarcely deemed him capable of, he exclaimed—

"You stupid fool, why don't you look where you are going to?"

I muttered out an apology, and he strode down the stairs growling to himself.

"Who is that?" I asked of the servant.

"That's the master's eldest son."

"He is a queer-looking fellow."

"I should think he was," answered the girl with a sniggering laugh. "I should say he has a slate off."

"Well, upon my word I should be inclined to agree with you," I remarked.

"What does he do?"

"Nothing but smoke the greater part of the day."

"Does he follow no business or profession?"

"Not that I know of; though he generally goes out between six and seven in the evening, and does not come back till late."

"Where does he go to?"

"Oh, I don't know. He doesn't tell us servants his affairs. But there's something very queer about him. I don't like his looks at all."

"Doesn't his father exercise any control over him?"

"Not a bit of it. Why, his father dotes on him, and would try and get the moon for him if he wanted it."

"And what about his mother?"

"Well, her favourite is young Master Tom. He's a nice lad, now, as different again to his brother. In fact, I think the missus is afraid of Mr. Ronald. He doesn't treat his mother at all well. And now that the Colonel has gone away we shall all

have a pretty time of it. He's a perfect demon in the house when his father is not here."

As we had now reached the ladder that gave access to the trap door in the roof, I requested the maid to wait while I went outside.

My object in going on to the roof was to see if there was any communication between there and the "Treasure Chamber." But the only thing I noticed was a trap door on a flat part of the roof between two chimney stalks. I tried to lift the door, but found it fastened. So after a time I went back to where I had left the servant, and inquired of her where the communication with the other trap door was, and she answered—

"Oh, I think that's in the lumber room; but nobody ever goes in there. They say it's haunted." I laughed, and she added, with a toss of her head, "Well, I tell you, I've heard some very queer noises there myself. Me and Jane, the upper housemaid, sleep in a room adjoining it, and we've sometimes been frightened out of our wits."

I requested her to show me where the room was, as I was anxious to see if there was any leakage from the roof. This she did, and in order to reach the room we had to mount up a back staircase, and traverse a long passage. At the end of the passage she pushed open a door, saying, "There you are, but I ain't a-going in."

As the room was in total darkness I requested her to procure me a candle, which she at once got, and then she left me to explore the room alone. It was filled up with a miscellaneous collection of lumber, boxes and packing cases predominating. There

was a small window, but it was closely shuttered, and a flight of wooden steps led to the trap door I had noticed on the roof. I examined these steps very carefully, and found that they were thickly encrusted with dirt and dust, and had not been trodden upon for a very long time. The door was fastened down by means of a chain that was padlocked to a staple in the wall; and chain and padlock were very rusty. The walls of the room were wainscoted, and the wainscot in places was decayed and worm-eaten.

Going down on my knees, I minutely examined the floor through a magnifying glass and detected foot-marks made with slippered feet, and I found they led to one particular corner of the room where a sort of gangway had been formed by the boxes and other lumber being moved on one side. This was very suggestive, and rapping on the wainscot I found that it was hollow. For some time I searched for a means of opening it, but without result, until with almost startling suddenness, as I passed my hand up and down the side of the woodwork, the door swung back. I had unconsciously touched the spring, and peering into the black void thus disclosed by the opening of the door, I was enabled to discern by the flickering light of the candle, the head of a flight of stone steps, that were obviously built in the



"THE DOOR SWUNG BACK."

thickness of the wall.

At this discovery I almost exclaimed "Eureka!" for I now felt that I had the key to the mystery. As I did not wish the servant to know what I was doing, I went to the passage to satisfy myself that she was not observing my movements; but a dread of the ghost-haunted lumber-room

had caused her to take herself off altogether.

Closing the door of the room, I returned to the aperture in the wainscot, and minutely examined the head of the steps, where I saw unmistakable traces of the slippered feet which were so noticeable in the dust that covered the floor of the room. Descending the steps, which were very narrow, I reached the bottom, and found further progress barred by a door that was without handle or lock; but, after some time, I discovered a small wooden knob sunk in the woodwork at the side, and, pressing this, the door, with almost absolute noiselessness, slid back, and lo! the "Treasure Chamber" was revealed. In the face of this discovery, I no longer entertained a doubt that the thief had entered the room by means of this secret passage. And there was no one in the whole household upon whom my suspicions fixed with the exception of Ronald Odell. If my assumption that he was the thief was correct, the mystery was so far explained; and my next step was to discover why he had robbed his father, and what he had done with the property. He was so strange and peculiar that somehow I could not imagine that he had stolen the things merely for the sake of vulgar gain, my impression being that in carrying off the jewelled skull he was actuated by some extraordinary motive, quite apart from the mere question of theft, and this determined me to shadow him for a time in the hope that I should succeed in soon obtaining distinct evidence that my theory was correct.

Before leaving the house, I sought an interview with Mrs. Odell, who was anxious to know what the result was of my investigation; but I considered it advisable, in the then state of matters, to withhold from her the discovery I had made. But, as her curiosity to learn what I had been doing on the roof was very great, I informed her that my theory was at first that there was some connection between the roof and the "Treasure Chamber"; but, though I had not proved that to be correct, I nevertheless was of opinion that the purloiner of the articles resided in the house. Whereupon she very naturally asked me if I suspected any particular person. I answered her candidly that I did; but that, in the absence of anything like proof, I should not be justified in naming anyone. I assured her, however, that I would use the most

strenuous efforts to obtain the proof I wanted. Before leaving her, I remarked in a casual sort of way—

"I suppose Mr. Ronald is at the head of affairs during his father's absence?"

"Well," she began, with evident reluctance to say anything against her son, "Ronald is of a very peculiar disposition. He seems to live quite within himself, as it were, and takes no interest in anything. As a matter of fact, I see very little of him, for he usually spends his evenings from home, and does not return until late. The greater part of the day he keeps to his rooms. I am sure I am quite concerned about him at times."

The confidential way in which she told me this, and the anxious expression of her face, sufficiently indicated that Ronald was a source of great trouble to her. But I refrained, from motives of delicacy, from pursuing the subject, and was about to take my departure, when she said, with great emphasis—

"I do hope, Mr. Donovan, that you will be successful in recovering the goblet; for, quite apart from its intrinsic value, my husband sets great store upon it, and his distress when he found it had been stolen was really pitiable."

I assured her that it would not be my fault if I failed, and I said that, unless the goblet had been destroyed for the sake of the jewels and the gold, I thought it was very probable that it would be recovered. I spoke thus confidently because I was convinced that I had got the key to the puzzle, and that it would be relatively easy to fit in the rest of the pieces, particularly if I could find out where Ronald Odell spent his evenings; for to me there was something singularly suggestive in his going away from home at nights. That fact was clearly a source of grief to his mother, and she had made it evident to me that she did not know where he went to, nor why he went. But it fell to my lot to solve this mystery a week later. I shadowed him to a house situated in a *cul de sac* in the very heart of the city of London. The houses in this place were tall, imposing looking buildings, and had once been the homes of gentry and people of position. Their day of glory, however, had passed, and they were now for the most part utilised as offices, and were occupied by solicitors, agents, &c. It was a quiet, gloomy sort of region, although it led out of one of the busiest thoroughfares of the great metro-

polis ; but at the bottom of the *cul* was a wall, and beyond that again an ancient burial - place, where the dust of many generations of men reposed. The wall was overtopped by the branches of a few stunted trees that were rooted in the graveyard ; and these trees looked mournful and melancholy, with their blackened branches and soot-darkened leaves.

The house to which I traced Ronald Odell was the last one in the *cul* on the left-hand side, and consequently it abutted on the graveyard. It was the one house not utilised as offices, and I ascertained that it was in the occupation of a club consisting of Anglo-Indians. But what they did, or why they met, no one seemed able to tell. The premises were in charge of a Hindoo and his wife, and the members of the club met on an average five nights a week. All this was so much more mystery, but it was precisely in accord with the theory I had been working out in my own mind.

The next afternoon I went to the house, and the door was opened to my knock by the Hindoo woman, who was a mild-eyed, sad-looking little creature ; I asked her if she could give me some particulars of the club that was held there, and she informed me that it was known as "The Indian Dreamers' Club." But beyond that scrap of information she did not seem disposed to go.

"You had better come when my husband is here," she said, thereby giving me to understand that her husband was absent. But as I deemed it probable that she might prove more susceptible to my persuasive influences than her husband, I asked her if she would allow me to see over the premises. She declined to do this until I displayed before her greedy eyes certain gold coins of the realm, which proved too much for her cupidity, and she consented to let me go inside. The entrance-hall was carpeted with a thick, massive carpet, that deadened every footfall, and the walls were hung with black velvet. A broad flight of stairs led up from the end of the passage, but they were masked by heavy curtains. The gloom and sombreness of the place were most depressing, and a strange, sickening odour pervaded the air. Led by the dusky woman I passed through a curtained doorway, and found myself in a most extensive apartment, that ran the whole depth of the building. From this apartment all daylight was excluded, the light being obtained from a large lamp of

blood-coloured glass, and which depended from the centre of the ceiling. There was also a niche at each end of the room, where a lamp of the old Roman pattern burnt. The walls of the room were hung with purple velvet curtains, and the ceiling was also draped with the same material, while the floor was covered with a rich Indian carpet into which the feet sank. In the centre of the room was a table also covered with velvet, and all round the room were most luxurious couches, with velvet cushions and costly Indian rugs. The same sickly odour that I had already noticed pervaded this remarkable chamber, which was like a tomb in its silence ; for no sound reached one from the busy world without.

Although all the lamps were lighted it took me some time to accustom my eyes to the gloom and to observe all the details of the extraordinary apartment. Then I noted that on the velvet on one side of the room was inscribed in letters of gold, that were strikingly conspicuous against the sombre background, this sentence :

"TO DREAM IS TO LIVE ! DREAM ON,
FOR TO AWAKEN IS TO DIE !"

The dim light and the sombre upholstery of the room gave it a most weird and uncanny appearance, and I could not help associating with the Indian Dreamers' Club, rites and ceremonies that were far from orthodox ; while the sentence on the velvet, and which I took to be the club's motto, was like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. It was pregnant with a terrible meaning.

While I was still engaged in examining the room a bell rang, and instantly the Hindoo woman became greatly excited, for she said it was her husband, and that he would be so fiercely angry if he found me there that she would not be responsible for the consequences. She therefore thrust me into a recess where a statue had formerly stood, but the statue had been removed, and a velvet curtain hung before the recess. Nothing could have happened more in accord with my desire than this. For I was resolved, whatever the consequences were, to remain in my place of concealment until I had solved the mystery of the club. There was an outer and an inner door, both of them being thickly padded with felt and covered with velvet. When the woman had retired and closed these doors the silence was absolute. Not a sound came to my ears. The atmosphere

was heavy, and I experienced a sense of languor that was altogether unusual.

I ventured from my place of concealment to still further explore the apartment.

But I gave her to understand that nothing would turn me from my resolve ; and if she chose to aid me in carrying out my purpose, she might look for ample reward. Recog-



"COME, WHILE THERE IS YET A CHANCE !

I found that the lounges were all of the most delightful and seductive softness, and the tapestries, the cushions, and the curtains were of the richest possible description. It certainly was a place to lie and dream in, shut off from the noise and fret of the busy world. At one end of the room was a large chest of some sort of carved Indian wood. It was bound round with iron bands and fastened with a huge brass padlock. While I was wondering to myself what this chest contained, the door opened and the Indian woman glided in. Seizing me by the arm, she whispered—

"Come, while there is yet a chance. My husband has gone upstairs, but he will return in a few minutes."

"When do the members of the club meet ?" I asked.

"At seven o'clock."

"Then I shall remain in that place of concealment until they meet !" I answered firmly.

She wrung her hands in distress, and turned her dark eyes on me imploringly.

nising that argument would be of no avail, and evidently in great dread of her husband, she muttered :

"The peril then be on your own head ! " and without another word she left the room.

The peril she hinted at did not concern me. In fact, I did not even trouble myself to think what the peril might be. I was too much interested for that, feeling as I did that I was about to witness a revelation.

The hours passed slowly by, and as seven drew on I concealed myself once more in the recess, and by slightly moving the curtain back at the edge, I was enabled to command a full view of the room. Presently the door opened, and the husband of the woman came in. He was a tall, powerful, fierce-looking man, wearing a large turban, and dressed in Indian costume. He placed three or four small lamps, already lighted, and enclosed in ruby glass, on the table ; and also a number of quaint Indian drinking cups made of silver, which I

recognised from the description as those that had been stolen from the Manor a year or so previously, together with twelve magnificent hookahs. These preparations completed, he retired, and a quarter of an hour later he returned and wound up a large musical box which I had not noticed, owing to its being concealed behind a curtain. The box began to play muffled and plaintive music. The sounds were so softened, the music was so dreamy and sweet, and seemed so far off, that the effect was unlike anything I had ever before heard. A few minutes later, and the Indian once more appeared. This time he wore a sort of dressing-gown of some rich material braided with gold. He walked backwards, and following him in single file were twelve men, the first being Ronald Odell. Five of them were men of colour; three of the others were half-castes, the rest were whites. But they all had the languid, dreamy appearance which characterised Odell, who, as I was to subsequently learn, was their leader and president.

They ranged themselves round the table silently as ghosts; and, without a word, Ronald Odell handed a key to the Indian, who proceeded to unlock the chest I have referred to, and he took therefrom the skull goblet which had been carried off from Colonel Odell's "Treasure Chamber" by—could there any longer be a doubt?—his own son. The skull, which was provided with two gold handles, and rested on gold claws, was placed on the table before the president, who poured into it the contents of two small bottles which were given to him by the attendant, who took them from the chest. He then stirred the decoction up with a long-handled silver spoon of very rich design and workmanship, and which I recognised, from the description that had been given to me, as one that had been taken from the Colonel's collection. As this strange mixture was stirred, the sickening, overpowering odour that I had noticed on first entering the place became so strong as to almost overcome me, and I felt as if I should suffocate. But I struggled against the feeling as well as I could. The president next poured a small portion of the liquor into each of the twelve cups that had been provided, and as he raised his own to his lips he said—

"Brother dreamers, success to our club! May your dreams be sweet and long!"

The others bowed, but made no response, and each man drained the draught, which

I guessed to be some potent herbal decoction for producing sleep. Then each man rose and went to a couch, and the attendant handed him a hookah, applied a light to the bowl, and from the smell that arose it was evident the pipes were charged with opium. As these drugged opium smokers leaned back on the luxurious couches, the concealed musical-box continued to play its plaintive melodies. A drowsy languor pervaded the room, and affected me to such extent that I felt as if I must be dreaming, and that the remarkable scene before my eyes was a dream vision that would speedily fade away.

One by one the pipes fell from the nerveless grasp of the smokers, and were removed by the attendant. And when the last man had sunk into insensibility, the Indian filled a small cup with some of the liquor from the skull goblet, and drained it off. Then he charged a pipe with opium, and, coiling himself up on an ottoman, he began to smoke, until he, like the others, yielded to the soporific influences of the drug and the opium and went to sleep.

My hour of triumph had come. I stepped from my place of concealment, feeling faint and strange, and all but overcome by an irresistible desire to sleep. The potent fumes that filled the air begot a sensation in me that was not unlike drunkenness. But I managed to stagger to the table, seize the goblet and the spoon, and make my way to the door. As I gained the passage the Hindoo woman confronted me, for she was about to enter the room.

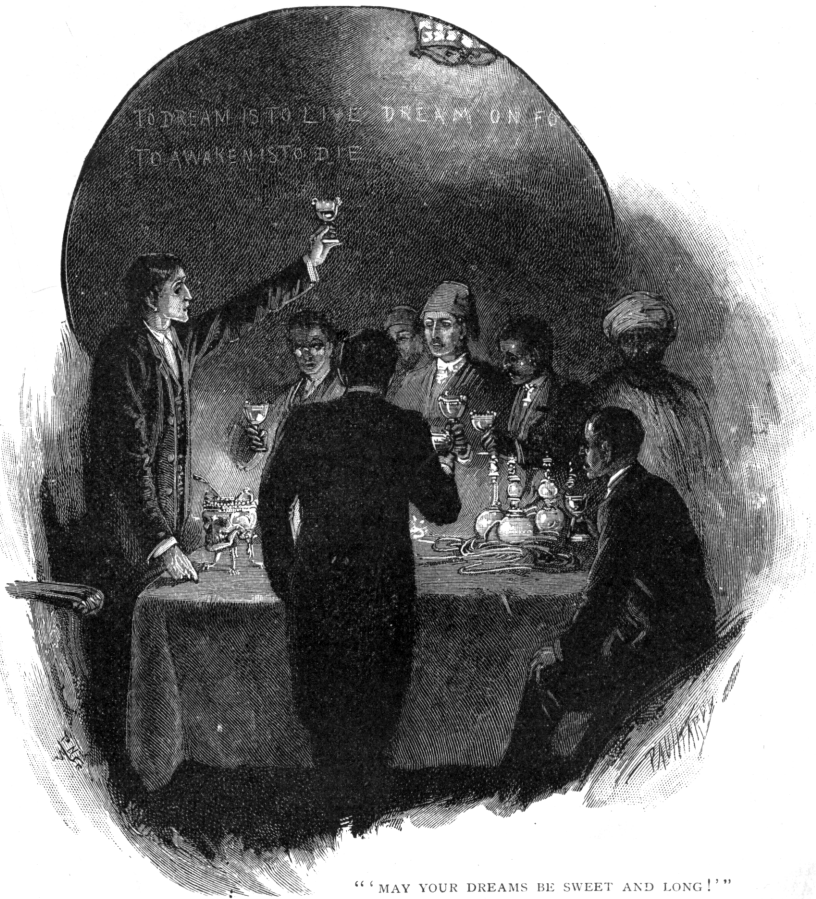
"What is the meaning of this?" she cried, as she endeavoured to bar my passage.

"Stand back!" I said, sternly. "I am a detective officer. These things have been stolen, and I am about to restore them to their rightful owner."

She manifested supreme distress, but recognised her powerlessness. She dared not raise an alarm, and she might as well have tried to awaken the dead in the adjoining churchyard as those heavily drugged sleepers. And so I gained the street; and the intense sense of relief I experienced as I sucked in draughts of the cold, fresh air cannot be described. Getting to the thoroughfare I hailed a cab, and drove home with my prizes, and the following morning I telegraphed to Egypt to an address the Colonel had given me, informing him that I had recovered the goblet.

The same day I went down to the Manor at Esher, and had an interview with Mrs. Odell. I felt, in the interest of her son, that it was my duty to tell her all I had

nounced it to be a very powerful and peculiar narcotic, made from a combination of Indian herbs with which he was not familiar.



learnt the previous night. She was terribly distressed, but stated that she had suspected for some time that her son was given to opium smoking, though she had no idea he carried the habit to such a remarkable extreme. She requested me to retain possession of the goblet and the spoon until her husband's return, and, in the meantime, she promised to take her weak and misguided son to task, and to have the secret passage in the wall effectually stopped up.

I should mention that I had managed to save a small quantity of the liquor that was in the goblet when I removed it from the club table; and I sent this to a celebrated analytical chemist for analysis, who pro-

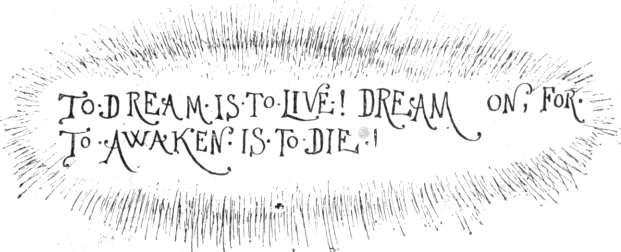
The *dénouement* has yet to be recorded. A few days later Ronald Odell, after drugging himself as usual, was found dead on one of the couches at the club. This necessitated an inquest, and the verdict was that he had died from a narcotic, but whether taken with the intention of destroying life or merely to produce sleep there was no evidence to show. Although I had no evidence to offer, I was firmly convinced in my own mind that the poor weak fellow had committed suicide, from a sense of shame at the discovery I had made.

Of course, after this tragic affair, and the exposure it entailed, the Indian Dreamers' Club was broken up, and all its luxurious

appointments were sold by auction, and its members dispersed. It appeared that one of the rules was that the members of the club should never exceed twelve in number. What became of the remaining eleven I never knew ; but it was hardly likely they would abandon the pernicious habits they had acquired.

In the course of six months Colonel Odell returned from Egypt, and though he was much cut up by the death of his son, he was exceedingly gratified at the recovery

of the peculiar goblet, which the misguided youth had no doubt purloined under the impression that it was useless in his father's treasure room, but that it would more fittingly adorn the table of the Dreamers' Club, of which he was the president. I could not help thinking that part of the motto of the club was singularly appropriate in his case : " Dream on, for to awaken is to die." He had awakened from his dream, and passed into that state where dreams perplex not.



TO DREAM IS TO LIVE! DREAM ON, FOR
TO AWAKEN IS TO DIE!

[IT will be observed that this month there is no detective story by Mr. Conan Doyle relating the adventures of the celebrated Mr. Sherlock Holmes. We are glad to be able to announce that there is to be only a temporary interval in the publication of these stories. Mr. Conan Doyle is now engaged upon writing a second series, which will be commenced in an early number. During this short interval powerful detective stories by other eminent writers will be published. Next month will appear an interview with Mr. Conan Doyle, containing amongst other interesting matter some particulars concerning Mr. Sherlock Holmes.]

Popular Composers.

SIGNOR TOSTI.



IGNOR TOSTI was born at Ortona al Mare, in the province of Abbruzzi, Italy, and commenced his studies in the Conservatoire at Naples.

At that time the violin was his chosen instrument, and he succeeded in gaining first prize for it, which entitled him to a free scholarship in the Conservatoire. He continued studying until the age of twenty, singing and harmony being his chief objects. His first songs were "Non M'ama Piu" and "Lamento

d'Amore." Curiously enough, both of these songs were refused by three Italian publishers, but eventually became his most popular Italian songs, and Riccordi, one of the Italian publishers who refused to buy them or publish them, paid a large sum for them a year after. Ever since this transaction Riccordi has continued to publish his Italian songs. In consequence of the success of his songs in Italy, he was appointed teacher to Queen Marguerite. In the year 1876 Signor Tosti first came to London, and with his very first song caught the public's fancy with "For Ever and for Ever." His most popular songs are "For Ever and for Ever" and "Good-bye"; of the later ones "Beauties' Eyes," "Venetian Song," and "My Heart's Delight." Like many

other composers, the melodies he himself liked best failed to become popular. In Signor Tosti's opinion, the real success of a popular song lies sometimes in the prelude, sometimes in a happy interval, or a happy cadence, but always in having something that reminds the ear of something else. His rich passionate Southern melodies have won their way to our English hearts, and Tosti is a name that has long since shed its foreign garb, and has become to our music-loving folk a household word. Signor Tosti intends to remain in England for many years to come, it being, as he remarks, "his second home."



From a]

SIGNOR TOSTI.

[Photograph.]

FRANK LEWIS MOIR.

Mr. Moir was born at Market Harborough, and, having lost his father, who was an artist, before he was three years old, received his first musical teaching from his mother, but was educated at the South Kensington School of Art to follow the profession of



From a Photo. by]

FRANK L. MOIR.

[Barraud,

his father. But the boy was a born musician, and, having in 1880 gained an open scholarship at the National Training School of Music over the heads of forty competitors, he decided to pursue the course to which his natural genius clearly summoned him, and to follow music as a profession. His work brought him under the notice of Mr. John Boosey, by whom he was engaged for a term of years to write only for his firm. Among the songs written during that period was "Only Once More," one of the most popular songs ever produced by any composer. To mention his later songs would be superfluous; there are works amongst them which are household words in every home where music is loved. Our readers need not be reminded of Mr. Moir's song, "The Winding Walk," which appeared in our No. of December last.

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

Mr. Lawrence Kellie was born in the neighbourhood of Maida Vale. He was articled as a solicitor's clerk for five years,

but after the expiration of two, he abandoned law for music, which he felt was the true bent of his future career. At the early age of four, he used to extemporise, and at fifteen published his first piece, a gavotte for the piano, under a *nom de plume*. One year after giving up the law he entered into a contract with Metzler & Co. to write for them for three years. This agreement was renewed for another three years, and terminated last Christmas. During that period he has attained well-deserved popularity with several compositions—"Douglas Gordon," "Sleeping Tide," "You ask me why I love," "An Autumn Story," and "A Winter Love Song," being his chief successes. He creates all his own songs in the series of recitals which he gives in London and the provinces. Mr. Kellie has a select school of followers, and his recitals at Steinway Hall are always attended by a fashionable throng; his compositions have a very marked individuality, and in his rendering of a song he very happily defines the kinship between recitation and singing.



From a Photo. by]

LAWRENCE KELLIE.

[Window & Grove,

WALTER SLAUGHTER.

Mr. Walter Slaughter was born in the year 1860, in the neighbourhood of Fitzroy-square. His career began as a chorister in St. Andrew's, Wells-street, at the age of eleven, where he sang for two years. One or two other people who have since become famous were there, amongst them Thurley Beale, Oliver King, and Edward



From a Photo. by] WALTER SLAUGHTER. [J. H. Soper, Battersea.

Lloyd, the celebrated tenor. His father was far from musical; as Mr. Slaughter quaintly puts it, "he knew when 'God Save the Queen' was played because people stood up, and that helped him to recognise it, but that was his full musical knowledge." At the age of thirteen he left the choir, and finished his education at the City of London School, after which he spent a little time in a wine-merchant's office, and then was employed in the music-publishing firm of Metzler. While there, he studied under Cellier and Mr. Jacobi, working hard at orchestration, and soon making a reputation as a writer of dramatic music, which continued to increase until the very successful opera of "Marjorie" put the climax to his fame. As a song writer, he has scored a decided success with "Dear Homeland" and "Gondola Dreams." His latest song is "I Surrender," published at Cramer & Co.'s, Regent-street.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEL.

This celebrated pianist and composer was born on May 24, 1841, in Campobasso, near Naples. He commenced to study at the early age of four, under his father, whose musical instrument was the flute, and profession that of a solicitor. After his father, his master was the great teacher Thalberg. All his studies were conducted at home, his teachers in harmony being Signors Parisi, Ruta, Conti, and Raimondi. Amidst great success, he gave his first large public concert at Naples on September 28, 1846; he was then only five years old. Nearly all the notable musicians were present, amongst them such people as Mercadante, the director of the Naples Conservatoire, and the famous Lablache, who, being very stout, bought two seats to accommodate himself. From then up to the year 1851 he studied, and gave concerts near Naples and in Palermo and Messina. In 1852 he made his *début* in Rome, with so much success that he was presented with a special diploma, and had the honour of a professorship conferred on him by the Accademia di Santa Cecilia at Florence. He was admitted to the Societa Filarmonica. In the same year



From a Photo. by] SIGNOR TITO MATTEL. [Walery.

he went to Florence, where he met Rossini, who called him his colleague, and gave him eventually a host of letters with special recommendation to the leading musicians and patrons of music in Paris and London.

It was also in this year that he had the honour of playing at the Court of Victor Emanuel ; and, after the performance, the present King, who was then about the same age as Mattei—eleven—came forward bearing a large tray of sweets, and presented it to him, saying, "This is for you and your friends." During his stay in Turin the Marchioness of Barolo offered to adopt him, and the Duke of Litta offered to do likewise ; but the boy's father refused to part with him.

It was in the year 1853 that he first came to London. His first appearance here was at Mr. Ella's Musical Union.

His first piece published was a waltz called "Mattei's Waltz," which was the means of establishing his fame as a composer far and wide, being very popular throughout all Europe. After this came his celebrated "Non è ver," then "Non Torno," "Oh, oh, hear the wild winds blow !" and a very great number of pianoforte pieces and songs.

Among his later productions are "Dear Heart," "Kiss and Good-bye," "Chit-Chat," the opera "La Prima Donna," produced at the Avenue, and the following songs :—
"Only Mine,"
"What will you do without me?"
"Beside Me," and his latest song, a bolero, "Carita."

ISIDORE DE LARA.

Mr. De Lara was born in London on the 9th of August, 1858. He commenced to study the piano at the age of ten, under Mr. Aguilar ; at thirteen he made his first appearance before the public, and continued to play in many recitals. At fifteen he went to Milan, where he studied at the Conservatoire of Music under Signor Mazzucato for composition, and Signor Lamperti for singing. He remained in Italy for three years, taking the grand

prize for composition. On his return to England, he commenced to make use of his voice and talent for composing. His first song of note was one named "Only a Song," written about 1882. He next produced a comic opera, "The Royal Word," libretto by Mr. Henry Hersee. His next compositions of note were a choral work, "Song of Orval," poem by Lord Lytton, and a cycle of melodies, "To the Palms," words by Lord Lytton. Of songs he has written about 150, out of which the most popular are : "Mine To-day," "All of my All," "How will it Be ?" "The Beginning of the Story," "After Silent Years," and "The Garden of Sleep." Mr. De Lara owes a fair share of his fame to his public recitals, of which he has given over two hundred during the last ten years. Nature has endowed him with a good voice, and that, together with his undoubted ability as a composer, has brought Mr. De Lara to the position he now holds in the musical world. His last work is an opera, viz., "The Light of Asia." This was originally a sacred cantata, written for concert work, but, at Mr. Maurel's suggestion, it was

converted into an opera, and was produced by Sir Augustus Harris last month. Mr. De Lara is now writing an opera, with Sir Augustus Harris's libretto, the first act of which is finished. The subject is "Kenilworth."

MILTON WELLINGS.

Mr. Milton Wellings was born in 1851, in the county of Stafford. His father, Mr. Joseph Wellings, being an amateur musician, and perceiving his son's love of music, determined to take his musical education into his own hands. The first song Mr. Wellings published was entitled "In the Twilight," which did not attract any



From a

ISIDORE DE LARA.

[Photograph.]

special notice; a later one, however, became fairly successful, named "At the Ferry," and at length, amongst many others, he published the song that was destined to make his name popular wherever the



From a Photo. by]

MILTON WELLINGS.

[Deenham & Gould,
Courtenmouth.

English tongue was spoken or sung: the name of this song was "Some Day." There is a little incident in connection with this song which illustrates once more how craftily Dame Fortune leads her favoured ones through a maze of circumstances to fame. Mr. Milton Wellings' wife had embarked on board a yacht, which had met with an accident. The news of the accident had been conveyed to Mr. Wellings, and it was during his nervous pacing up and down the room that his eyes lighted on a poem, half open on the table, by Hugh Conway. To try and chase his fears away regarding his wife he abstractedly took it up, and by some strange chance the first line actually painted his feelings of distress at that moment. With his attention now riveted on the poems, he read them through, and unconsciously the melody of "Some Day" sprang into life.

Emboldened by the success of his song,

Mr. Wellings is now engaged on a novel bearing the same title, let us hope with as favourable a termination in its plot as the foregoing episode, as Mrs. Wellings escaped from all injury. Mr. Wellings is busy on several orchestral works, which are nearly ready to submit to the public.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

Mr. Berthold Tours was born December 17, 1838, at Rotterdam. His father was the organist at St. Lawrence Church there, and gave him his first instruction in music, particularly in the violin. He studied also under Verhulst, who was the intimate friend of Mendelssohn and Schumann. At seventeen he was sent to Leipsic, where, as one of the high-class violin pupils, he was allowed the distinction of playing in the world-famed Gewand-haus concerts. Among his fellow students at the Conservatoire was Arthur Sullivan. After leaving Leipsic he accepted an offer to become a member of the private string quartette of Prince George Galitzin, the son of Prince Nicholas Galitzin. He came to London in 1861 at the request of Prince Galitzin, who was then residing in England. Like many others his efforts to succeed in London were very trying, but at length he arrested the attention of Mr. Joseph Barnby, then musical adviser to Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co., by a couple of anthems, and the interest aroused in Mr. Barnby resulted in the publication of many works which Mr. Tours had previously written. The anthems



From a Photo. by]

BERTHOLD TOURS.

[E. Riess, Berlin.

alluded to above were "Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house," and "To Thee, O Lord." Since then Mr. Tours has established his popularity as a song-writer, having published about a hundred songs. Among the best known are "Stars of the Summer Night," "The Angel at the Window," "The Three Singers," "Because of Thee," "Two Dreams," and "The New Kingdom," and a setting of "Our Enemies are Fallen," from "The Princess," for the Tennyson collection of songs.

SIGNOR DENZA.

Signor Denza was born in Castellamare di Stabia, near Naples, on February 24, 1846. His talent for music was discovered at the age of seven. He commenced his studies at the Conservatoire of Naples, where in a year he gained a free scholarship. His first popular work was a Neapolitan song named "T' Allicuorde," after which followed several French and Italian songs, notably "Giulia," "Si tu m'aimais," but the best adapted to the public taste proved to be "Se." These productions were very successful early efforts. It was in the year 1879



From a Photo. by]

SIGNOR DENZA.

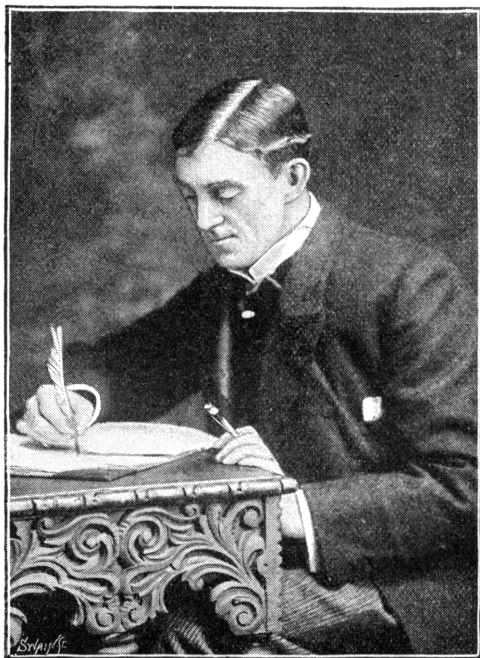
[Walery.

that Signor Denza first came to London. His first songs here were "Come to Me," "Call me Back," "Marguerite," and "River of Rest." In the year 1883 he was appointed Professor of Singing at the London Academy of Music under Dr. Wild. On the death of

Dr. Wild he was appointed a director, which post he now holds. Signor Denza has received the decoration of honour for music from Queen Marguerite. His latest songs are "Hush-a-Bye," "The Sweetest Song," "No More," "Flower of my Soul," "Light of the Day," and "Recalled," words by George Arthur Binnie.

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY (York Herald).

Mr. Alfred Scott Gatty is the second surviving son of the Rev. Alfred Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, in the county of



From a Photo. by]

ALFRED SCOTT GATTY.

[W. & D. Downey.

York, and Sub-Dean of York Cathedral. He was born at the Vicarage, Ecclesfield, on the 26th of April, 1847. His mother, Mrs. Alfred Gatty, was a well-known writer in her time, being the authoress of "Parables from Nature," &c., and founder and for many years editor of the magazine for children called *Aunt Judy's Magazine*.

Mr. Scott Gatty was educated at Cambridge, where he devoted all his energies to music, and where he conducted and wrote for an Amateur Orchestral Society entirely composed of undergraduates.

In 1866 Mr. Gatty commenced writing songs for children in his mother's magazine, the outcome of which is three handsome volumes entitled "Little Songs for Little Voices," published by Messrs. Metzler &

Co., and which are very popular in both drawing-room and national school. Mr. Gatty wrote most of the lyrics of these little ditties as well as the music.

In 1868 appeared two of the most popular songs Mr. Scott Gatty has ever written, viz., "O Fair Dove, O Fond Dove," and "True till Death." Others to the number of over 200 have appeared from time to time. The best known perhaps are "Gallants of England," "One Morning, oh, so Early," "Rothsay Bay," "In a Quaint Old Village," "The Hay is i' the Mow," "Winter," "When Harvest Came Again," "When Love was a Little Boy." His humorous songs have also been very popular, such as "Three Little Pigs," "Camomile Tea," "Dear Aunt Jane," "Who do you Think were There?" and also the well-known plantation songs. Amongst his latest songs are "The Waves Answer" and "Love Built his Nest," published by Moccatta, Berners-street, words by George Arthur Binnie.

In 1880 Mr. Scott Gatty was appointed Rouge Dragon Pursuivant of Arms of the College of Arms, and in 1886 was advanced to the office of York Herald, which appointment he still holds.

ALFRED JAMES CALDICOTT.

Mr. Caldicott was born in 1842, in the city of Worcester. At the age of ten he became a chorister in the Cathedral choir. After five years he became assistant organist at the Cathedral. In 1863 he left Worcester to go to Leipzig, to complete his studies; his masters in pianoplaying were Plaidy and Moscheles; in composition his tutors were Carl Reinecke and Hauptmann. He remained there for two years, returning to Worcester in 1865, and was appointed honorary organist to the Corporation. During his appointment he established the Worcester Musical Society. About this

period he took the degree of Bachelor of Music at Cambridge. His first important composition was the oratorio, "The Widow of Nain," which was performed at the Worcester Triennial Festival in the year 1878, under his direction, in the Cathedral where he first received his musical education.

His first serious attempt to win the favour of a London audience occurred about 1880, by an operetta at German Reed's, entitled "Treasure Trove," which was so successful that up to the present day he has composed no less than thirteen operettas for the same place of entertainment.

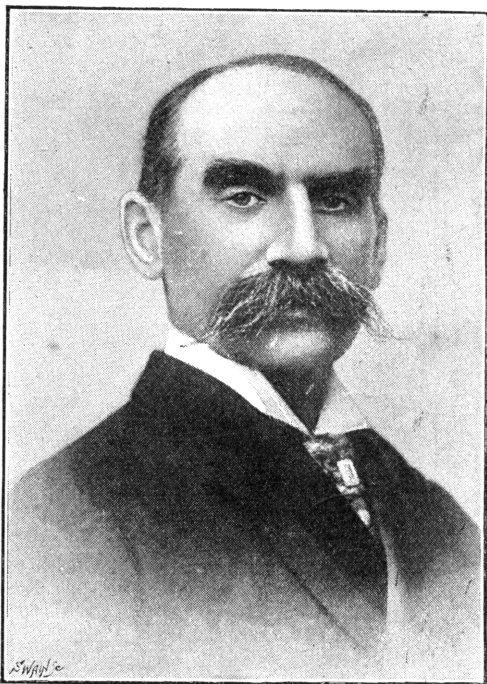
The late Carl Rosa commissioned Mr. Caldicott to write two operettas, viz., "All Abroad," and "John Smith," which were produced and run successfully at the Prince of Wales's Theatre during 1889 and 1890. Just previous to his death, he had received from Mr. Carl Rosa a more important com-

mission for Miss Agnes Huntington.

He now holds the post of music director at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Horace Sedger. He has written about 100 songs and part-songs, the most popular of which are "Unless," and the humorous one, "Two Spoons." He has also written several cantatas for ladies' voices, the best known being "The Queen of the May," and "The Rhine Legend."

No list of popular composers would be complete without the names of Mr. Maybrick (Stephen

Adams), Jacques Blumenthal, Frederick Hymen Cowen, and Miss Maude Valerie White; but as portraits of the first two of these have already appeared among our "Celebrities at Different Ages," while those of the two latter will do so shortly, we do not give them here.



From a photo. by] ALFRED JAMES CALDICOTT. [Sarony, N.Y.

The Story of Mont Blanc.

By J. E. MUDDOCK, F.R.G.S.

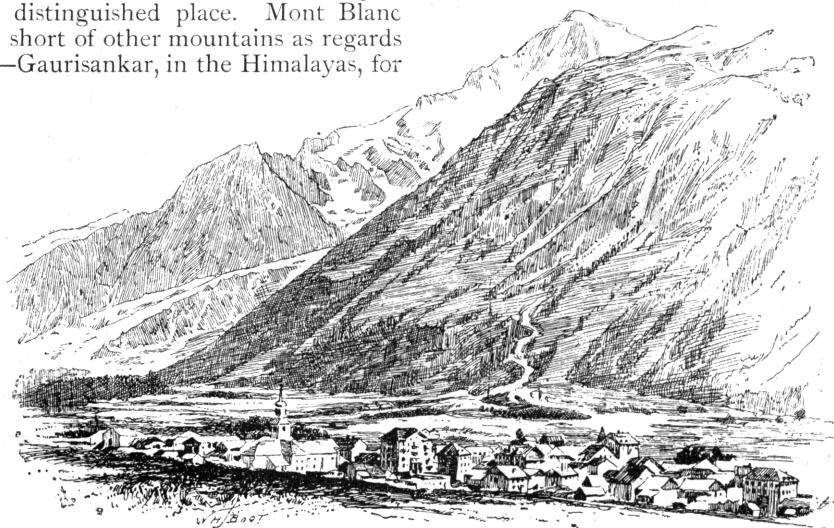
"Mont Blanc is the Monarch of Mountains ;
They crown'd him long ago
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."—BYRON.

"Far, far above, piercing the infinite sky,
Mont Blanc appears—still, snowy, and serene—
Its subject mountains their unearthly forms
Pile round it, ice and rock."—SHELLEY.



HERE are higher mountains, and rugged mountains, and mountains more difficult of ascent than Mont Blanc ; but there is never a mountain in the wide world with such a strange story as that which will for all time cling to the "Monarch"—a story that is at once grim, tragic, pathetic, and even comical and absurd ; a story, too, in which love and heroism play a strange part ; and in the annals of science no mountain occupies such a distinguished place. Mont Blanc falls far short of other mountains as regards height—Gaurisankar, in the Himalayas, for

Mont Blanc is known. At what period this name was first bestowed upon it is not very clear. Certainly it was not so called in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In an atlas by Mercator, published in 1595, there is mention of the village of Chamonix, but Mont Blanc and its satellites are simply referred to under the general term of "Glaciers." One grows dumb as he thinks of the thousands of years, and tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands, and perhaps millions of years that the mighty dome of eternal snow has dominated the valley where Chamonix now stands. How small and paltry seem the affairs of man when compared with such an enduring monument of God's handiwork ! As far back as the tenth century we read that a Priory stood at the foot of Mont Blanc.



CHAMONIX.

instance, being 29,000 ft. But, in spite of this, it has been aptly styled "the Monarch of Mountains," and it well deserves the proud distinction, for it is unique, and proudly soars to the sky—

"In the wild pomp of mountain majesty."

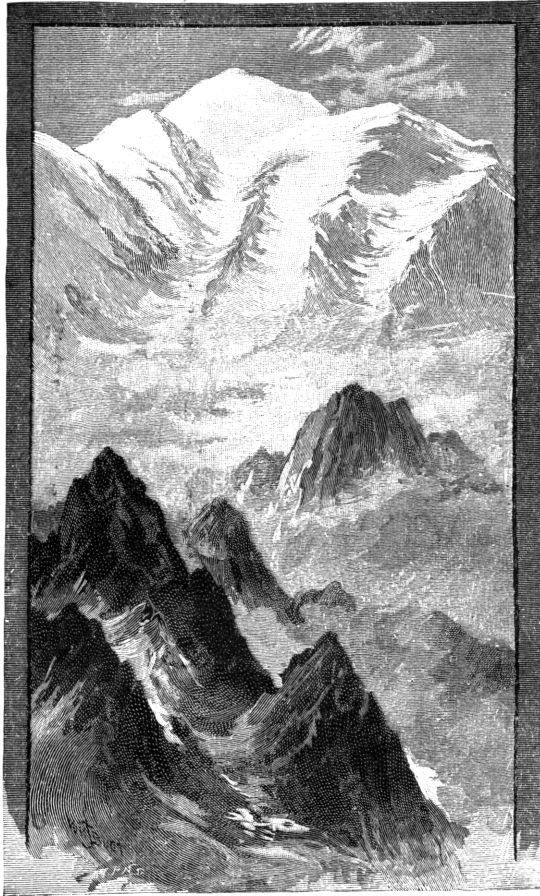
Men and women from all parts of the world have come to pay it homage, and wherever there is civilisation the name of

The valley at that time was wellnigh inaccessible, and for hundreds of years the Priors and holy brothers were undisturbed by the roar of the outer world, which reached not their solitude where the mighty mountain reigned supreme and changed not, though generation after generation of men came from the dust, lived their day, and then went down into the dust again, and in a little while were remembered no

more. Through all these centuries Mont Blanc was regarded as absolutely inaccessible. It was supposed that the cold was so intense that no living thing could possibly exist. It was regarded as a white world of death, whose silence would never be broken by anything save the thundering roar of the avalanche. In 1762, however, there was born in the tiny village of Pellarius, at the foot of the Monarch, one Jacques Balmat, who was destined to break the spell of mystery that had surrounded the mountain from the beginning of time. Balmat's parents were the poorest of peasants, very humble and very ignorant. In their wildest dreams — if they indulged in dreams — they could never have hoped for fame or wealth. But what was wealth to them was to come through their son; and it was ordained that by his great deed the name of Balmat should go down through the ages, and perish not until the mountain itself perishes from the face of the earth. Young Balmat was endowed with all the qualities that are found in the true mountaineer. He had the eye of an eagle, the strength and endurance of a lion, and the dauntless courage of a true man. From an early age he showed a love for the glaciers, and a yearning for the mountains. As he grew in years he displayed a talent for botanising, and in his search for plants he would scale dizzy precipices, while no dweller in the whole of the lovely valley had such an intuitive knowledge where to find the mountain crystals as he had.

Jacques was only a little more than twenty when he began to make excursions on the upper glaciers, and to express a desire to penetrate to Mont Blanc's frozen solitudes. The mountain fascinated him. The more he looked at it the stronger grew the spell. His friends and neighbours told him that it were worse than madness, it was a tempting of Providence to even think of reaching those white regions of ice and

snow. But he was undeterred. That dazzling dome that towered so far up into the thin blue air seemed to invite him to tread its virgin snows, which sometimes looked ghastly in their leaden pallor, and at others glowed with such a glory of rose and crimson that it almost seemed as if a light not of earth but heaven streamed straight down upon them. And at last, unable to withstand the fascination any longer, young Balmat essayed to reach the lofty height on which the stars in their courses sometimes seemed to rest. But his first attempt was a failure, though he was not discouraged. He had in him the stern stuff that makes heroes; and it was death or



MONT BLANC.

glory with him. A little later, in company with some companions, he made another attempt, and succeeded in getting beyond what is known as the Grand Plateau, but here the courage of the others failed, and they decided to go back. Utterly undaunted, Balmat refused to descend with them, and decided on passing the night in the awful wilderness of snow and ice.

The Grand Plateau is an immense *cirque*,

the bottom almost a level plain of about four acres and a half in extent, and situated 12,000 feet above the level of the sea. It is the playground of avalanches, and the birthplace of whirlwinds. It is a region of deadly cold and ghastly whiteness. When the sun shines on it the glare is blinding; and at night it is weird beyond the power of words to describe. Shelter there is none; and yet, on this plain of eternal snow the intrepid Balmat spent the night. When we think of this man, lost, as it were, in the middle of the vast and unknown solitude, and being well aware that whatever might happen no succour could ever reach him, our admiration for his wonderful courage must be boundless. He was the first human being who ever passed the night in that ice world, and what he suffered is best told in his own words:—

"At last," he says, "the day began to break. None too soon for me, for I was all but frozen, notwithstanding that I had rubbed myself vigorously, and performed the most ridiculous antics by way of keeping up the circulation. But still I was determined to continue my explorations."

He had noticed the day previous that a very rapid slope led to a mass of rocks cropping up through the ice, and which from their dark red colour had been named the "*Rochers Rouge*." He now decided to endeavour to gain these rocks, being under the impression that from them the summit was perfectly accessible. He found, however, that the slope was solid ice, and in order to maintain his footing he had cut holes with his iron-shod alpenstock. Quoting his own words again he says:—

"It was neither easy nor amusing to be suspended, as it were, upon one leg with a profound abyss below you, and nothing but a species of ice ladder to cling to. But by perseverance I succeeded at last in reaching the Red Rocks."

His hopes, however, were doomed to disappointment, for between him and the summit which he so eagerly longed to gain was a mighty and steep wall of ice, which it would have been impossible to have mounted without cutting hundreds of steps.

"I was stiff with cold," he continues, "and nearly dead with fatigue and hunger; and there was nothing for it but to go back. But now I felt certain that when I returned, as return I would, and given fine weather, triumph would be mine."

So he retraced his steps, and when after

many more hours of peril he regained his humble home he was nearly blind, and scarcely able to move his limbs. He managed to take a little food, however, and then he went to sleep, and did not wake again for forty-eight hours.

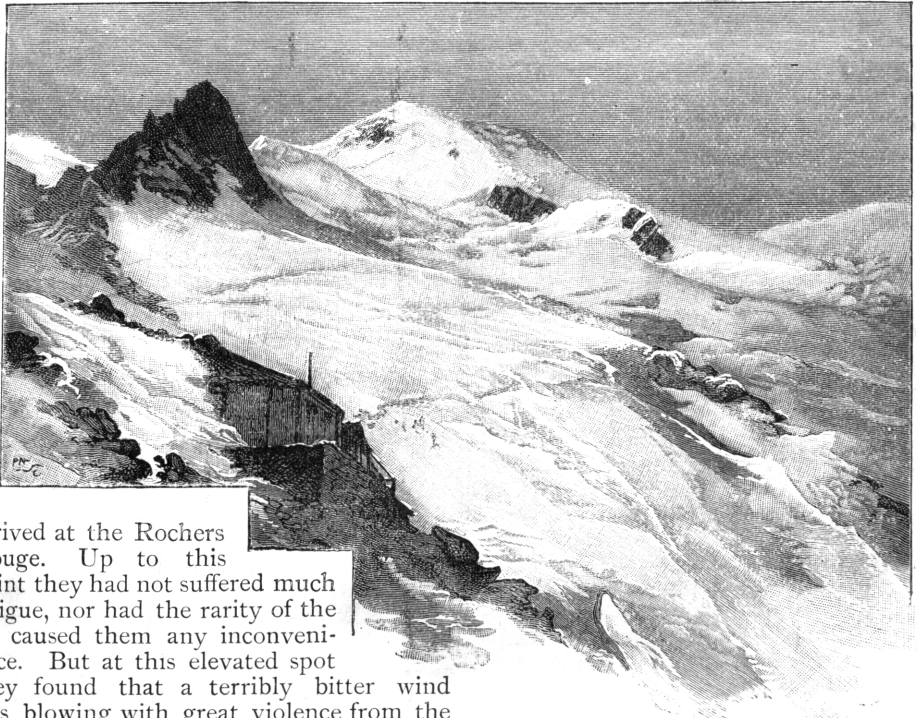
He allowed several days to pass, during which he recouped his strength, and kept his plans to himself, and he resolved to scale the mountain again alone, for now he felt absolutely certain that he would succeed in reaching the much coveted goal. But when he came to reflect, it occurred to him that though he did, his story would not be believed. He decided, therefore, to take into his confidence a certain Doctor Paccard, with whom he was acquainted, and who, unlike all the other people in the valley, had not ridiculed his attempts to set his foot on the unsullied, white dome that soared up into the heavens nearly three miles above the sea.

Doctor Paccard had gained considerable reputation in his profession, and was no less distinguished as a naturalist and geologist. He had often said in Balmat's presence that he wished he could gain the summit of Mont Blanc, as from that elevated position he would be able to see with a glance of the eye all the details of the structure of the high peaks that surrounded the giant of the Alps. So to Paccard the indomitable Balmat went, and laid his project before the *savant*, who readily consented to accompany him. Quietly and secretly the two made their preparations. All being ready, they took several other people into their confidence, and asked them to watch the mountain with telescopes, and make known their success if success crowned their efforts, or send assistance in case of accident.

It was on the 7th of August, 1786, that the Doctor and Balmat set off separately, so as not to attract attention, but with an understanding that they were to meet at the foot of the mountain. Each carried his own provisions, reduced to the least possible weight and size. The first day passed without anything exciting, and they selected a spot under a great block of rock as a resting-place for the night. At daybreak they made another start and gained the glaciers, but lost considerable time in their attempts to turn huge crevasses that barred their path. At last they arrived at the foot of the Grands Mulets, and, after a short rest, continued their course towards the Dome du Gout, which they reached by zig-zagging up the frozen snow. They crossed the

Little Plateau, and mounted over the *débris* of ice avalanches without accident, and found themselves on the Grand Plateau by about mid-day. Thence they scaled the ice slope known as the Mur de la Côte, and after two hours of tremendously hard work

were pressed by the foot of man. When we remember how little was known in those days of the physical laws that govern high Alpine altitudes, and how ill provided the travellers were for such a perilous expedition, Paccard's and Balmat's feat is the



arrived at the Rochers Rouge. Up to this point they had not suffered much fatigue, nor had the rarity of the air caused them any inconvenience. But at this elevated spot they found that a terribly bitter wind was blowing with great violence from the north-east. To remain motionless was to be frozen to death on the spot, and so the two intrepid men determined to go on. But as they advanced their breathing became laborious, and this, added to fatigue and the deathly cold, rendered their position extremely perilous. But it was triumph or death, for having come so far they would not return without accomplishing their object. Few men would have persevered in the face of such difficulties, but Paccard and Balmat knew no such word as fail. The summit, on which human foot had never yet trod, was above them, and they would stand on its virgin snows or die. So upward and onward they went, the cruel, icy wind freezing their very marrow; but such courage, such perseverance, such devotion, were bound to meet with their reward, and at six o'clock on the evening of August 8, 1786, the Colossus of the Alps was beneath the feet of the intrepid travellers, and for the first time in the history of the world the highest snows of the White Mountain

THE GRANDS MULETS AND PETIT PLATEAU, MONT BLANC

more remarkable; and the imperishable fame it earned for them was well deserved.

Although they were entranced with the marvellous panorama that was unrolled before their eyes, and elated to an extraordinary degree by their triumph, the two brave men were compelled to beat a hasty retreat, owing to the intensity of the cold, which was rendered unbearable by the high wind. And so they retraced their steps, and being overtaken with darkness, they were forced to pass another night on the mountain. The next morning Paccard's eyes were so inflamed with the reflection of the snow that he was blind, and had to be led by his faithful companion, but they succeeded in reaching the village in safety, and had the satisfaction of being informed by their friends, who had undertaken to keep a look-out, that, by the aid of a powerful telescope, they had been observed standing on the summit.

The news of the first ascent of the mountain that had hitherto been deemed absolutely inaccessible soon spread, and reached the ears of the celebrated *savant*, De Saussure, then a comparatively young man, and residing in Geneva, his birthplace. Fired with the desire to accomplish the ascent himself, and make scientific observations from the summit, De Saussure started for Chamonix in July, 1787. For nearly four weeks, however, the weather was atrocious, and the journey could not be attempted. But at last, on August 1, the great scientist started with a formidable caravan, consisting of a body servant and eighteen guides. Besides numerous meteorological instruments, a large tent was carried, and a great quantity of provisions. The first night was passed at the foot of the mountain, and the second night high up in the snows, where some of the guides began to funk, and expressed a fear that they would all perish, owing to the intense cold, which they said no human being could stand, notwithstanding Balmat and Paccard had endured it the preceding year. De Saussure thereupon told them to make a large excavation in the snow, and over this the tent was placed. Every opening was carefully stopped up, with the result that the cold was not felt. But the *savant* himself found the air under the tent insupportable, owing to the heat of the men's bodies and their breath, and in the dead of night he went outside to breathe the untainted air of heaven. He says the moon was shining with extraordinary brilliancy, from a sky of ebony blackness. The scene was solemn and impressive, and, though the cold was intense, it was not unbearable. Early the following morning the journey was resumed, and after many hours of laborious climbing the summit was gained.

It was a proud moment for the enthusiastic scientist. His wife, two sisters, and a son were in Chamonix, and he had promised them that he would signal his success by hoisting a flag, and having done this, he turned his attention to the study of the panorama. He says :—

"A light vapour was suspended in the lower regions, and obstructed the view over the plains of France and Lombardy; but I did not much regret this when I saw that all the great summits of the peaks I had so long desired to know were perfectly clear. I could scarcely believe my own eyes. It seemed to be in a dream as I gazed on the majestic and redoubtable peaks of the

Midi, the Argentière, and the Géant, which seemed to be at my very feet."

While De Saussure was surveying the wondrous scene, his attendants were busy putting up the tent, and arranging the instruments, and as soon as they were ready, he got to work to record his impressions and to make observations. But, according to his own account, his breathing was so difficult that he was compelled to repeatedly pause in his labours. Respiration was short and quick, and the circulation of the blood was so accelerated that he seemed to be in a fever. All his attendants suffered more or less in the same way.

Three hours and a half were spent on the summit, and preparations were then made for the descent, which was accomplished without any great difficulty, and it may be said that science was enriched by the expedition.

For twenty-seven years, De Saussure says, it had been the dream of his life to reach the summit of Mont Blanc, and he had accomplished it at last.

Strangely enough, although tourists now began to visit the valley of Chamonix, fifteen years passed without an ascent of the great mountain being made. Men could not altogether get over the fear that the "Monarch" inspired them with, and though Balmat, Paccard, De Saussure and his nineteen followers had shown the way up, no one else was found bold enough to essay the climb during those fifteen years, until an Englishman by the name of Woolley or Woldley undertook it, and reached the summit.

In 1795 Humboldt was in Chamonix, but strangely enough showed no disposition to follow in the footsteps of the eminent Genevois. After Woldley's there does not appear to have been any other ascent until 1802, when two Swiss accomplished it in company with a guide named Victor Tairraz. Seven years later this guide yielded to the entreaties of a young woman, named Marie Paradis, a native of the valley. She was twenty-two years of age, and for a long time had tried to induce some of the guides to accompany her up Mont Blanc. But they had resolutely refused, saying that she must be mad to dream of such a thing.

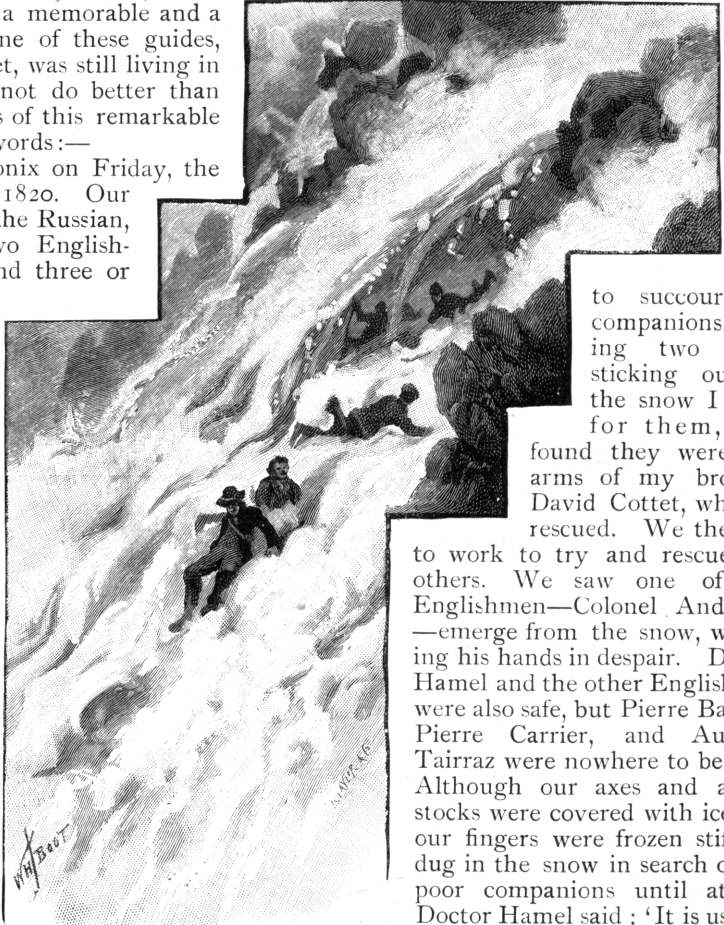
But Marie was not to be daunted, and accompanied by Victor Tairraz, the brave and hardy little woman won the proud distinction of being the first of her sex to scale the snow-clad giant. There was another

interval of time, and in August, 1820, Chamonix was visited by a Doctor Hamel, in the service of the Emperor of Russia. He had gone to the valley on a scientific mission, and one part of his programme was the ascension of Mont Blanc, for which he at once began to make preparations. At Geneva he had met two English gentlemen, who expressed a wish to accompany him, to which he gladly assented. Ten guides were engaged for the expedition, which was destined to be a memorable and a disastrous one. One of these guides, Joseph Marie Cottet, was still living in 1865, and we cannot do better than give the particulars of this remarkable ascent in his own words:—

“We left Chamonix on Friday, the 18th of August, 1820. Our party consisted of the Russian, Doctor Hamel, two Englishmen, six guides, and three or four porters. We

made our first halt at the rocks of the Grands-Mulets. The weather was very threatening, and we were compelled to remain at our resting place for twenty-four hours. When Sunday came the weather was no better, but Doctor Hamel said that he did not intend to miss his opportunity, and he insisted on the journey being continued. Some of the men, however, decided to return to Chamonix, and the caravan was reduced to ten persons—the three travellers and seven guides. We started on our upward course at four o'clock in the morning. We traversed the Grand Plateau with great difficulty owing to the freshly fallen snow. We were compelled to go in single file, and were constantly menaced with avalanches, while *détours* were necessary in order to avoid the crevasses of the great glaciers. The caravan was led by

Pierre Balmat, Auguste Tairraz, and Pierre Carrier, who had to cut steps in the ice with their axes. Suddenly there arose a cry of ‘We are lost!’ as a tremendous roar was heard over our heads, and we were swept down with the rapidity of lightning into an abyss six hundred feet below. An avalanche had fallen. I recovered my senses and regained my feet, and not being much hurt I immediately did what I could



“AN AVALANCHE HAD FALLEN.”

to succour my companions. Seeing two arms sticking out of the snow I went for them, and

found they were the arms of my brother, David Cottet, whom I rescued. We then set

to work to try and rescue the others. We saw one of the Englishmen—Colonel Anderson—emerge from the snow, wringing his hands in despair. Doctor Hamel and the other Englishman were also safe, but Pierre Balmat, Pierre Carrier, and Auguste Tairraz were nowhere to be seen. Although our axes and alpenstocks were covered with ice, and our fingers were frozen stiff, we dug in the snow in search of our poor companions until at last Doctor Hamel said: ‘It is useless, they will live no more in this world. We can do nothing for

them.’ The instinct of self-preservation prompted us to lose no time in descending; and with unutterable sorrow we left our companions in their nameless graves. Two of the victims left wives and families. Great indignation was expressed against Doctor Hamel for having insisted on continuing the ascent in such bad weather, and he lost no time in quitting the valley. The two Englishmen gave a considerable sum of

money for the families of the victims." In one of his ballads Schiller says, "The crevasse returns not its prey;" but science was to prove the falsity of this; for the celebrated geologist, Doctor Forbes, predicted in 1858 that in about forty years from the time of the accident, the great glacier where the catastrophe had taken place would give up its dead, and this prediction was strikingly verified.

On August 15, 1861, it was the National fête, and the people were leaving the church where a solemn Mass had been held, when a Chamonix guide, breathless and dust-stained, arrived at the house of the Mayor, bearing on his shoulders a sack containing a number of human remains. He had found them at the tongue of the Glacier de Bossous, which streams down into the valley from Mont Blanc. An inquiry was at once opened, and a medical examination left not a shadow of doubt that the remains were those of the guides who had perished in a crevasse of the glacier in 1820. The flesh had been so perfectly preserved by the ice that it was lifelike, and a leg of mutton which one of the three guides had carried, was, when first taken out of the ice, absolutely sweet and fresh, but on exposure to the air soon went bad. Some of the survivors of the catastrophe identified their comrades without any difficulty. In addition to these human relics, their hats and clothes were recovered, also part of a tin lantern, and a wing of a pigeon. Doctor Hamel had taken a cage of pigeons with him, with a view to liberating them at various altitudes. When Doctor Hamel heard that the remains had been recovered, he cynically suggested they should be placed in a museum at Chamonix, and they would attract thousands of travellers to the place. It is needless to say this proposal was not carried out, at any rate not altogether, for all the remains were buried, with the exception of a foot which was placed in the museum at Annecy, where it may still be seen under a glass case.

In October, 1834, the mountain was ascended by Count Henri De Tilly, who had formerly been an officer of dragoons. He had ascended Etna, and was ambitious of doing Mont Blanc. He succeeded, but narrowly escaped coming to grief: as it was, he and his guides suffered very much, and he had his feet frost-bitten. Eighteen years after the catastrophe of 1820, a Swiss lady, Mademoiselle D'Angeville, expressed

a desire to emulate Marie Paradis' feat, and reach the summit of Mont Blanc. Unlike the hardy Marie, who had been born and reared amongst the mountains, Mademoiselle D'Angeville was a delicate, fragile young woman, but of a romantic and excitable temperament. Having resolved to attempt the ascent she repaired to Chamonix, and changing her feminine costume for that of a man she started with four guides, and after tremendous fatigue, which she bore well, she reached the summit, and there she insisted on her guides hoisting her on their shoulders in order that she might say she had been higher than Mont Blanc. This lady died in 1872, at the age of 62.

At intervals between the date of Mademoiselle d'Angeville's ascent and 1851 there were various ascents, though none very noteworthy. But in the latter year Albert Smith gained the summit, and afterwards popularised—if he did not vulgarise—Mont Blanc by his lectures. Three years later a third woman—an English lady named Hamilton—climbed the mountain; and two years after that event a Miss Forman ascended in company with her father; and in 1857 Professor Tyndall added his illustrious name to the roll of successful climbers.

The next accident that took place was that of 1864, when a young porter named Ambroise Couttet lost his life through his own stupidity. Refusing to be roped, he broke through a crust of snow that covered a profound crevasse, and was never seen again. A companion, in the hope of recovering the body at least, insisted on being lowered into the crevasse by means of a rope attached to his waist. He went down for eighty feet, but as there were no signs of the bottom, and as he was losing his breath, owing to the rarity of the air in the profound abyss of ice, he signalled to be drawn up, and on reaching the surface he was greatly exhausted. A bottle attached to a cord was next lowered for over two hundred feet, but without touching the bottom. When it was drawn up again it was thickly encased in ice, thereby proving that no human being could long survive in that icy tomb.

In 1866 the Great Mountain again exacted his tribute of victims, but this accident was also due to foolhardiness. In that year Sir George Young and his two brothers, James and Albert, insisted on making the ascent without guides. They



"LOWERED INTO THE CREVASSE."

succeeded in reaching what is now known as "The Corridor," when they slipped and shot down an ice slope for about 1,800 feet. Two of them were but little injured by this fearful fall, but the third was killed. The accident was witnessed from Chamonix by means of the telescopes, which are always directed towards the mountain when an ascent is being made, and a rescue party was at once organised, and set off. They succeeded in recovering the body, but not without running grave risks, and at one time another catastrophe seemed imminent.

A terribly sad event was that of the 12th of October, 1866. A Captain Arkwright, accompanied by his mother and two sisters, visited Chamonix at the beginning of October of that year. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the captain expressed a desire to ascend the mountain. The preparations were made, and very early in the morning of the 12th he started with his sister, who was to remain at the Grands Mulets sketching. The chief guide was Sylvain Couttet; the second, a man named Simond; and, in addition, there were two porters. The party reached the cabane of the Mulets without adventure. After a short rest the men went on, leaving Miss Arkwright at the cabane. The caravan suc-

ceeded in gaining the steep slope which leads to the Grand Plateau, when an enormous overhanging mass of ice became detached, and, starting an avalanche, Captain Arkwright, Simond, and the two porters were swept into a profound crevasse. Sylvain Couttet escaped by making a prodigious leap, which took him clear of the track of the avalanche. When he had recovered from the shock, he searched for his companions, and, to his horror, he saw the body of Simond absolutely crushed to pieces by the ice. The others were nowhere to be seen. He at once descended to the cabane, where Miss Arkwright was sitting on the rocks sketching the dome. Unable to conceal his horror and grief, she guessed the truth, for she had heard the avalanche fall. The scene that ensued in that awful solitude can be better imagined than described. The bodies of the captain and the two porters were never recovered. The great glacier kept its prey, but will give them up some day.

Of all the dark, sad years that are woven into the human story connected with Mont Blanc, that of 1870 is the darkest and saddest. It was a year of bitterness for France, and her tourist and health resorts were deserted, or nearly so. A few people found their way to Chamonix, and amongst them were an American gentleman named Mark, his wife, and sister-in-law, Miss Wilkinson. They started to ascend the Great White Mountain on August 2, accompanied by only two guides. By the time the Grands Mulets was reached the two ladies were suffering from great fatigue, and the keeper of the cabane offered the services of his porter—a young man named Olivier Gay—as Mr. Mark had determined to proceed. Gay was accepted, and all went well until "The Corridor" was reached, when the ladies were so exhausted that they could go no further. Gay thereupon undertook to conduct them back to the cabane, and Mark and his two guides continued upwards. In a short time, however, the echoes of the icy world were awakened by the piercing scream of a woman. The men turned, and saw Miss Wilkinson wringing her hands in frenzy; Gay and Mrs. Mark were nowhere to be seen. They had both fallen into a crevasse, and their bodies were never recovered. Mrs. Mark was the first woman the mountain had claimed as his victim. This sad event, however, was but the prelude to a more ghastly tragedy a month later. Two-

American gentlemen—Mr. John Randall and Mr. Joseph Bean, of Baltimore—in company with a Mr. McCorkindale, a Scotch minister from Gourrock, ascended the mountain with three guides and five porters. The weather was exceptionally fine, and the summit was reached without adventure. But suddenly a cloud descended. It was the falling of the curtain on the lives of all those eleven men. The cloud became a dense fog, and a *tourmente* arose. Night came, but the ill-starred caravan had not returned to the cabane. During eight days the storm continued, and the fog shut out everything. All attempts at succour were absolutely impossible. Men could not live on the cruel mountain in that *tourmente*, nor could they find their way in the dense mist. At last, when the weather changed, a search party went out. Lying in the snow, near the summit, and as if they were all asleep, were ten bodies, including the three travellers, three guides, and four porters. They had all been frozen to death. The body of the eleventh man

words. . . . I die with faith in God, and my last thoughts are of you (his wife). Adieu to all. I hope we shall meet in heaven."

The leading guide was an intrepid fellow, named Jean Balmat, a descendant of the renowned family of guides. It was his fortieth ascent; but all his experience and all his courage could avail nothing against the mighty forces of Nature. The mountain was in a sullen mood, and he exacted the penalty of all those lives.

It is pleasant to turn from this tragedy to a more romantic page in the story. A young lady, Miss Isabella Straton, who had already made three summer ascents, was ambitious of gaining the summit in winter. Possessed of indomitable courage and extraordinary powers of endurance, she was undeterred by the current stories of insupportable cold, and she started from Chamonix on the morning of January 28, 1876, accompanied by two guides—one of them being Jean Charlet, who had already greatly distinguished himself as a mountaineer—and two

porters. They left Grands Mulets the following morning, and had proceeded some distance when one of the porters fell into a crevasse. After considerable difficulty he was rescued, very considerably bruised and battered. The party were consequently necessitated to return to the cabane and spend another night there. A fresh start was made on the following day, the wounded porter being left behind.

The summit was successfully gained; the day being magnificent in its clearness, but the cold was fearful, 29 degrees of Reaumur being marked. Both Miss Straton and Guide Charlet were frostbitten, and only a few minutes could be spent on the dome. This intrepid lady accomplished a double feat that day, for she won a husband also. She fell in love with her guide, Jean Charlet, and married him. Being wealthy and well connected, she raised her husband from the



"FROZEN TO DEATH."

was never found. It is supposed he had made an endeavour to get back to the cabane to obtain succour, and had perished in a crevasse. In the pocket of Mr. Bean was a diary, in which he had continued to make notes until the cold had frozen his hands and feet and he could write no more. The last entry is terrible in its pathos:—

"We have nothing to eat; my feet are already frozen, and I am dying. I have only the strength to write a few more

level of a peasant to a position of affluence. They have built themselves a beautiful house in the valley of Chamonix, where they permanently reside with their family.

A few years later a man with a wooden leg attempted to reach the summit, and nearly succeeded, but became prostrated with exhaustion, and had to be carried down. Then a blind man went up; not for the sake of what he could see, but for the sake of what he could say. *De gustibus non est disputandum!* And the most recent thing in the way of eccentricities is the ascent by a scientist, who, being lame, was taken up by a number of guides on a sort of sledge. A proposition has been seriously made of late years to establish an observatory on the summit of the Monarch.

its physical features are the same now as they were thousands of years ago. Stupendous solitudes of snow and ice, and fearful slopes down which the avalanches thunder, tremendous crevasses, towering seracs, mighty precipices—these remain, and probably will remain, for all time. They represent Nature in her sublimest aspect; and though the mountain were ascended by forty people every day, it could never be vulgarised. The grandeur, the weirdness, the majesty, the might are there, and nothing can detract from them. Owing to the intimate knowledge that has been gained of the mountain, and the means that have been provided



THE MER-DE-GLACE, MONT BLANC.

But it is doubtful whether the proposition will ever take practical shape. The initial engineering difficulties would probably be overcome; but the enormous accumulations of snow would entirely bury any construction of the kind, even if the *tourmentes* which rage round that lofty peak did not carry it bodily away.

At the present day the ascent of Mont Blanc has become very popular, and on an average there are about forty ascents a year. It has been said in consequence that the mountain is vulgarised, but that can never be. It is on too vast and grand a scale, and

for shelter, the difficulties of the ascent are now reduced to a minimum. On the Grands Mulets—to which reference has frequently been made in this paper—a rough hut has long existed, and has recently been improved. The Grands Mulets is a mass of rock that rises up from a stern wilderness of ice and snow. On a ledge of this rock the cabane has been erected. It is in charge of a man in the summer months, and is provided with primitive sleeping accommodation, while limited quantities of provisions are obtainable. The ascent to the Grands Mulets is

over much broken up and crevassed glaciers lying at a steep angle. The rocks of the Grands Mulets are 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. About seven hours are required to gain the summit from the cabane. Last year the well-known French *savant*, Monsieur Vallot, caused to be erected at his own expense a substantial hut under what is known as the Bosses, not far from the summit, his object being to afford the means for scientific observation. But it will also prove a boon to mountaineers, and render such a tragedy as that of 1870 almost impossible. The hut consists of two apartments, one being reserved for scientific instruments; the other is for the use of travellers. The rooms are warmed by means of oil stoves, and a good supply of blankets is provided. The hut is built of wood, surrounded with loose stone walls, and several lightning conductors are affixed to the roof. From this shelter the summit can be gained in about an hour and a quarter.

It will not be inappropriate to close this paper with a few particulars of the death of Jacques Balmat. His triumph over Mont Blanc brought him fame, though not riches. Of a restless and ambitious disposition, he wanted to know more of the world than he could learn about it in his own mountain-enclosed valley. So he set out to travel, and amongst other places visited London. When he returned once more to his beloved mountains he conceived the idea that gold was to be found amongst them, and in his hunt for the precious metal he undertook many perilous and hazardous expeditions, but his dreams were not realised, and though he was pursuing a phantom his thirst for riches grew.

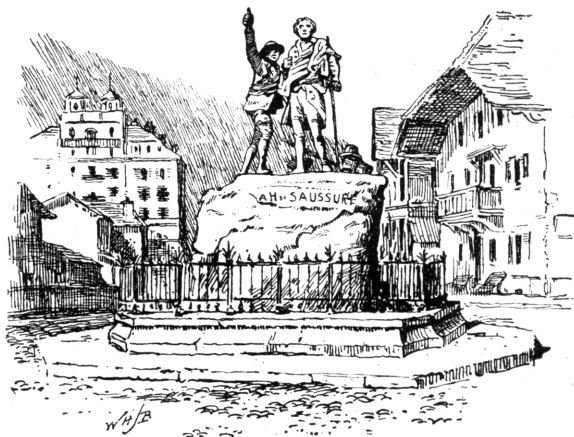
In 1834, although an old man, his passion for climbing had not diminished; and having heard that gold had once been found in the valley of Sixt, to the north-west of Chamonix, he set off to explore that wild region, and narrowly escaped coming to grief. He returned to his home discon-

solate. But soon after something induced him to once more visit Sixt, where he associated himself with a noted chamois hunter, and the two pursued their investigations amongst the high peaks that shut in the valley. One day Balmat, in spite of the entreaties of his comrade, insisted on crossing an overhanging ledge of snow. He had not gone many yards, however, when the snow cornice gave way, and Balmat disappeared, falling a depth of more than 400 feet on to jagged and splintered rocks, in a tremendous abyss, and on a spot that was incessantly bombarded with ice avalanches. His death must have been instantaneous. For a long time the chamois hunter concealed the truth, fearing that the accident might lead to others discovering the supposed gold mine. But after a while Balmat's sons and other members of his family, becoming uneasy at his absence, set off to look for him, and subsequently the hunter related the story of the accident. Attempts were made to recover the body, but had to be given up.

For nineteen years no other attempt was made, but in 1853 a strong desire was expressed by the people of Chamonix that the remains of the celebrated mountaineer should, if possible, be recovered and accorded Christian burial.

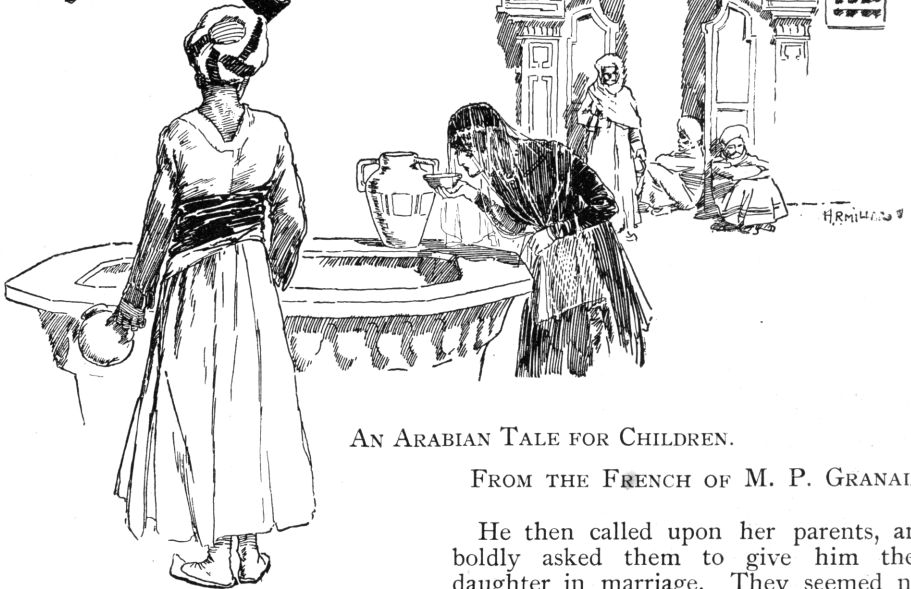
In pursuance of this object a very strong body of the best guides set off for Sixt, and at last, but only with extreme difficulty, they reached the spot from whence Balmat had fallen. It was then seen that no mortal power could recover the body, owing to the avalanches of rock and ice that incessantly fell into the horrible abyss that had become Jacques Balmat's grave. A fitting one, surely, for so true a mountaineer! He sleeps quietly enough in those profound

depths, and the thunder of the avalanche is his requiem; while the magnificent, great, white mountain, now known as Mont Blanc, is his eternal monument, which shall endure until the great globe itself dissolves and passes away! Surely no man ever had a grander one!



MONUMENT TO JAKUES BALMAT AND DE SAUSSURE AT CHAMONIX.

Rajeb's Reward.



AN ARABIAN TALE FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. P. GRANAL.

RAJEB was a youth of Cairo, who had inherited from his father a fortune of about two thousand piastres. Had he invested his little capital in trade, and had he been industrious, he might have done very well; but shortly after his father's death he must needs fall in love with a beautiful girl, and then he could think of nothing else. He had met the maiden accidentally at the fountain of a mosque, and she had drawn aside her veil for a moment in order to drink. She was plainly dressed, and appeared to belong to some humble but respectable family. As soon as she became aware of the young man's admiring gaze she replaced her veil with modest haste, and hurried away, not once looking backward over her shoulder, which showed that she was no coquette. Rajeb followed her and saw her enter a small house, of the kind occupied by middle-class folk. He had fallen in love at first sight, and lost no time in making inquiries concerning his enchantress. He could learn no more of her, however, than the fact that she was as good as she was beautiful.

He then called upon her parents, and boldly asked them to give him their daughter in marriage. They seemed not averse to the match, but when the subject of her dowry was discussed, he was astounded to hear that they demanded of their daughter's husband no less than five thousand piastres. In vain the disconcerted lover protested that such a sum was beyond his means; he was told that he must either pay the money or lose the girl. As the latter alternative was intolerable, he begged that they would allow him a few days' delay. This request was granted, but if, said the parents, he did not appear within the appointed time, they should consider themselves at liberty to accept other proposals.

Rajeb, as he returned to his home, reproached himself for having idled away his past time. "Ah!" he said to himself, "if only I had worked hard, I might now have been rich enough to purchase my happiness!" He took out his money and counted it again and again, but no amount of counting or of wishing would make it more than two thousand piastres. He went to bed, but could not sleep for thinking of possible and impossible ways and means of procuring the rest of the money. At last a plan that seemed feasible presented itself

to his mind. There lived at Tantah an old uncle, whom he had not seen for eighteen years, and who was said to be rich. "I will look him up," thought Rajeb, "and beg of him to lend me the three thousand piastres; he will not, surely, refuse!" And he longed for the day, that he might set out upon this hopeful quest.

Morning dawned at length, and Rajeb started on his journey. In order both to *be* and to *appear* economical, he walked all the way. Just as he reached the first houses of Tantah, he met some boys, of whom he inquired for his uncle, "the rich Jousoff." "The rich Jousoff!" echoed they, in derision; "say, rather, 'the beggarly old miser Jousoff,' who hates to fling away a bone after he has picked it clean."

At these words the youth's heart sank within him. However, he asked one of the lads to take him to his uncle's house. There he beheld a withered, ragged, dirty old man, who saluted him roughly with—

"What do you want?"

"Oh, dear uncle!" exclaimed Rajeb; "do you not remember me? I am your sister's son, Rajeb—little Rajeb, whom you used to love. I have come to see you. How are you, dear uncle?"

"Oh, I'm quite well," said the old man; "quite well, but very poor. I shall be unable to offer you very splendid hospitality."

"What of that?" returned Rajeb, cheerfully. "Both riches and poverty come from heaven."

Thus conversing, they entered Jousoff's room, which was exceedingly dark and dingy, and contained no furniture but an old mat and a jar of water. Neither pipes nor coffee

were to be seen. Rajeb, however, was good-humoured and apparently contented. The two supped that evening upon a morsel of detestable cheese and some crusts of coarse, black bread. The cheese was an unusual luxury, procured especially for the occasion, and the neighbours who saw the old man go out and buy it could scarcely believe their eyes.

Rajeb was not accustomed to rich fare, but after his toilsome journey he really stood in need of a good substantial supper. When the meagre meal was ended, he tried to guide the conversation into a channel suitable for the introduction of his request. The old man quickly understood his hints. Anticipating his purpose, he cried, "I am a beggar! No dervish is poorer than I! All the world robs me. I have spent my last para upon a supper for you. I am ruined!" By glowing descriptions of the girl's beauty and his own passion of love for her, Rajeb strove in vain to soften the miser's heart. Finding



"I AM LITTLE RAJEB."



"THE TWO SUPPED ON DETESTABLE CHEESE AND BLACK BREAD."

that he could make no impression upon that stony organ, he rose at length, and, muttering something about needing a breath of fresh air, went out to conceal his intense disappointment and chagrin.

Outside the house, a lean ass was lying in a small shed munching some miserable scraps of straw. Rajeb, who loved animals, pitied the poor, starved creature; and, after caressing him, went to a shop and bought some barley, which he gave him, together with a drink of water. After that, he returned to his uncle's house, in which he spent a most uncomfortable night, lying upon the floor. In the morning, after another wretched repast, the nephew was about to take his leave when Jousoff remarked: "I have an ass which is of no use to me. It is all the property left to me, and if you like you may—accompany me to the market, and see me sell it." Rajeb agreed to the proposal, and they went together to the ass's stall. The young man bestowed another caress upon the poor animal, which looked at him with strangely meaning-full eyes, and struck the ground with his foot several times. He seemed to Rajeb to say, "Buy me."

All the way to the market, our hero was debating within himself as to whether or no he should buy the ass, in answer to his mute appeal. Something—he knew not what, unless it were a feeling of compassion—strongly impelled him to do so. When the little party had reached their destination, several would-be purchasers presented themselves, for the animal was young and had no other fault than the skinniness produced by starvation. One said he would give two hundred piastres, another offered three hundred, another five hundred. Rajeb, perceiving that his uncle was willing to take the last-named sum, offered a few piastres more, making sure that he should now get the ass.

"What on earth do *you* want with the beast?" inquired his avaricious relative.

"I am resolved to possess it," replied Rajeb.

"Well, then," said the old man, with a greedy look, "give me a thousand piastres, and it shall be yours."

And, as by this time the youth felt that at any cost (although he knew not why) he *must* have the ass, he agreed at length even to this exorbitant demand; the bargain was concluded.

As nearly all Rajeb's money was at Cairo, he invited his uncle to accompany him thither, in order to get his piastres. Since he had changed masters, the ass seemed a different creature, and fairly danced to the city. There Rajeb duly handed over to his uncle the stipulated sum, and entertained him very hospitably for a few days, after which Jousoff said farewell, and departed to his own home.



"SLAIN BY HIGHWAY ROBBERS."

His nephew at once set to work making a stall for his new possession, which enjoyed now an abundance of food and careful tending. Meanwhile, the poor old miser, homeward-bound, had been attacked, plundered, and slain by highway robbers. When the news reached the ears of kind-hearted Rajeb, he shed a tear over his uncle's sad fate, and set off again for Tantah. He was next-of-kin to the dead man, but with the remembrance of his recent visit fresh in his mind, he did not expect to reap much benefit from his heirship, notwithstanding the reputation for wealth which Jousoff had acquired.

This time, Rajeb rode upon his ass. After putting up his steed in his old stall, he proceeded to search the house. In that miserable hovel, not a para, not a single thing of any value, was to be found. All the time that Rajeb was examining the premises, the ass whined and brayed. Thinking he needed food and drink, his master went out several times, and fetched him straw, water, and barley; but they lay untouched, and the animal continually stamped with his foot upon the floor of the stall.

An idea occurred to Rajeb. "Why do you do that?" said he, whereupon the ass stamped still more vigorously than before. His master, seizing a rusty iron bar which lay near, began to turn up the ground, the ass looking on with evident pleasure and satisfaction, his wonderfully expressive eyes seeming to say: "That is right! Go on; it is there." And presently, Rajeb discovered a coffer! When he opened it, he found, to his unspeakable delight, that it was filled with doubloons, sequins, and precious coins of every sort. Still the ass would not allow him to rest. Again—this time in another spot—he beat the ground with his foot. Rajeb eagerly obeyed, and his digging soon brought to light

another coffer, full of rubies, pearls, emeralds, and other magnificent gems. The ass appeared now perfectly satisfied, and stamped no more.

Upon the back of the willing beast, the treasure—a heavy load—was quickly carried to Cairo. Rajeb hastened to his lady's house, and was just in time to prevent her marriage with an old Turk who had agreed to give the five thousand piastres demanded by her parents. Rajeb had only to exhibit to the father a very small part of his acquisition in order to induce him to break off the projected match, and bestow his daughter upon such a highly desirable

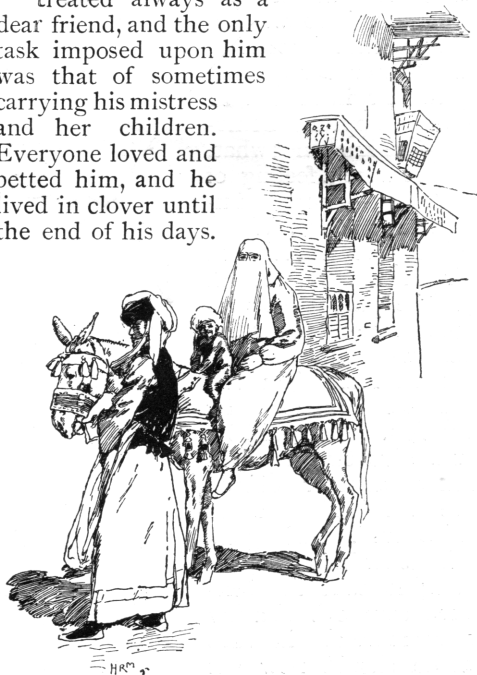
husband as the once rejected suitor had now become.

The wedding took place immediately, and Rajeb and his wife lived most happily together for many years. The ass which had brought such good fortune was treated always as a

dear friend, and the only task imposed upon him was that of sometimes carrying his mistress and her children. Everyone loved and petted him, and he lived in clover until the end of his days.



"AGAIN HE BEAT THE GROUND WITH HIS FOOT."



The Queer Side of Things.

THE LEGEND OF BILL ERIE.

ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH OF J. SOUDAN.



"I GUESS I COULD BREAK UP THAT LOT WITH KID GLOVES ON."

FROM New York to Toronto, and from the Niagara Falls to Cleveland, wherever you travel you may hear from the railway officials the story of "Bill Erie"—that noble soul who died rather than disgrace his craft.

Bill got his second name from the Lake Erie Railway, the property of the Vanderbilts, whereon he was employed as porter. He had held the trunk-smashing championship of America for many years. He had broken all the records as well as all the boxes. Ordinarily clever porters smashed their thousands—Bill smashed his tens of thousands. No patent iron-bound trunk had terrors for Bill—he smashed them all; while, as for ordinary portmanteaux and hat-boxes, he just annihilated them collectively in batches. You couldn't get ahead of Bill.

It is a sad thing, though, to think that even Bill was beaten at last. Everybody, even the boldest, meets his Waterloo some day. Still one may be pardoned a manly tear for poor Bill Erie. That he should have died, and by the treachery of a fellow porter!

The box that caused all the trouble was

a plain-looking, old-fashioned box enough, although pretty stout. Bill Erie smiled to look at it. "I guess I could break up *that* lot with kid gloves on," he said.

He lifted it, that strong, noble man, as high as the crown of his head. Then he let it fall with a mighty bang.

There was something wrong. A little chip flew out of the concrete platform, but the box lay uninjured. "That's a mighty queer," said Bill. "Reckon I'll have to boot it." Then he raised his foot—that mighty foot, clad in a boot which would go through a brick wall of its own weight.

He kicked. Everybody within hearing jumped a foot high at the shock. There was a slight mark on one side of the box; that was all. Then he kicked again. This time he hurt his big toe. Then he tried all his regular dodges, and even executed his famous war-dance on the lid—that war-dance which had, again and again, burst in a new burglar-proof safe. But he knocked a piece of iron off one boot and hurt his feet on that solid mass. After that he went



"HE EXECUTED HIS FAMOUS WAR-DANCE ON THE LID."

home, disappointed, rage gnawing at his heart.

All night he lay in anguish. That he, the champion smasher, should fail at an ordinary wooden box was bad enough, but



"HE TOOK A MIGHTY SWING WITH THE HAMMER."

the noble fellow felt most for the reputation of his employers. That any package should escape uninjured from that line would involve a loss of *prestige* terrible to think of.

Next morning, wearied and dispirited, he borrowed a sledge-hammer. Taking the box into a quiet corner, and divesting himself of his coat, he took a mighty swing with the hammer, and brought it down with all his force upon the lid. The hammer-head flew into a million fragments, and the shaft jerked away into space. The box actually seemed to smile at him. Poor Bill went sorrowfully away, and, leaving a request that the box be still kept at the station (for, at least, he could delay it), he paid for the sledge-hammer and took to his bed. It was as well he did. For he was so down in the mouth as quite to lose his regular form, and probably would have failed at an ordinary packing-case.

After a while, however, a notion struck Bill. He jumped up and bolted downstairs shouting "Eureka!" Poor Bill didn't know what the word meant, you see, but he had a sort of general notion that it was the correct thing to

shout when you ran downstairs without waiting to dress. He went back, however, and put on his uniform, because it struck him that the thing should be done in style, and with all proper form and ceremony. Then he went off to the depôt, feeling like a new man.

He dragged the trunk a little along the line, and shoved it across the rails just as the late express came up. Then he lay by and waited.

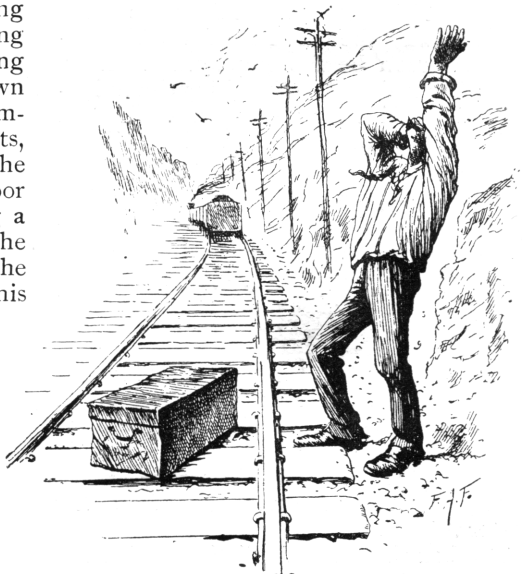
Presently the express came along. Bill sat up and looked for his vindication. There was a rush, a roar of fifty thunders, and the engine passed by with the cow catcher smashed off. Bill didn't trouble about the train, but rushed for the fragments of the box.

Weep, O mountains of Adirondack! Howl, O mighty catawampus of the prairie! There lay the box without a mark! A little longer, and perhaps a little flatter, Bill fancied, but then Bill's mind was a bit disordered, you see.

Then Bill Erie's heroism came out strong.

"A mighty conqueror cannot survive a defeat," he said. "I have hitherto been conqueror among the destroyers of trunks. I will die, but my enemy shall perish with me."

With all his remaining strength the noble fellow dragged that box to the very top of



"THERE LAY THE BOX WITHOUT A MARK."

the high tower on Bunker's Hill, and then, with his eyes closed and the box firmly clasped in his arms, he threw himself down, down, down to death.

From New York to Toronto, and from the Niagara Falls to Cleveland, all good railway men revere the memory of Bill Erie.

The trunk did not break in the terrible fall that killed poor Bill. After his death, the secret came out. You see, Sam Slutters, the next best trunk-smasher on the line (who was a mean skunk, for all his good qualities) had a great jealousy of Bill. So he just put that box in his way after he had



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN."

filled it tight full with sandwiches and buns from an English railway refreshment room, and riveted the sides firmly to the adamantine contents.

Nobody could do anything with that box, so they put a brass plate on it and stuck it over Bill's head by way of a gravestone. On the brass plate the following epitaph (adapted from the Greek of Thermopylæ) has been engraved:—

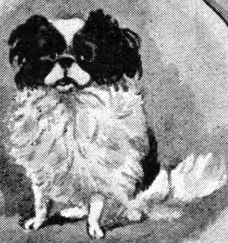
"Passer - by, tell Vanderbilt, the king of the railroads of the New World, that Bill Erie died to avenge the honour of the Railway Company."



ARISTOCRACY OF THE



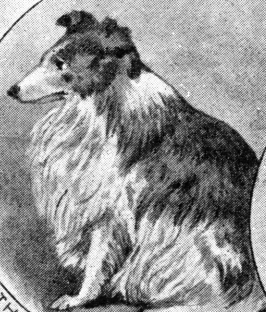
MASTIFF LADY FLORIDA
M^{rs} W. N. HIGGS



JAPANESE PUD YUM
M^{rs} A. WARNER



DEERHOUND STRATHMORE
M^{rs} H. EDWARDS



SOUTHPORT PILOT
M^{rs} W. E. MASON



WINDSOR MARCO
H. M. THE QUEEN



SIBERIAN WOLF HOUND KRILUTT
H^{on} M^{rs} WELLESLEY



ST. BERNARD LORD BUTE
M^{rs} T. SHILLCOCK



CLUMBER LIGHTWOOD BRUCE
M^{rs} J. H. MACKENNA



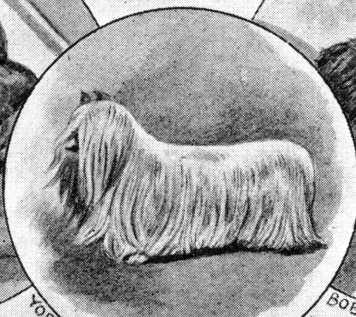
GORDON SETTER HEATHER BEE
M^{rs} R. CHAPMAN

Nocey World

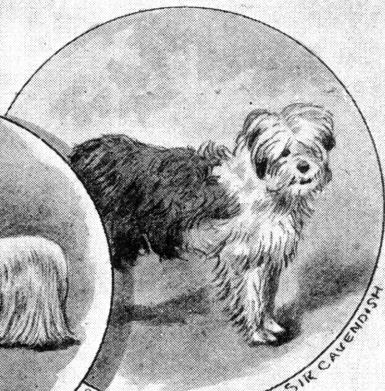


THE BOSS

MRS. WOODIWISS



YORKSHIRE TERRIER, CHAMPION TED
MRS. M. A. FOSTER



BOBTAIL SHEEPDOG SIR CAVERDISH
DR. J. C. LOCK



GREY DAN, CHAMPION VENETTA
MRS. REG. HERBERT



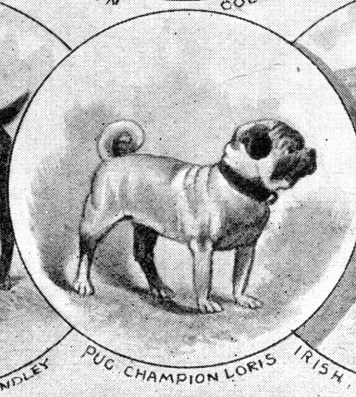
FULLERTON
COL. NORTH



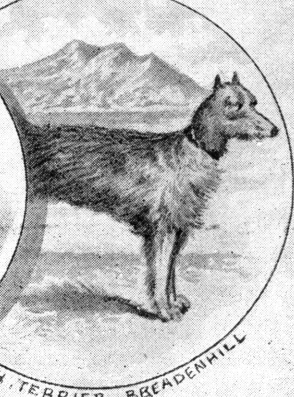
NEWFOUNDLAND HORATIUS
MRS. C. J. SPARROW



AIREDALE TERRIER CHOLMONDLEY
MR. H. M. BRYANS



PUG CHAMPION LORIS
MRS. C. HOULKER

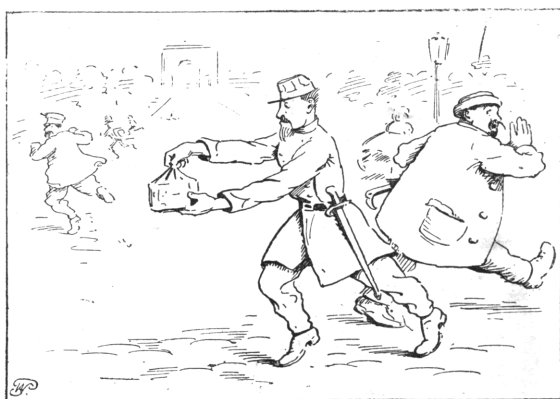


IRISH TERRIER BREADENHILL
MR. J. W. TAYLOR

WAS L.



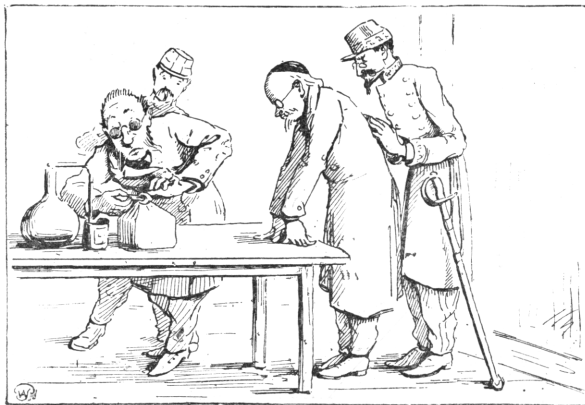
I.



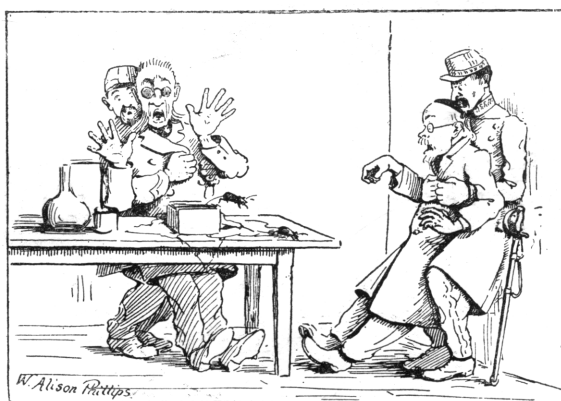
II.



III.



IV.



V.

A DYNAMITE SCARE.





"ASK A POLICEMAN"

1. "CONSTABLE, THAT CABMAN HAS BEEN GROSSLY INSOLENT TO ME! I INSIST ON YOUR TAKING HIS NUMBER"
2. "CONSTABLE, THAT DEAD DOG HAS LAIN HERE FOR THREE DAYS. I INSIST ON YOUR REMOVING IT INSTANTLY!"
3. "CUSH'BLE, THEESH PAVEMENTS POSH'V'LY DANG'ROUS! I INSIST ON YOUR SETTING 'EM SHTRAIGHT!"
4. "OH! CONSTABLE, THOSE PEOPLE OPPOSITE ARE SOLD OUT OF CASHMERE AT ONE AND SEVENPENCE THREE-FARTHING A YARD! CAN YOU TELL ME WHERE TO GO?"



DEAR MRS. PRETTYPET, THINKING TO SURPRISE HER HUSBAND ON HIS RETURN FROM A BUSINESS TOUR, CALLED IN THE ASSISTANCE OF A LANDSCAPE GARDENER—WITH THE ABOVE CHARMING RESULT!



BY DOCTOR'S ORDERS, OLDROY RUNS ROUND THE GARDEN FOR HALF AN HOUR BEFORE BREAKFAST EVERY MORNING. UNFORTUNATELY, THE BOYS OF THE NEIGHBOURHOOD GET TO HEAR OF IT.